Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California

40460

HOSPITALIZATION: A NEW WAY TO CUT COSTS

THE MASTER PLANNERS OF TELEVISION, U.S.A.

NEW YORK POLITICS AND THE PRESIDENCY

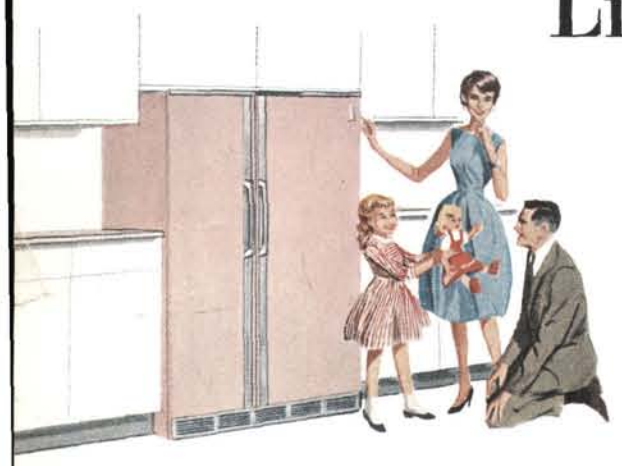
The Saturday Evening POST

Nov. 4, 1961

20¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Living Dolls Love Foodarama Living



What's Foodarama Living? A wonderful new way for the whole family to live better and save money, too!

Foodarama gives you a supermarket selection of fresh and frozen food at your fingertips. Save time by shopping less . . . save money by having room for "specials." Entertaining's more fun . . . you can prepare everything in advance.

With Foodarama, you never have to defrost either the refrigerator or freezer. And "No-Frost" Foodarama costs less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Fabulous Foodarama is just one example of what Kelvinator's policy of constant basic improvement can do for you. Kelvinator doesn't waste money on costly annual model changes. Instead, it devotes all of its efforts to constantly improving the quality and usefulness of its appliances.

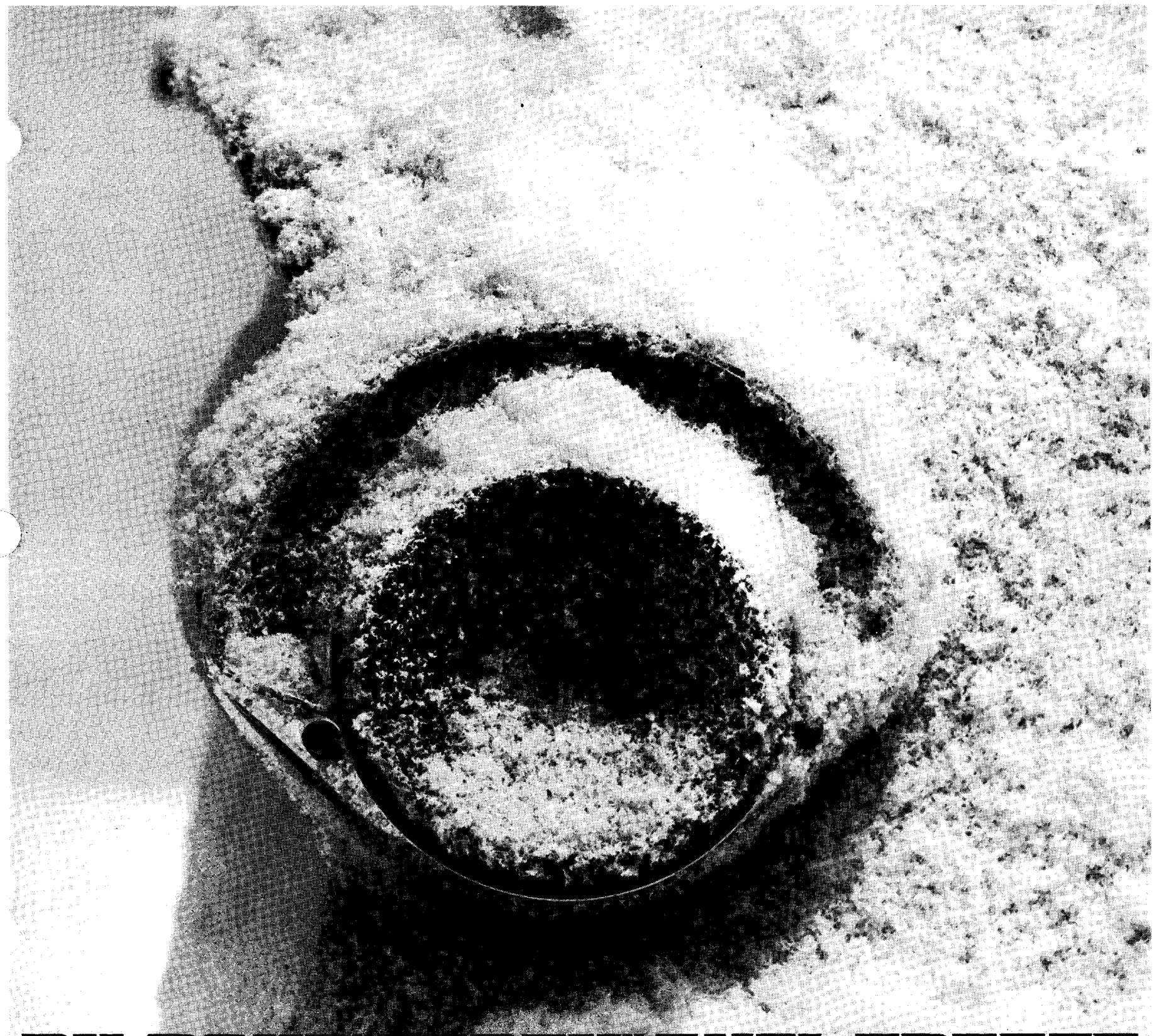
Foodarama gives you a 12 cu. ft. refrigerator and a 5 cu. ft. upright freezer . . . all in a beautiful cabinet only 41 inches wide that fits flush to the wall. Available in 4 decorator colors and white.

Now is the time to move up to

Fabulous FOODARAMA *by* Kelvinator

KELVINATOR AM RAMBLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DU PONT "ZEREX"® ANTI-FREEZE FOR CARS LEFT OUT AT NIGHT OR IN UNHEATED GARAGES!

Night temperatures often plummet twenty or more degrees below daytime marks. That's why hours after you've locked up your car and are snuggled under extra blankets, you need extra-dependable protection... Du Pont "Zerex". ■ "Zerex" won't boil away—even during sudden warm spells. You know you've got all the protection you paid for all winter long. And gallon for gallon no anti-freeze is more effective in preventing freeze-up. ■ "Zerex" is a powerful rust fighter, too. Its Du Pont-developed MR-8 rust inhibitor protects all engine metals—such as iron, steel, brass, aluminum—and is completely harmless to rubber water hose. ■ So get your "Zerex" anti-freeze now, and you'll have no worries when your local weatherman warns, "Record low expected tonight!"

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENJOY THE "DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK", SUNDAY NIGHTS, NBC-TV

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(These sale dates and prices are applicable only in the United States)

Rexall 1¢ Sale

JUST A FEW OF THE BARGAINS AT TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE PLUS A PENNY!

☐ **REXALL ASPIRIN** — 100, reg. 64¢ — **2 for 65¢**
No finer aspirin at any price! 5-grain. Also: tin of 12, reg. 14¢, **2** for **15¢**

☐ **BUFFERED ASPIRIN** — 100, reg. 98¢ — **2 for 99¢**
Rexall's own. With antacid ingredients to help prevent acid-stomach upsets.

☐ **Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH** — Pint, reg. 89¢ — **2 for 90¢**
Kills contacted germs within 30 seconds. Amber color; fresh, spicy taste.

☐ **RUBBING ALCOHOL** — Pint, reg. 79¢ — **2 for 80¢**
Massage for aching muscles. With glycerin to help prevent dry skin.

☐ **MULTIPLE VITAMINS** — 100, reg. $2.98 — **2 for $2.99**
Rexall's Panovite. One daily tablet provides 9 vitamins including B_{12}.

☐ **CHILDREN'S LIQUID VITAMINS** — 4-oz., reg. $1.25 — **2 for $1.26**
Polymulsion. Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, B_{12}, C, D. Pint, reg. $3.89, **2** for **$3.90**

☐ **VITAMIN-IRON TONIC** — 12-oz., reg. $2.79 — **2 for $2.80**
Ger-Rite for iron-deficiency anemia. 80 tablets, reg. $4.79, **2** for **$4.80**

☐ **RO-BALL DEODORANT** — Reg. 69¢ — **2 for 70¢**
Easy roll-on. Antiperspirant *and* deodorant protection—for 24 hours!

☐ **NYLON SUPPORT HOSIERY with seams** — Reg. $4.95 — **2 pairs $4.96**
Save on quality "Sheer Comfort" by Spuntex. With 90-day guarantee.

☐ **CHRISTMAS CARDS** — Box, reg. 69¢ — **2 boxes 70¢**
18 assorted Cascade cards. Beautiful festive colors; brand-new designs.

☐ **HEAT PADS** — Reg. $5.95 — **2 for $5.96**
Wet-proof pad with removable outer cover. 3-speed control. UL-approved.

☐ **AEROSOL SHAVE CREAMS** — Reg. 98¢ — **2 for 99¢**
Rexall Ready Shave or Lavender creams, regular or refreshing menthol.

SAVINGS FOR YOUR MEDICINE CHEST

☐ **MONACET APC.** Famous aspirin-phenacetin-caffeine combination for headaches and cold discomforts. 100, **2** for **99¢**; 25, **2** for **40¢**
☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Plain or mint-flavored. 12-oz. bottle, reg. 59¢, **2** for **60¢**
☐ **ALCO-REX** alcohol rub. 16-oz., 59¢, **2** for **60¢**
☐ **KLENZO ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH.** Ruby-red. True antiseptic. 16-oz., 79¢, **2** for **80¢**
☐ **BIOKETS** *for minor throat irritations. Vitamin* C plus antibiotic and anesthetic. 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges, reg. 79¢, now get **2** for **80¢**
☐ **EYELO.** Soothing eye lotion. 8-oz., **2** for **99¢**
☐ **DENTUREX** Adhesive Powder. 3-oz., **2** for **90¢**
☐ **DENTAL PLATE CLEANER.** 7½-oz., **2** for **70¢**
☐ **TOOTHACHE STOPPERS.** Large size, Drops or Wax. Each, reg. 45¢, now get....**2** for **46¢**
☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS.** 85, reg. 57¢, **2** for **58¢.** 36, reg. 29¢, **2** for **30¢**
☐ **REXALL BORIC ACID.** Powder, 4-oz., reg. 43¢, **2** for **44¢.** Crystals, 3¼-oz., reg. 38¢, **2** for **39¢.** Solution, 4-oz., reg. 29¢, now **2** for **30¢**
☐ **GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES.** Adult's or infant's size. Jar of 12, reg. 53¢, now....**2** for **54¢**
☐ **PETROFOL,** Rexall. Highly refined Mineral Oil. Pint bottle, reg. 69¢, now..**2** for **70¢**
☐ **CASCARA COMPOUND.** 100 tabs, **2** for **76¢**
☐ **REXALL NASOTHRICIN.** Antibiotic Nasal Spray in squeeze bottle. ½-oz., 95¢, **2** for **96¢**
☐ **TRIPLE ACTION CHEST RUB.** 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
☐ **REXALL GLYCERIN.** 3-oz., 80¢....**2** for **81¢**

TOILETRIES SAVINGS

☐ **DUSTING POWDER.** Lavender Dusting Powder or Adrienne Bath Powder, **2** for **$1.76**
☐ **FAST DANDRUFF TREATMENT SHAMPOO.** New 8-oz. plastic bottle, reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
☐ **AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE** Aerosol Mist Cologne, reg. $2.50, **2** for **$2.51.** Dusting Powder, $1.75, **2** for **$1.76.** Aerosol or Perfume Sachet, Cologne, Beauty Soap, **2** for **$1.51**
☐ **CARA NOME FACE POWDER.** Loose or compact powder. Each shade, $1.25, **2** for **$1.26**
☐ **CARA NOME COLD CREAM** or Special Cleansing Cream for Dry Skin. $1.25, **2** for **$1.26**
☐ **CARA NOME NIGHT CREAM.** Now **2** for **$1.51**
☐ **ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM.** **2** for **$2.01**
☐ **REXALL LAVENDER SHAVE CREAM.** Choose Brushless or Lather, each reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
☐ **REXALL PRE-SHAVE LOTION.** 4-oz., **2** for **90¢**

SAVE ON VITAMINS AND MINERALS

☐ **REXALL ASCORBIC ACID.** Vitamin C, 100 tablets. 500-mg., reg. $5.98; **2** for **$5.99;** 250-mg., **2** for **$3.30;** 100-mg., **2** for **$1.60;** 50-mg., 98¢, **2** for **99¢;** 25-mg., **2** for **60¢**
☐ **PANOVITE WITH MINERALS.** Nine vitamins with B_{12} plus 10 minerals. 100, **2** for **$4.96**
☐ **REXALL B_{12} CONCENTRATE.** 100 tablets: 50-mcg., **2** for **$7.96;** 25-mcg., **2** for **$4.86;** 10-mcg., **2** for **$2.31;** 5-mcg., $1.20, **2** for **1.21**
☐ **REXALL ALPHACAPS.** Vitamin A. 100: 50-M, $5.98, **2** for **$7.96.** 25-M, $4.00, **2** for **$4.01**
☐ **REXALL BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS.** 250 tabs, $1.39, **2** for **$1.40.** 100 tabs, 79¢, **2** for **80¢**
☐ **REXALL COD LIVER OIL.** Pint....**2** for **$1.60**
☐ **REXALL DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE.** Calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D. 100, **2** for **$1.40**
☐ **V-10 MULTI-VITAMIN TONIC.** B_{12}, B_1, B_2, B_6, niacin, iron, liver concentrate. Pt., **2** for **$1.99**

FIRST AID

☐ **"KANT STING" ANTISEPTIC.** Painless! For minor cuts and burns. 4-oz., 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
☐ **SPIRIT AMMONIA,** Aromatic. 35¢..**2** for **36¢**
☐ **REXALL SPIRIT CAMPHOR.** 1-oz., **2** for **48¢**
☐ **IODINE TINCTURE.** 1-oz., reg. 39¢, **2** for **40¢**
☐ **REXALL WITCH HAZEL.** Pint, 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
☐ **MERCUROCHROME,** Rexall. ½-oz., **2** for **26¢**

STATIONERY

☐ **BOXED STATIONERY.** Choose from 7 designs including airmail. Reg. $1.00...**2** for **$1.01**
☐ **STATIONERY TABLETS.** Reg. 25¢, **2** for **26¢**
☐ **BALL PEN REFILL.** Fits 150 makes, **2** for **50¢**
☐ **LEAD PENCILS.** #2, reg. 5¢ ea., now **2** for **6¢**
☐ **BALL PENS,** disposable type. 39¢, **2** for **40¢**
☐ **CELLOPHANE TAPE,** Cascade. 400"x½" roll on a dispenser. Reg. 39¢, now get **2** for **40¢**
☐ **DELUXE STATIONERY.** 3 styles; gift-quality paper. Each box, reg. $1.50....**2** for **$1.51**

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND WRAPS

☐ **CURLING RIBBON.** Extra-wide (¾"). 35' reel, reg. 49¢, **2** for **50¢.** With metallic glitter, 3/16" x 75' reel, reg. 39¢, now **2** for **40¢**
☐ **LONG SLIM CARDS.** Box of 18..**2** for **$1.20**
☐ **BOX OF 3 ROLLS.** Quality gift wrap...3 different designs. Box, reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**
☐ **QUALITY GIFT WRAPS.** Special Christmas designs. 2-20"x30" *sheets in pkg....***2** for **16¢**
☐ **PAK-O'TAGS.** 30 Christmas pieces, **2** for **26¢**

☐ **SACCHARIN** — 1000's: 1-gr., **2** for **$1.60;** ½-gr., 2 for **$1.31;** ¼-gr., 2 for **$1.20.** 100's: 1-gr., **2/56¢;** ½-gr., **2/46¢;** ¼-gr., **2 for 36¢**

☐ **ADHESIVE TAPE** — 3 widths on 1 roll, **2** for **66¢.** ½" x 5-yard, **2** for **26¢.** 1" x 5-yard or ½" x 10-yard, **2 for 44¢**

☐ **FEVER THERMOMETERS** — Guaranteed Clifton oral, rectal, stub; Rexall baby. Reg. $1.69, **2 for $1.70**

☐ **ENVELOPES** — White, jumbo packs. Business or personal, **2** for **26¢.** Commercial, **2** for **16¢.** Special 6¾" commercial, 10¢, **2 for 11¢**

☐ **PLAYING CARDS** — Double-deck bridge, **2** for **$1.99.** Single bridge, poker or pinochle, reg. $1.00, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **TOOTH BRUSHES** — Klenzo; long-lasting nylon bristles. Child's, reg. 29¢, **2** for **30¢.** Adult's, reg. 49¢, now **2 for 50¢**

☐ **HAIR NETS** — Nylon mesh in regular or bob size, regular or extra-fine mesh. Choose from popular shades. Reg. 10¢ each, now **2 for 11¢**

FAMILY SAVINGS

☐ **REX FILM.** All-purpose, Panchromatic High Speed Film. Unconditionally guaranteed. 120, 127 or 620 size, each reg. 55¢, now **2** for **56¢**
☐ **HOUSEHOLD GLOVES.** Pink natural latex rubber; non-slip surface. Reg. 89¢, **2** for **90¢**
☐ **COTTON BALLS.** Sterilized; for first aid, nursery, beauty needs. 130, reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
☐ **MOTH FUME CRYSTALS,** Elkays. Kills moths and larvae. Big pound can, reg. 89¢, **2** for **90¢**
☐ **SYRINGES.** 2-yr. guarantee. Fountain type, reg. $3.89, now **2** for **$3.90.** Bulb type, reg. $2.98, now **2** for **$2.99.** Combination Syringe and Hot Water Bottle, reg. $4.59, **2** for **$4.60**
☐ **MOTH PROOFER,** aerosol. 10 oz., **2** for **$1.96**
☐ **PINE OIL DISINFECTANT.** Pint..**2** for **$1.30**
☐ **EXTENSION CORD,** 9-ft. Reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
☐ **ICE CAP,** Rubber. Reg. $2.98...**2** for **$2.99**
☐ **SANITARY BELT, 2** for **36¢.** Nylon, **2** for **40¢**
☐ **DENTAL PLATE BRUSH,** reg. 69¢..**2** for **70¢**
☐ **HAIR BRUSH.** Many styles. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**
☐ **DENTAL FLOSS,** waxed nylon. 100-yd. in plastic vial, 79¢, **2** for **80¢.** 30-yd....**2** for **31**
☐ **SHOWER CAP.** *Color choice.* 29¢, **2** for **30¢**
☐ **REXALL BABY TALC.** 1-lb. can, 89¢, **2** for **90¢**
☐ **QUIK-SWABS.** 200 single-tip, reg. 59¢, **2** for **60¢.** 54 double-tip reg. 39¢, now **2** for **40¢**
☐ **DIAPER RASH OINTMENT.** 1½-oz., **2** for **76¢**

SPECIAL BUYS
NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS BUT EXTRA VALUES DURING THIS SALE

☐ **REX WATCHES.** Swiss jeweled movement. Men's and ladies'. $12.95 values, **$8.88**
☐ **FLASH BULBS,** Westinghouse. 12 M2, reg. 1.56, **$1.14;** or 12 No. 5, $1.80, **$1.29**
☐ **CARDIGAN LIPSTICK.** Reg. $1, **3** for **$1.25**
☐ **FACIAL TISSUES.** 400, reg. 29¢, **3** for **79¢**
☐ **NYLON HOSIERY,** Spuntex. 60-ga. with seams, reg. 99¢, now **67¢** or **3** for **$2.01.** Seamless, $1.19 val., **87¢** or **3** for **$2.61**
☐ **TREE LIGHT SET.** *Outdoor: 15-light,* $4.39 value, now **$3.39.** Indoor: a $3.49 value, **$2.39.** 7-lamp indoor set, $1.69, **$1.09**
☐ **REXALL MINERAL OIL.** Highest quality. Qt., reg. $1.19, **75¢.** Pt., reg. 75¢, **49¢**
☐ **HAIR DRYER,** Rex. A $5.95 value, **$3.9**
☐ **MUSICAL POWDER BOX.** $2.98 val., **$1.99**
☐ **AEROSOL COLOGNE.** $2.50 value, **$1.19**
☐ **BEAUTY TRAY** & Tissue Box for lipsticks, cologne, all cosmetics. $1.49 value..**99¢**
☐ **BUBBLE BATH.** Reg. 3 for $3.00, **3** for **98¢**
☐ **TAYLOR'S KITCHEN KETTLE CHOCOLATES.** 2-lb. assortment. Reg. $2.50, now **$1.69**
☐ **BARBARA JO BABY DOLL.** *Drinks, wets,* has sleeping eyes. $5.95 value....**$3.99**
☐ **PLUSH BEAR.** 29-in. tall. $4.98 val., **$2.99**
☐ **PLUSH HORSE TV** seat. $4.98 value, **$2.99**
☐ **TWIG FRAGRANCE GIFT SET.** Cologne and Dusting Powder. $3.50 value, now **$1.75**
☐ **FITTED TRAVEL CASES.** Leather Men's 14-pc. or Ladies' 10-pc., $5.98 vals., **$2.99**
☐ **FOLDING SYRINGE.** Reg. $3.98...**$2.59**
☐ **QUIK-BANDS.** Rexall adhesive bandages. 31 plain or mercurochrome, reg. 43¢, **29¢**

This advertisement is run on behalf of 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective November 2-11, 1961, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

REXALL PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ONLY IN REXALL STORES. ASK FOR THE REXALL BRAND IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN

YOUR Rexall STORE

NOW AS ALWAYS EVERY REXALL PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this issue

INDEX

VOLUME 234, NO. 44

ARTICLES

Hospitalized at Home, by Ruth and Edward Brecher 15
Adventures of the Mind: How Smart Are Computers? by J.R. Pierce 24
Television USA, Part III: The Master Planners, by John Bartlow Martin 34
Fire Pilots, by Elmont Waite 48
Football's League of Headaches, by Melvin Durslag 54
Battle for New York, by Hal Burton 78

FICTION

The Girl With a Shiner, by Steve McNeil 22
A Grandfather's Gift, by William Marsh 30
I Will Not Talk, by Andrew Meisels 42
The Peacemakers, Part IV of a novel by Marquis Childs 60

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Speaking Out: Defense Money Is Not Wasted, by Gen. Nathan F. Twining 10
People on the Way Up: Miss Junior Miss; a White House Aide; a Skin-Diving Geologist . 26
Face of America: Stop and Pay 32
Post Scripts 67
Hazel 76
Editorials 82

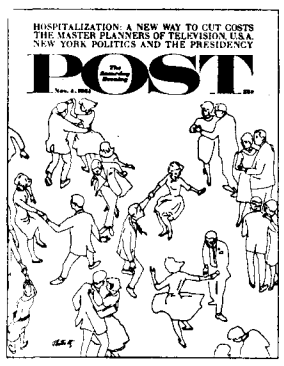
HOSPITALIZED AT HOME. When a mother of three has to spend weeks in the hospital, worry about her family may delay her recovery. Now an insured home-care plan, almost as revolutionary as Blue Cross itself, shortens her stay—and saves money for patient and hospital alike (page 15).

FIRE PILOTS **Risking death from searing flames, treacherous air currents, and "pitch-up" caused by dropping heavy loads, they fight forest fires by bombing them with borate and water (page 48).**

A doctor who prescribes a sleeping pill, a cup of cocoa and a tunafish sandwich is hooked, as firmly as the tuna once was, by **The Girl With a Shiner** (page 22). "You left me nothing but a little torn bit of loving, hating, thinking free mind. And that is more than enough to kill you with" (**I Will Not Talk**, page 42). While his grandfather dozes, Hollister Kemp the Second makes a deal for a piece of San Francisco (**A Grandfather's Gift**, page 30).

DEFENSE MONEY IS NOT WASTED. A former Air Force Chief of Staff tells the real story behind a much-publicized military blooper and reveals the true achievements of Pentagon management (**Speaking Out**, page 10).

Battle for New York. The outcome of the race next week in New York City between "a known mayor of amiability but no particular brilliance and a less-known opponent of amiability but no particular brilliance" will have far-reaching effects on national politics (page 78).



THE COVER. Hips swinging in syncopated rhythm, heels tapping and fingers snapping to the beat, those rock-'n'-rollers are real gone. Gone too is any thought they might give to their fox-trotting elders, who haven't learned a new step since the Big Apple was a big deal. The paunchy, balding fellows that Artist Thornton Utz has put along the sidelines may be able to cut a rug, but do it in a way that cuts no ice with the kids. These reluctant wallflowers have come out with their wives to recapture their youth, and what happens? They've never felt so old—or so paunchy and balding. Next time they want to relive the good old days, they'll doubtless spend the evening chair-borne, talking about them.

ALSO: A feet-first view of a finned science shark (**People on the Way Up,** page 28). The American Football League—what are its chances of survival? (**Football's League of Headaches,** page 54). Computers solve numerical problems that would take a man a thousand lifetimes, but play indifferent chess (**How Smart Are Computers?** page 24). "We're living the same gay mad whirl that any other couple does on $75 a week" (**Post Scripts,** page 67).

Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down: 3–Suzanne Szasz; two by Ken Heyman. • 15–Suzanne Szasz; Bernice Clark. 17–Bernice Clark. • 18, 19, 20, 21–Suzanne Szasz. 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24–George Burns. • 26–Arthur Shay. 27–Carroll Seghers II. • 28, 29–John Burns. • 30, 31–Herb Lubalin. 32, 33–Arthur Rickerby. • 34–Larry Keighley; Larry Fried; two by Jacob Lofman. • 36, 37, 38–Don Cravens. • 42, 43–James Bama. • 54, 55, 56–Phil Bath. • 60–Herb Lubalin. • 78, 79, 80, 81–Ken Heyman.

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
William J. Stevens Jr., John Bird, Clay Blair Jr.

Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*

Senior Editors: **E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Frederic Nelson, Robert Murphy, Wesley Price.**

Contributing Editors: **Stewart Alsop,** *National Affairs;* **Arthur W. Baum,** *Business;* **Demaree Bess,** *Foreign;* **Ernest O. Hauser,** *Foreign;* **Harry T. Paxton,** *Sports;* **Steven M. Spencer,** *Science;* **Harold H. Martin, John Kobler, Peter Wyden, Bill Davidson, Peter Maas,** *Special Assignments*

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, Davis Thomas, *Photography Editors*

Associate Editors: **Marione R. Nickles, Peggy Dowst Redman, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman, Don A. Schanche, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Robert Cahn, Art Seidenbaum, Katharine Britton Mishler, Benton R. Patterson.**

Editorial Assistants: **William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Jack Haring, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor, David A. Lyle, Harold P. Hostetler, Nathan A. Haverstock, Elizabeth Frazee, Don Oberdorfer.**

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1961 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.
Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

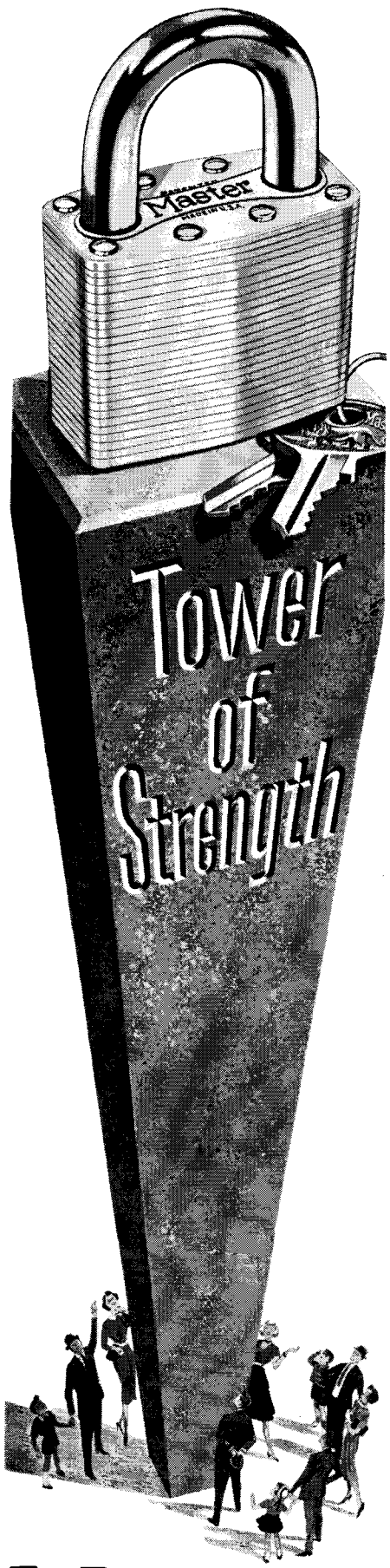
The Curtis Publishing Company, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President, 1883-1932; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Master
LAMINATED
Padlocks

Layer on layer of steel built up to give you powerful protection for your property and valuables. The original laminated case construction is combined with genuine pin tumbler locking mechanism to make MASTER Padlocks the world's strongest. $1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths.

Master Lock Company
MILWAUKEE 45, WISCONSIN
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

LETTERS

THE SOUTH RISES

Dear Sirs:

I am delighted to see the article by Ralph McGill [SPEAKING OUT: THE SOUTH WILL CHANGE] in the Sept. 30 issue. It quickly resolved my decision not to renew my subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Having recently terminated a residence of six years in Atlanta, I had assumed that, at last, I was rid of the gems of sophistry that emanate from this bulbous, hypocritical mentor of Southern moral, religious and political persuasions. That this former hack sports writer should presume to speak for—or lecture to—the hundreds of thousands of loyal Americans who live in the South is a tribute to the power of the left-wing press which has attempted to elevate this sycophant to the level of a modern-day Oracle of Atlanta.

C. L. ADAMS JR.
Jonesboro, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Now, what I, as a Southerner, would like to see is a fair and true article of the beautiful, polite, patient, prosperous,

serene and happy Dixieland. How about it? We have some splendid writers right here in Alabama. . . . Another thing we Southerners would like to see: all the citizens of Washington, D.C., given the right to govern their city—Negroes and whites alike. Mr. McGill is missing an opportunity for missionary work there. He doesn't seem to realize it, but millions of Southerners have filed him away in the ho-hum department. He's a bore.

ANN GALLION GOODALL
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

SPEAKING OUT, by Ralph McGill, should rend a veil: the gray veil that has long hidden the sanctimonious disgrace of Southern leaders. As a journalist and a (white) citizen of the United States, I have greatly admired Ralph McGill's long record of speaking out against racial inequities.

I am not a conservative, but neither am I a *liberal* liberal. The Federal Government is meant to serve the body of states and to preserve States' rights. . . . Mr. McGill makes it plain enough that the time for ranting about States' rights is past. Our Southern leaders cannot rave about the rights of states while violating human rights and rights of citizenship. . . . The sooner all of us in the South bring about that change, the quicker we will cease inviting our Federal Government to intervene in local politics and lop off healthful States' rights.

LUVERGNE F. SCOTT
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

It is not my intent to be critical of Mr. McGill nor of any person who believes as he does. It is my intent to submit to your readers that we who believe in segregation have the same right to be segregated as those who believe in integration have to be integrated. The gap between the white and colored races here in the South will never be bridged by court decree, by invasion by the military or by invasion by the U. S. Marshal, but only by mutual respect.

RAYMOND E. BELCHER
Gardendale, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

It is a pity that you Northern magazines do not give both sides in the segregation issue. . . . Mr. McGill is wrong when he says the Negro is only being opposed by those who are defying law or clinging to contradictory state laws.

Mr. McGill is right, though, when he says THE SOUTH WILL CHANGE, because it appears the Southern white people have lost the will to resist. But I say that the United States will change also, because this same sickness is found in the rest of the United States when it comes to resisting Communism. . . . You may think my letter is foolish, but the Communists have taken over some seventeen countries since 1945, and most of those years they were weaker than we were. . . . Everything that has happened has been and will be due to the lack of will power on the part of the American white people.

JAMES C. WILKINSON
Macon, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

How sad it is that such a fine article must be classified as a voice of dissent and that you may even lose subscriptions because you printed it. Please add my vote *for* McGill's stand.

The trouble is that the people who need to hear his words will not read it, because their hatred of their fellow man keeps them from educating themselves any further.

MARTIN PEDIGO
Owensboro, Ky.

ANOTHER AFFRONT

Dear Sirs:

I have gone on record publicly, through the newspapers, calling upon the public of the South to register . . . indignation over the audacity shown by your magazine to dare print the two articles that are vitriolic to the South—THE SOUTH WILL CHANGE by Ralph McGill and THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL by Shirley Ann Grau [Sept. 30].

In the article, THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, which must be considered fiction because nowhere could I find the terminology "true story" added to the article, the picture Miss Grau painted of the South and the particular locale she was writing about is as diametrically opposed to the truth as Communism is opposed to capitalism.

I feel secure in stating that . . . you will find that the most potent weapon

(*Continued on Page 6*)

How to make
DRY, CRACKED LIPS
FEEL GOOD–QUICK!
Chap Stick® does the trick!

Chap Stick
for weather-sore lips

Harsh weather, or merely a change of climate can cause sore, dried-out lips. Got your 'Chap Stick'? Instantly, those lips feel smooth, relaxed—really human again!

Be sure to get the genuine. Nobody else gives you the famous medicated formula of 'Chap Stick'—America's No.1 lip balm.

Makes lips feel so good!
A favorite in Canada. Chap Stick Division of Morton Mfg. Co.

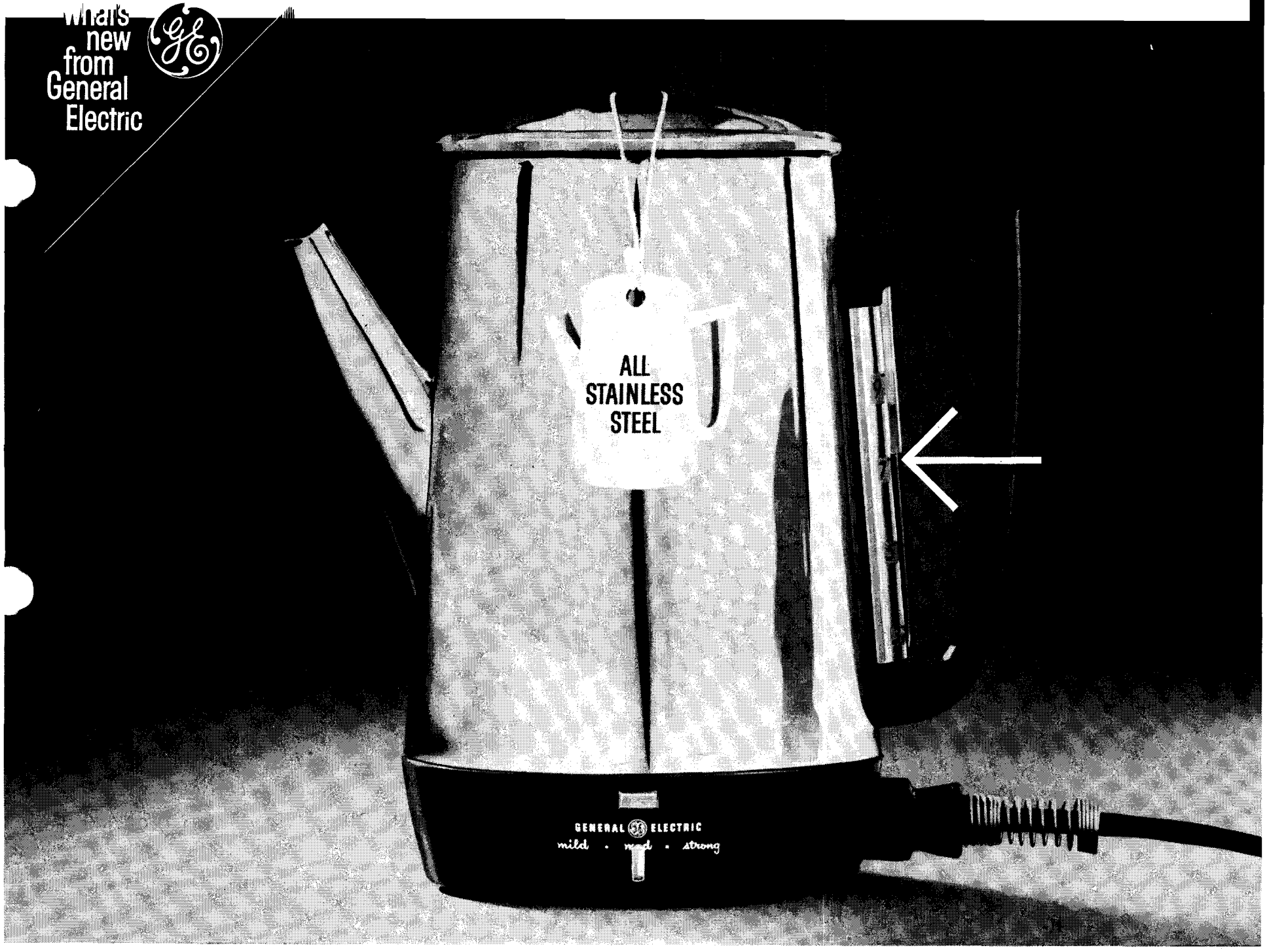
Protect YOUR HEART!
VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil
Helps Heart Action—
Improves • Strength • Vigor
PROVED 9 years—500 persons
University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW—VioBin Story FREE Book #7
PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS
Liquid & Capsules

SPARE-TIME EARNINGS!
Write us for details and supplies
No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
436 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

FRAME SPLIT?
fix it quick with
PLASTIC WOOD®
Handles like putty–hardens like wood!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's new from General Electric



New Stainless-Steel Coffee Maker . . . counts the cups!

It's all stainless steel, inside and outside —right down to the coffee basket. So easy to clean it never knows a polishing cloth!

See that stunning design? It's Danish Modern, in a new oval shape that calls for compliments every time you pour. The Peek·A·Brew® gauge counts the cups, too!

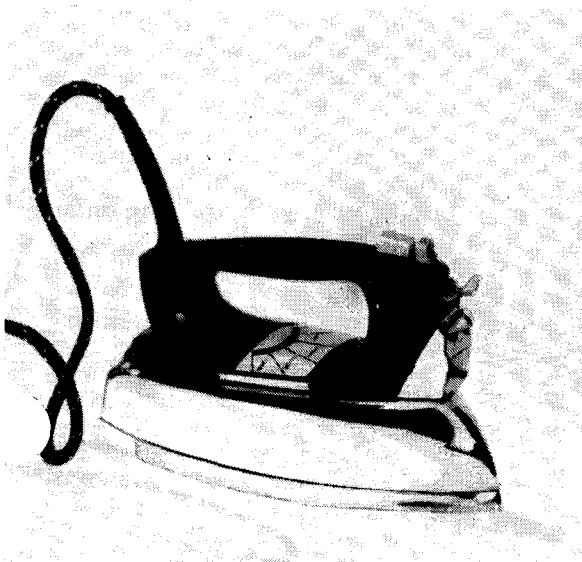
You'll enjoy perfectly delicious coffee with the General Electric Peek·A·Brew Coffee Maker, cup after cup, 3 to 10 at a time. Just select the strength you like and get set for those requests for second cups!

It makes a splendid gift, this new stainless-steel coffee maker. Especially for yourself. Why not look for it at your dealer's?

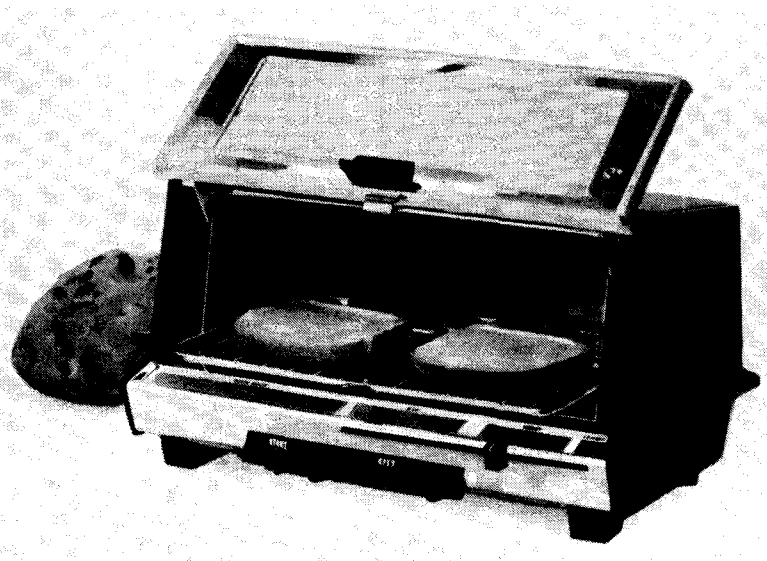
General Electric Co., Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

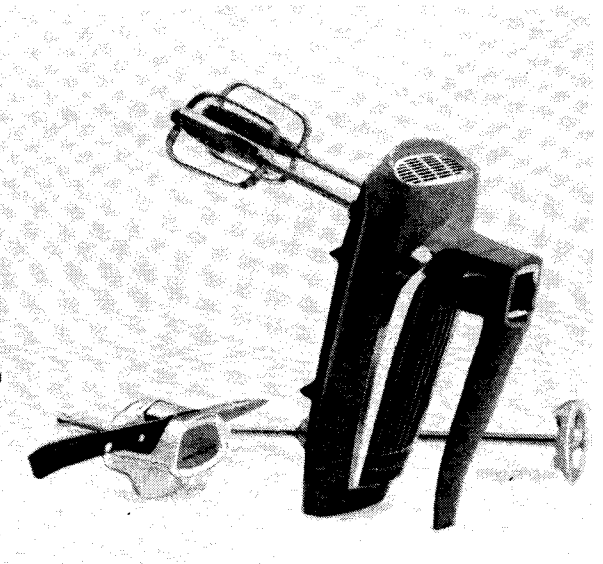


Spray, Steam & Dry Iron! It sprinkles as you iron! Has 3 wash-and-wear settings, handy fabric guide, unique Even-Heat system!



New Toast-R-Oven* Bakes, Too! Toasts anything, top-browns muffins. Bakes cookies, rolls, frozen pastries—even potatoes, meat loaf!

*Trademark of General Electric Company



Portable Mixer Sharpens Knives! Beats, whips, has a free drink mixer. Optional accessory sharpens knives. Lightweight, powerful.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Use

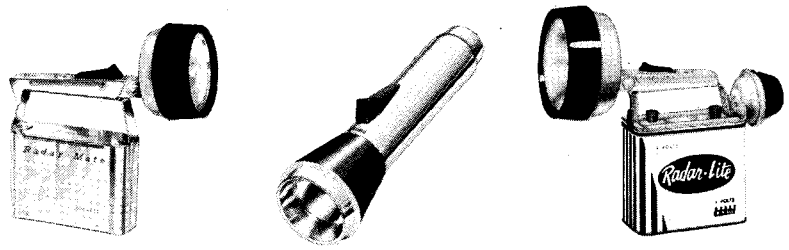
BURGESS

SEALED-IN-STEEL

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

Chrome protected
Self rechargeable
Guaranteed leakproof

FOR THE **BEST PORTABLE LIGHTS** BUY **BURGESS**



COMPACT, NEW *Radar-Mate*

DISTINCTIVE FLASHLIGHTS

FAMOUS *Radar-Lites*

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS • NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

LETTERS

to fight such literary trash is the purchasing power of the white Southerner.

W. H. RUTLEDGE, *Executive Director*
Association of Citizens Councils of Louisiana
Shreveport, La.

Dear Sirs:

I do not like racial prejudice. Your story, THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, is so filled with hate that it sickens me.

My guess is that Shirley Ann Grau . . . is trying to take advantage of the modern style of portraying the Negro as a superior sort of saint. But this story goes too far and is so vicious in its attack on the Southern whites that it becomes almost obscene in its strident ugliness. It is made even more disgusting in its maudlin crying over the Negro. . . .

Those who hate other races are wrong. Those who hate their own race and seek its debasement (as shown in this story) are sick.

MARY STEPHANIE MC DERMOTT
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

My thanks to you for publishing the splendidly written word picture THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL. It is a picture—perhaps a bit overdrawn in spots—which just had to be made. Perhaps if that story is read by the right people in the right places, it will help them to see themselves as others see them.

JAMES OLIVER MARTIN
Falls Church, Va.

MORE FICTION FANFARE

Dear Sirs:

William Saroyan has been one of my favorite authors. I have read much of his work. One I enjoyed particularly—*A Room Up Front*, I believe it was called—I read and reread because of its sheer beauty, artistry and depth.

Now I read TAKE HER TO VEGAS [Sept. 23]. What a letdown! In my opinion it is shallow, nonsensical and better if it had not been written.

LOLO M. STULTZ
Prairie Village, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

As satire on a segment of modern America, Saroyan's story is superb.

MAUDE EVANS
Berkeley, Calif.

ROAD TO GLAMOUR

Dear Sirs:

Connie Francis [GIRL ON THE GLAMOUR-GO-ROUND, by Dean Jennings, Sept. 23] repeatedly condemns the low morals of her fellow workers, but puts up with "crude articles" such as . . . HOW FAR SHOULD A GIRL GO? She explains these stories "really boost your stock with the teen-agers." It is little wonder juvenile delinquency is constantly on the rise when our young people have idols with such strength of character.

MRS. D. A. DELBERG
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It would be impossible for me to describe my deep disappointment when I read in your Sept. 23 issue a completely false and disparaging remark about the Detroit Police Department. . . . Author Dean Jennings relates that a popular young lady vocalist [Connie Francis] was almost prevented from appearing in a Detroit show by a police officer who threatened to take her to headquarters because he believed she was under 21 years of age. She is reported to have said that the show management solved the crisis by paying off the police officer.

This is a misstatement of fact. Our files contain an affidavit sworn to by Ida Franconero, who attested to the fact that she was the mother of the young singer and that the singer was, at that time, twenty-two years old. This evidence is further supported by the booking agent who brought the young lady to our city and the manager of the show place in which she was appearing.

Our citizens have always been proud of the Detroit Police Department and the national reputation which our police officers have earned as a result of their courage, integrity and complete devotion to duty. . . . As mayor of the City of Detroit I am justifiably proud of all our police officers, and I earnestly request that you take appropriate action to repair this damage.

LOUIS C. MIRIANI, *Mayor*
Detroit, Mich.

● *The* Post *regrets the error. Author Jennings says Miss Francis told him the management had informed her that they had "taken care of the cop," and to her, that language could mean only that they had paid him off.—ED.*

TOO TRUE?

Dear Sirs:

The cartoon [below, POST SCRIPTS, Sept. 23] was more than amusing. It

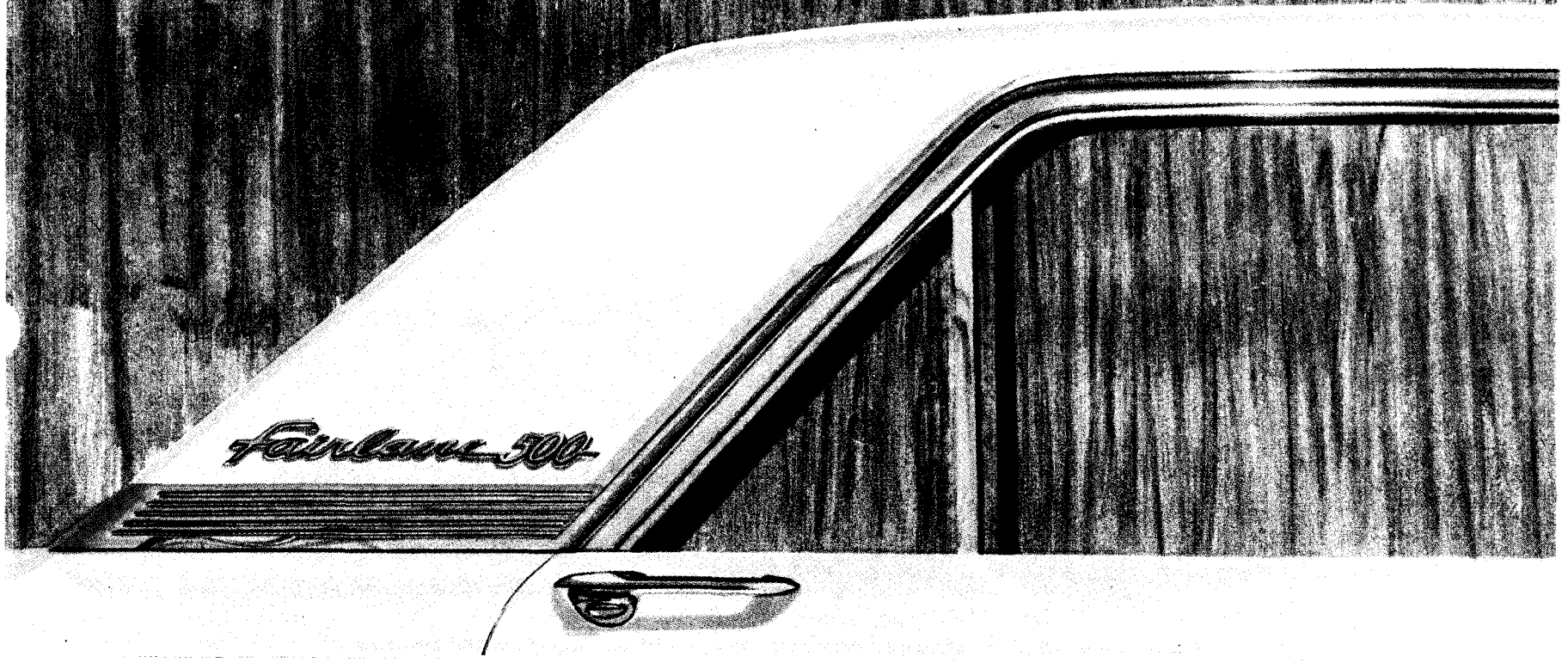
materialized an idea often lurking in the shadows of my brain every time I rang a doorbell for one of the numerous drives I have found myself supporting. More than once I have confronted a dear neighbor who was to ring my bell in a similar cause the next week or the next month. In many communities this has become something like: "You give me something tonight, and I'll contribute to yours when you come to my house."

For years we have been duped with the illusion of making all our contributions in one great United Fund or Community Chest, yet the doorbells still are ringing week after week. . . . An orchid to your clever cartoonist for really hitting the nail on the head!

MARGARET BRODERICK
Butler, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some cars have new names... this name has a new car!



PRESENTING FOR 1962 AN ALL-NEW KIND OF FORD

as uniquely different as the first Thunderbird—
the car that set the styling trend for a whole generation of American cars . . .

as significantly different as the first Falcon—
the car that quickly became the most popular compact in automotive history.

See America's newest car on the next two pages . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just right for just about everybody

right size...

. . . for just about everybody, that's the all-new '62 Ford Fairlane 500. Outside, it's a foot shorter than the cars that used to bear its name; suddenly your garage is larger, you park more easily, zip through traffic. Inside, though, the new Fairlane 500 is a full-size car—big as some of the biggest Fords ever built. How is this possible? Ford engineers shaved bulk, saved room by designing a completely new unitized body. No "super compact" this. It's the right-size, full-size car—complete in comfort and luxury, complete to the last fine-car detail.

right price...

. . . under many compacts, hundreds less than previous Fairlanes. This car squeezes a nickel, stretches a mile as though spending had gone out of style. Gasoline economy comes to it *naturally;* as bulk goes out, savings roll in. Routine service is reduced to a minimum—30,000 miles on many items, 6,000 miles or twice a year on the rest. You go 30,000 miles between major lubrications, 6,000 miles between oil changes and minor lubrications, two years or 30,000 miles without changing coolant-antifreeze. Brakes adjust automatical!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right between Galaxie and Falcon

RIGHT! Big-car room, ride, performance.

RIGHT! Compact car price, economy, handling.

RIGHT! Only car of its size or price with the service-saving features first introduced by Galaxie.

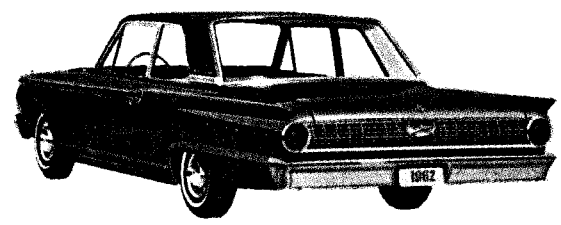
RIGHT! Unique engine choice: the new high-thrift Fairlane Six or the world's first Economy Eight.

RIGHT! Fine-car upholsteries, appointments, luxuries.

RIGHT! The built-in value that pays off in pleasure—and in profit when it comes time to trade.

RIGHT! The kind of quality you've never before enjoyed in v car anywhere near its low price.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY



FORD FAIRLANE 500

ONLY THE NAME'S THE SAME!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

DEFENSE MONEY IS NOT WASTED

BY GENERAL NATHAN F. TWINING

One day the U.S. Air Force Base in Bitburg, Germany, needed 300 foot lockers. So it sent a requisition across the ocean to the Military Clothing and Textile Supply Agency in Philadelphia, which buys, stocks and issues clothing and related items for the four armed services.

The people in this agency have done a good job since the unit was set up in 1956. They have reduced clothing inventories by $460,000,000. They have eliminated forty-five depot locations, thereby releasing some 5,000,000 square feet of warehousing space for other uses. They inherited a backlog of 40,000 unfilled orders which they have reduced to about 1000. And they have done this while cutting their work force by 369 persons.

On the requisition for the 300 foot lockers, however, there was an error in electrical transmission. When the request reached Philadelphia it called for 30,017 foot lockers. Sure enough, 30,017 foot lockers were sent to Germany.

The error received nationwide attention. It has been cited hundreds of times, as an example of how the military people goofed again. Yet, as far as I can tell, no nationwide mention has ever been made of the agency's improvements in supply management.

The story—it has a happy ending that I will come back to—is typical of the outside comment military men have come to expect about their management work. These men expect that mistakes will be searched out and reported in detail. They also expect that people will make little effort to relate the mistake to the actual situation in which it occurred. They know that some of the criticism is justified. And they realize that error, like crime, makes news, while good performance, like good behavior, does not.

Military men also know that what has been accomplished in defense management in this country is one of the most encouraging stories of our time. They believe, as I do, that defense, the biggest and toughest management job in the world, is actually being carried forward with a high degree of effectiveness and competence.

But scarcely a day passes in which you do not read or hear of some major blunder made, or allegedly made, by the people to whom you have entrusted your security and the nation's position in the race for survival. Hearing such reports, you may conclude that military people are making mistakes that any schoolboy could avoid.

During all my adult life I have been guided by the military tradition that criticism is to be accepted without self-justification, with no other excuse than the words "No excuse." Though this policy causes anguish among public-relations people, I think it is a good one in the long run. But now that I have retired from active service, I feel an obligation to military men and to the American people to comment. I have felt for a long time that the services were being accused of stupidities that weren't real, of boners that were real, but were outweighed by honest progress and solid achievement. The so-called "military mind" is, I am convinced, as receptive to new ideas as the civilian mind. And being a taxpayer, too, the military manager is as interested in efficiency and economy as civilians are. Everybody's freedom may be at stake.

It is time, I think, to point to how good our military management is. Military and public morale can be hurt if we think we are weak where we actually are strong. There is no complaint implied in what I write; I simply want to say emphatically: Our defense management is a great deal better than some of you have been led to think.

There should be no doubt in anyone's mind that our forces are combat-ready, and in all the decisive respects superior to those of any enemy. Certainly the Communists do not doubt it. They know that the United States can respond decisively if they start a general war; that we can provide military force promptly in any local-conflict area involving the free world; and that we can maintain our continental air defenses and open sea lanes. This unquestioned capability is a shield to the whole free world. It is obvious that no nation achieves such combat and deterrent capability with the kind of sloppy defense management that people frequently attribute to the armed services.

Defense is a big operation. To carry out their mission, the armed services directly employ some 3,700,000 military and civilian personnel. Close to $25,000,000,000 in defense contracts will be awarded this fiscal year for production, construction, research and the like. This program includes the nation's largest procurement operation, in which are purchased some 3,700,000 different items of supply. The military establishment has physical assets estimated at an acquisition value of $153,000,000,000.

The basic management objective of this operation is a simple one: To supply our combat forces. The whole purpose of defense management is to keep our forces at full strength, ready for combat and superior in training, equipment and weapons to any potential enemy in any type of war.

The fact is that the revolution in firepower caused by the jet bomber, the nuclear warhead and the intercontinental ballistic missile has been accompanied by a major revolution in defense management.

Let me give you some examples of the kind of revolution I'm talking about from what has been happening in my own service—the one I am most familiar with—the Air Force.

When I became Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force in June of 1953, we had just installed the first electronic computer in the Pentagon—a Univac. As of today, eigh years later, the Air Force has installed and is operating more than 200 electronic computers, nearly all more advanced than the original Univac. The Air Force has become the largest user in government and industry. And it finds new uses for them all the time.

Today the Strategic Air Command uses electronic computers to manage its global bomber and tanker fleets, to check numberless flight plans, and to evaluate the combat readiness of its components.

Computers have enabled Air Force Logistics Command to make its supply system automatic. The Logistics Command has applied the techniques of life insurance to predict the life span of engines, propellers and other critical items that can fail because of age. And the electronic computer now does administrative processing automatically, even making routine decision that used to require human judgments. The results:

- The Air Force has closed all its overseas "wholesaling" supply depots and is now supplying some 325 air and

General Twining became Air Force Chief of Staff in 1953, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff four years later. After he retired in 1960, he joined the book-publishing firm of Holt, Rinehart and Winston as vice-chairman of the board.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charting our own course

Over the years Gen Tel has become a large and important part of the nation's vast communications network.

In fact, Gen Tel is today the largest of the many Independent telephone companies that supply a substantial share of America's great and growing communications needs.

By striving for strength through self-reliance, Gen Tel has become a fully integrated communications system—with separate operating, manufacturing and research facilities.

Although we chart our own course in providing modern communications in 31 states, we contribute to the economic growth of the entire nation by drawing on hundreds of businesses, large and small, for many of our needs.

We at General Telephone & Electronics will continue to build on the principle that self-reliance is the nation's strength, as it is our strength. By charting new courses, we intend to forward our progress and that of America through more and better communications for home, business and national defense.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Ave., New York 17.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

missile bases *throughout the world* from depots in the United States. It is doing it faster and at less cost.

- Under old procedures, the Air Force needed five spare engines for every four engines installed in planes. Today, through faster and more efficient supply, it needs only one spare for every four engines—a saving of $6,800,000,000.
- In 1955 the Air Force had to have an on-the-shelf inventory of supplies to last at least 210 days. Today its inventory has been cut to forty-five days for low-priority items, sixty days for high-priority items. This means, in effect, that we do *not* have to buy at least 150 days' worth of supplies.
- The Defense Department has completed the biggest counting, identifying, standardizing and cataloguing job in history—the Federal Catalogue System. The department has now, for the first time, a common language for the millions of items in its supply system. It has a central knowledge of what it owns, where it is, and what it can be used for.

These are only three examples of many outstanding economies that are being achieved by military management. By using new and improved methods, the armed forces have been getting improved performance out of military equipment, on earlier delivery, at lower cost. A spokesman for the Hoover Commission said recently: "We have made great progress in the past few years in improving defense management. Proposals that were only on paper in 1955 have now become accomplishments. The pattern for further accomplishments has been cut. The way to enormous savings in defense funds is now plainly marked."

The management mission is broad as well as deep; the services have certainly made mistakes. Some of these mistakes have resulted from human frailty, plain forgetfulness, inexperience and similar causes. There is no excuse for such blunders. The best that can be said, perhaps, is that there is no field of human activity—business, sport, medicine, education or any other—that could not assemble its errors and exhibit them in a chamber of horrors.

Some mistakes, on the other hand, are made under circumstances of such military emergency that error is probable, if not inevitable. For instance, there are less-expensive ways of producing a new weapon than by carrying forward two or three different development projects at once, as in the case of some of our missiles. There are cheaper ways of doing it than by conducting research, development, design and production all at the same time. But there is no *faster* way, and when circumstances affecting the nation's security demand it, this is the way the job must be done, even though allegations of mismanagement may arise.

Some mistakes result from outside pressures, or simply from the effort to solve a new problem so difficult that the human mind cannot be expected to come up with the right answer. Others result from abrupt changes in national policy.

Today, about 75 per cent of military-procurement dollars is going into specialized weapons programs and into military research and development. Men are often trying to do what no man has ever done before. In an earlier day it would have been like asking the Wright brothers to build a B-17, and the runways and equipment to maintain it, with nothing more to go on than a theory of aerodynamics. The crucial problem in procurement is how to speed up military technology and translate present science into the weapons of the future.

Two military forces must be serviced at the same time—the one the nation must have in being today and the one it must have ready tomorrow. A correct balance must be found between retaining the old and preparing for the new; between short-term objectives and long-range development; between the need to maintain supervision over a project and still not get in the way of the contractor doing the work. Decisions in these areas must be made always in the shortest time possible, and with the knowledge that a mistake can endanger the security of the nation.

It is against this background that military managers ask you to judge their performance. They ask you to relate mistakes in defense administration to the time and the place, to what was going on. How complicated was the job? Had anyone ever done it before? Was the work done under emergency pressures? How many times were the orders changed? Did political pressures play a part?

They ask you also to consider the record of solid accomplishment in defense management—to balance the blunders, real or alleged, against the measurable achievements.

Now to get back to those 30,017 foot lockers. The shipment arrived in Germany, but in fact only 702 lockers were sent to Bitburg. The error was caught in time to send the other 29,315 lockers to the Army Quartermaster Depot at Giessen. There they represented only a ten-month Initial Issue and Replacement requirement for foot lockers; so the shipment actually did not create an "excess" in the Army stocks in Europe nor did it cost $100,000 in extra shipping charges, as claimed.

Meanwhile, back at the depot in Philadelphia, steps have been taken to guard against other errors of this kind. A supervisor now checks all requisitions received via Teletype to detect any errors in transmission, and to make sure that funds are adequate to cover the cost of the items requested. THE END

Let the magic of Magnavox true Stereo-High-Fidelity enrich your life

BEAUTIFUL TO SEE—MORE BEAUTIFUL TO HEAR. The Symphony with eight speakers, including two giant 15" bass woofers. Powerful stereo amplifiers, precision FM/AM radio, Micromatic record player. Gliding top panels give convenient access to controls. In sable or natural walnut woods, $399.50.

With a magnificent Magnavox, your family will discover a glorious new world of beautiful music. Magnavox radiates sound from each side as well as the front of the cabinet, reflecting music from your walls—just as in a concert hall—to surround you with spectacular realism.

Only Magnavox lets your records last a lifetime with the fabulous new Micromatic record player. **Because there is no discernible wear on either records or stylus, Magnavox guarantees the Diamond Stylus for 10 years.**

Greatest reliability. Magnavox is so dependable that **service, all parts and tubes are guaranteed for a full year** in Gold Seal models. See these and many other magnificent styles at your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. **Consoles priced from only $149.50.**

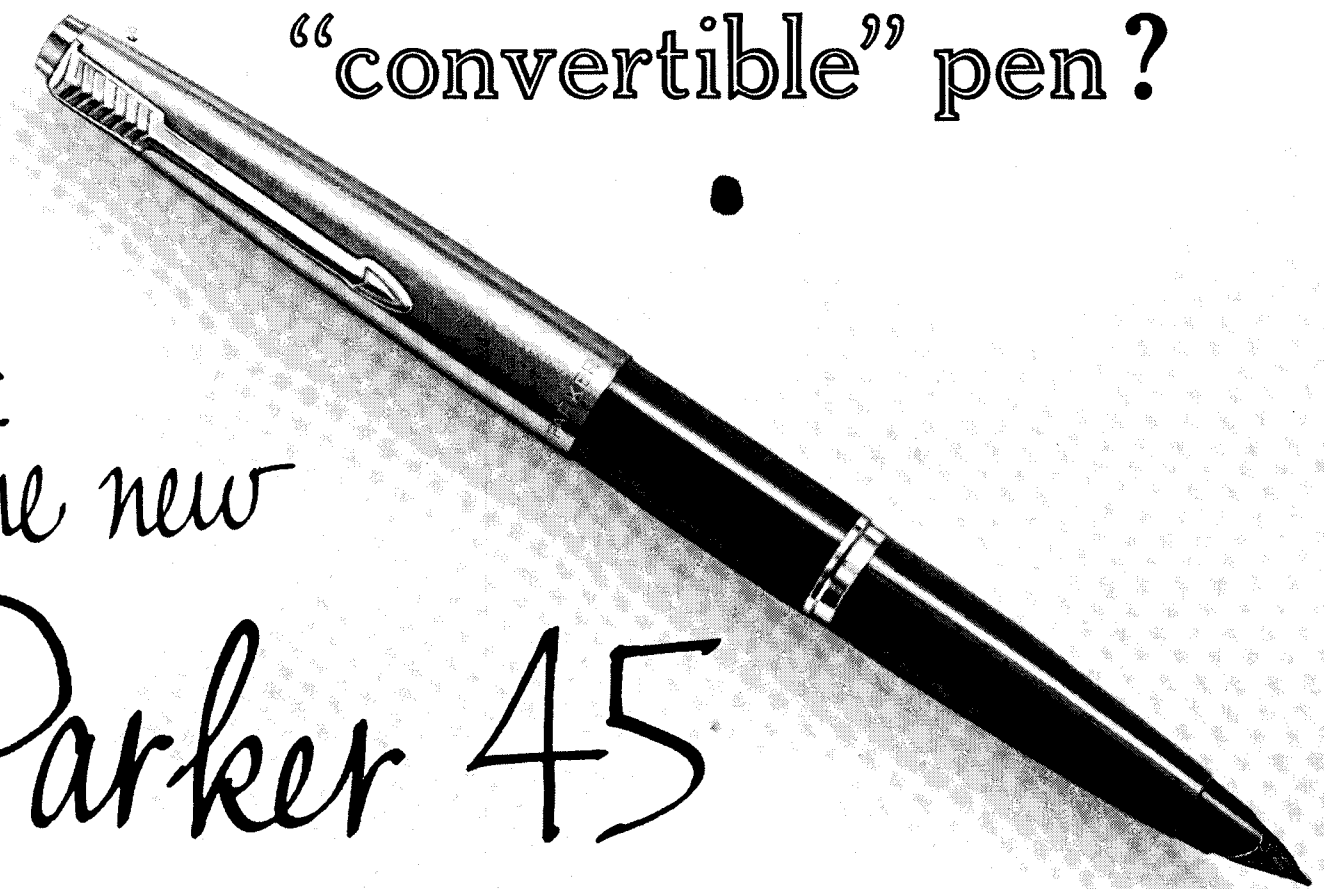
Now—thrilling stereo-high-fidelity from a portable, too. All amplifiers and speakers in one beautiful case—just plug in and play. The Stereograph with Micromatic record player, rich two-tone colors, $99.90. Other portables from only $69.90.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

truly the finest . . . and your best buy . . . on any basis of comparison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did Parker put a 14K gold point on their new "convertible" pen?



The new Parker 45

$5

The only $5 pen with a real 14K solid gold point. Loads with a cartridge or fills from an ink bottle.

Most Parker pens sell for $10 and up—and they're worth every penny of it. The new Parker 45 sells for $5—and it behaves just like the more expensive ones.

You put down a clean, crisp line from the instant the pen touches the paper. It glides and swoops and follows every little personal idiosyncrasy you put into your penmanship.

It's convertible, too. The new 45 loads instantly with a big Parker Super Quink Cartridge. Depending on your handwriting, it will write up to 10,000 words before it runs dry. You get 5 cartridges for 29¢—that's 20¢ less than the cartridges you have to use with cheap pens.

But the "magic" of this pen lies in a clever little device called the "converter." It can take the place of a cartridge and you can fill the 45 from the handiest ink bottle.

You get a choice of 7 instantly replaceable points. They're all 14K solid gold, and if you damage one you don't have to write the factory. Your dealer can replace it instantly. Points range from the *extra fine* C.P.A.'s like to the big, broad *stub* men of authority seem to prefer.

Why did Parker insist on a gold point? A steel point can't give you the smooth feel of a gold point. And a steel point corrodes more easily. The gold in a fine Parker pen isn't there just to look pretty—it's a necessity for a fine writing instrument. By creating a "pure" pen without any frills or jewelry, Parker can afford to offer you and your family a fine writing instrument for only $5 (this includes one Super Quink cartridge *plus* the "converter").

PARKER—Maker of the World's most wanted pens

Copyright 1961 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

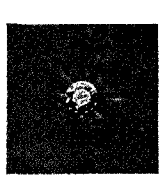
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To my beloved...*a lovely star*"

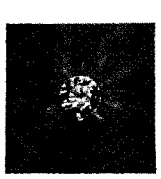
Since earth began, so each man believes, no eyes have smiled with such gentle strength, such sweet encouragement as hers, his bride-to-be. In tribute, he gives to her a star, earth-born for them alone, their engagement diamond. With joy, it tells their promise, the gladness of their engagement time. And it will shine through all their future, their testament of love. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured always, by you and all who follow you, until time's end.

Bride-to-be . . . from the De Beers Collection, painted by Marie Laurencin

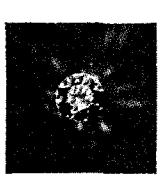
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



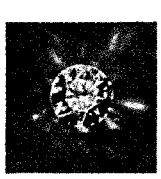
25 points (¼ carat)
$75 to $225



50 points (½ carat)
$150 to $590



1 carat (100 points)
$400 to $1680



2 carats (200 points)
$840 to $4000

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND

First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.)
For your guidance, price ranges, left, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1961. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Tax additional.

A diamond is forever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Cancer put Irene Scherer of Royal Oak, Mich., in the hospital. A home-care plan brought her home (below left) early. Nurse Claire Van Wonterghem comes each day to give the same care she would have received in the hospital.

Hospitalized AT HOME

Home care covered by health insurance can save money, relieve the shortage of hospital facilities and be good for the patient.

By Ruth and Edward Brecher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why can't I go home right now?" Irene Scherer asked that question of her surgeon, Dr. John Lee Barrett, on May 3, 1961—her fifteenth day as a patient at William Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit.

An attractive woman of thirty-seven with a peaches-and-cream complexion, Irene managed to give hospital visitors an impression of buoyant health and good humor, even after a series of operations. The truth was that idle days in the hospital had made her increasingly anxious, restless, ill at ease—"fit to be tied," as she put it.

Irene worried about her husband Jack and about her three children, the youngest barely five years old, all of them left at home day after day without their mother. Although Beaumont Hospital is a pleasant, relaxed sort of place, she was bored by its bland routine and would gladly have traded the formal bouquets on her window sill for one glimpse of the daffodils she knew were popping up in her own back yard. Her thirty-eighth birthday was just a few days off; she daydreamed—without really daring to hope—of celebrating it at home with her family. Irene, in short, had reached that stage of fretful impatience familiar to millions of people immured in hospitals longer than they want to be—and, in many cases, longer than is medically necessary.

The medical, nursing and other auxiliary services needed by convalescent patients like Irene could be supplied in their own homes, but few hospitals or communities are organized to provide home care. So the patients stay in the hospitals, and their bills mount. "Of all things that have happened to me this year," Irene said, "this waiting to go home is the toughest."

Although Irene didn't know it, her birthday wish would soon come true, because a home-care plan was going into effect at Beaumont Hospital. For Irene and her family it was to be good news after a long run of bad luck.

A lot had been happening recently to the Scherers. Like characters in a classical Greek drama, they had been buffeted by misfortune time and again. On Friday, the thirteenth of January, Jack Scherer came home to report that after seventeen years of steady work he was being laid off his job as warehouseman in a rubber-supply company. Detroit in January of 1961, as he knew, was no place to find a new job.

Then there was that mole on Irene's right leg. It was about the size of a nickel, just below the knee. It had been there since birth and had never bothered her, but every time she visited her family physician Irene saw in his waiting room a big poster bearing the familiar warning, "Cancer's Seven Danger Signals." The seventh danger signal concerned her particularly: "Any change in a wart or mole." One day last spring she showed Jack just such a change—a sort of bump, as she described it, growing in the middle of her mole.

"I can't do anything about it right now," she told Jack apprehensively, "with you out of work, and the children to take care of, and ——"

Jack interrupted. "That's nothing to monkey around with. We still have two more weeks on Blue Cross and Blue Shield, and I'll scrape up the money for the next payments somewhere. You phone Doctor Russell right away."

Dr. Vincent P. Russell performed a simple operation in his office, excising the mole with a scalpel, dressing the small incision, and telling Irene to come back the following Monday to have the dressing changed. Then he sent the excised material to a laboratory for routine pathological examination. Irene felt pleased to have that over with—and delighted when Jack got word the same day that his old job was open. "Now we can settle down again," she told him.

But later in the week, Doctor Russell called.

"I've just received the laboratory report," he told Irene. "Your mole has developed into a malignant growth, a melanoma. That means a more drastic operation. I've scheduled you for admission to Beaumont Hospital on Tuesday."

Sobs punctuated Irene's words when she phoned the news to Jack. "Hold on tight," he told her. "I'm on my way."

Hasty plans were made to have neighbors and relatives take care of the children while Irene was in the hospital. She was sure that everybody would be wonderfully good to her youngsters. Even so, she was anxious about them; and she knew that the longer she stayed in the hospital the more they would worry about her.

In Irene's second operation, performed at Beaumont on April nineteenth, Doctor Barrett removed a five-by-seven-inch area of skin and tissue surrounding the original site of the mole. Then the area was covered by a skin graft taken from Irene's other leg. This procedure, Doctor Barrett hoped, would dispose of all the cancer cells and prevent their seeding themselves elsewhere in her body. But melanoma is an unusually fast-growing type of cancer, requiring radical measures. There is always the possibility that a few cancer cells may escape from the original site and travel slowly through the lymph ducts (part of the body's drainage system) toward the lymph nodes (physiological strainers located in the armpits, the groin and at other strategic points). In that event, the cancer might grow again unless the lymph-node "strainers" were removed while the melanoma cells were trapped in them.

Doctor Barrett waited eight days for any wandering cancer cells to reach the lymph nodes in Irene's right groin. Then he performed a "radical excision," cutting out all the nodes and sending them to the laboratory for study.

Complications often follow this type of operation. The skin flaps over the large wound may fail to heal promptly, or the lymph fluid, blocked on its usual course toward the nodes, may cause the leg to swell or may drain out through the incision. If nothing like this occurred, Irene could expect to go home in a week or two; in the event of complications, she might have to stay longer.

Meanwhile, in the small but comfortable Scherer home on University Street in Royal Oak, fourteen-year-old Dawn did her best to perform her mother's chores, and five-year-old Darlene and seven-year-old Wayne were asking their father the same plaintive question every night when he gave them their baths: "Is mommy coming home tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, but soon," Jack would reply, hoping fervently that he was telling the truth.

At that time, a plan for shortening the hospital stays of Beaumont Hospital patients like Irene was nearing fruition, thanks largely to Miss Emilie G. Sargent, R. N., executive director of Detroit's Visiting Nurse Association.

Back in 1938, when Michigan Blue Cross was still in the planning stage, Miss Sargent had urged that it be set up to give subscribers home care as well as hospital care. "If you don't," she warned, "you'll have patients staying in the hospital who would be much better off at home."

The years rolled by, and Miss Sargent's prediction came true. A recent survey indicates that in Michigan overstays use up some 500,000 unnecessary days of hospital care each year at a cost to Blue Cross of $15,000,000. These hospital stays are prolonged, at Blue Cross expense, because the special services these patients need (injections, irrigations, catheterizations, wound dressings, therapy, and the services of fully qualified nurses) are available only in hospitals.

In February of 1960 Miss Sargent and the Visiting Nurse Association's medical consultant, Dr. Sidney E. Chapin, got their chance to demonstrate what home care could do. Michigan Blue Cross agreed to pay for home care of patients discharged ahead of schedule from four Detroit-area hospitals, on a one-year trial basis.

Early this year physicians who had placed the first 300 Detroit-area patients on home care were asked their opinion of its usefulness. Their response was overwhelmingly favorable. "Greatest thing since Blue Cross!" one physician scrawled across the questionnaire form. Patients allowed to go home early responded with similar enthusiasm. The cost of the program to Blue Cross was more than made up by the saving in hospital bills. Accordingly Michigan Blue Cross this spring authorized expansion of home care to several other hospitals—including Beaumont. Indeed, Beaumont staff members were checking the hospital list for potential home-care patients on May third, the very day when Irene Scherer was pleading, "Why can't I go home right now?"

With gentle skill Doctor Barrett removed the dressing from Irene's groin and examined the site of the operation. It was still too early, he saw, to take out Irene's stitches or to predict how quickly the skin flaps would heal. But with this new home-care service available, including a visiting nurse to change Irene's dressings as often as necessary, Irene would not have to wait.

"How would you like to go home this afternoon, stitches and all?" Doctor Barrett asked. Joy lighted Irene's face like a halo.

Two hours later Irene Scherer arrived home in an ambulance, with Jack following in the family car. Irene was delighted to discover that Jack had placed her bed at a strategic point in the dining room; from there she could keep her eye on the kitchen, the living room, the front porch and the side yard—and could even answer the phone. Like a captain on the bridge of his ship she was in command of her home at a time most patients are still tossing restlessly on hospital beds.

"Co-ordinated home-care service" began the next day, when Mrs. Claire Van Wonterghem paid her first visit. "Mrs. Van," as she is known to the thirty or more patients she sees each week, is an efficient young registered nurse who drives from home to home through the Detroit area for the Visiting Nurse Association. She took Irene's temperature, counted her pulse, removed the dressing, cleaned the wound, taped a fresh dressing in place, checked the medical supplies available in the Scherer home and made sure there was nothing bothering Irene—either medical or personal—which might delay her recovery. "I'll be back tomorrow," she assured Irene.

During the days that followed, all did not go well. The skin flaps covering Irene's incisio

After two operations and fifteen days in the hospital, Mrs. Scherer was reunited with her children, Wayne, 7, Darlene, 5, and Dawn, 14.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brawny Jack Scherer, a warehouseman in a rubber-supply company, took over many of the household chores while his wife recuperated. Here Jack washes Wayne's hair while Irene (below) brushes Darlene's, to keep busy even while still confined to her bed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lacked an adequate blood supply for prompt healing, and fluid continued to drain. Mrs. Van had to come daily to clean and dress the wound; on Saturdays, when she was off duty, another nurse filled in. The nurses also performed other duties as prescribed by Doctor Barrett or Doctor Russell. For example, Mrs. Van and the Visiting Nurse Association's physical therapist Miss Helen Lehman, R.N., taught Irene to use the metal "walker" which helped her get around the house—and, after ten days or so, into the yard as well. Other home-care "backstop" services would have been given if required. If Irene had needed help with the children and household duties, the Visiting Nurse Association would have supplied a "home aide" or "homemaker" for as many hours daily as necessary; for this service Michigan Blue Cross pays half the cost and the patient pays the rest.

Doctor Russell, the family physician, visited Irene soon after her return. Doctor Barrett came on the fifth day to take out her stitches. "That drainage is unfortunate," he said, "but we can take care of it as well here as at the hospital—and you'd probably rather be here."

"That's for darned sure," was Irene's comment.

Gradually Irene's health status caught up with the impression she gave visitors. She attributes her speedy recovery of strength to home care, Doctor Russell and Doctor Barrett agree. "Not having to worry about who's doing what and where helped a lot," Irene explains. "Why, within a few days after I got home, I was maneuvering myself out onto the front porch with my walker to keep an eye on Darlene playing in the sun."

While in the hospital, patients such as Irene are deprived of the range of daily activities that give life its purpose and meaning. Back home Irene felt needed as well as wanted; every step she could take, every task she could perform for herself or others, contributed its bit toward giving her a sense of purpose and value and thus kept her spirits up. Her days were filled as she wanted them to be filled—with useful functions.

For Jack Scherer, too, Irene's home care meant a lot. "It was a blessing to leave for work in the morning," Jack says, "and know that Irene was there to look out for the children."

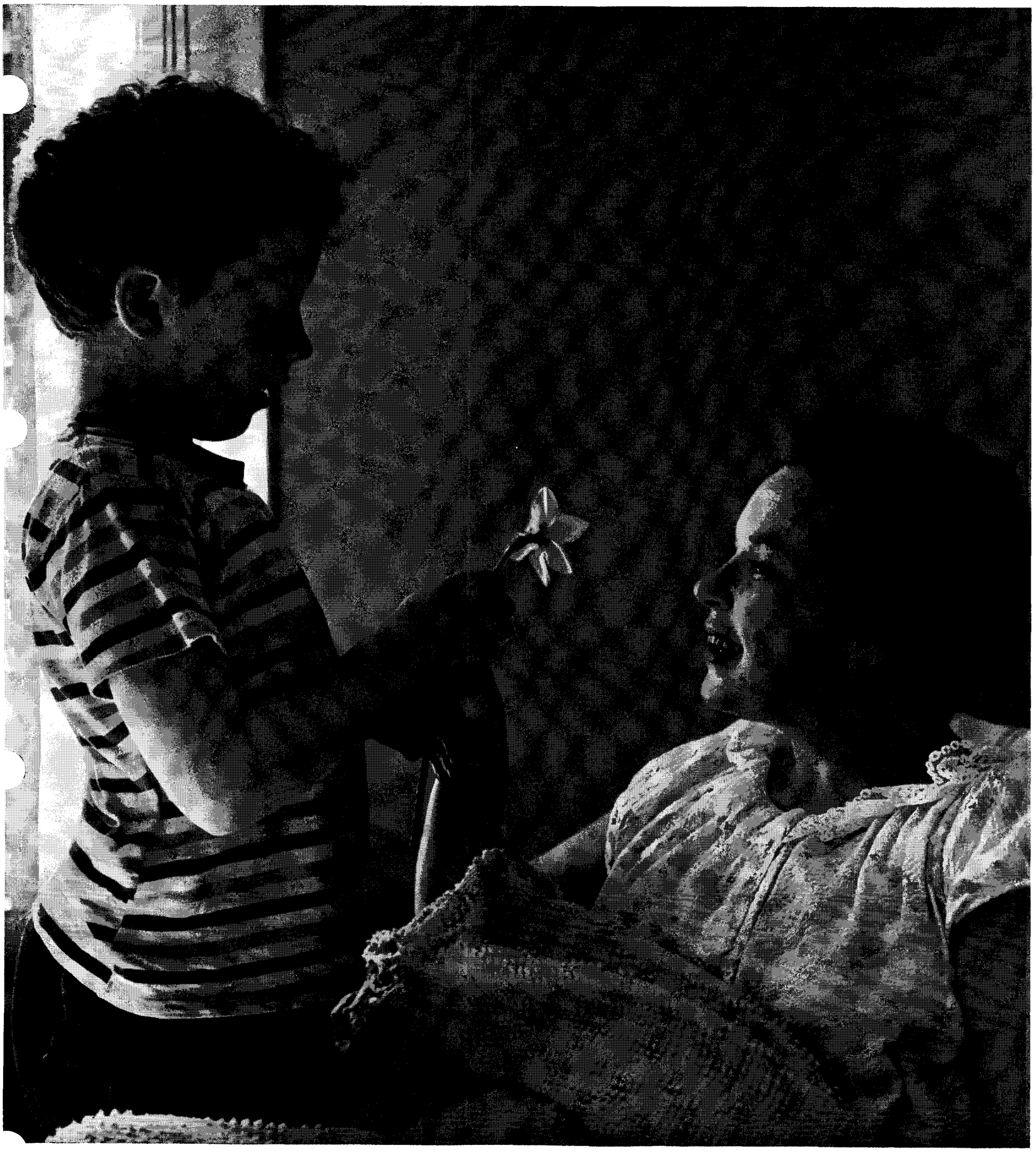
Mrs. Van paid her last visit to the Scherer home on Wednesday, May twenty-fourth, just three weeks after Irene's discharge from the hospital. She checked to make sure that Irene could now bathe herself and change her own dressings daily. "Be sure to phone if you need anything more," was her parting message.

Total cost of Irene's home care to Blue Cross: $148. Probable cost if Irene had been hospitalized two or three additional weeks: $560 to $840.

Following Irene's pioneer experience, Beaumont Hospital physicians and surgeons have been placing additional patients on home care. "The entire community is benefiting," says Beaumont Hospital's director, Owen R. Pinkerman. "Once we get this program rolling, we expect it to cut the waiting time for patients in need of non-emergency procedures from three weeks or longer to ten days or even less."

Jack and Irene Scherer, of course, are pleased that Irene's three weeks on home care freed a bed for other patients at the hospital. But most important, they are delighted that their family was reunited so promptly, happily and unexpectedly.

Photographs by SUZANNE SZASZ and Bernice Clark



This single blossom that Wayne picked from the garden for his mother meant more to Irene Scherer than all the elaborate bouquets she received in the hospital. There she worried about her family and felt restless, bored. Most hospitals, according to the authors, do not yet offer home-care programs. As a result, patients must stay on much longer than is necessary while their bills skyrocket.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nurse Van Wonterghem taught Mrs. Scherer how to use a "walker" to take her first shaky steps after the operations. Within ten days she could move about the house and participate in simple activity, such as keeping an eye on the children or puttering in the back yard. Eyes wide, Darlene and Wayne were fascinated to see their mother learn to walk again.

They have something else, as well, to be very happy about. The laboratory report following Irene's third operation was negative; no melanoma cells were found in her lymph glands. As far as microscopic examination can determine, Irene's cancer was removed in time.

If you were to fall seriously ill tomorrow, your physician would no doubt put you in a hospital until you were well enough to care for yourself. If you had Blue Cross and Blue Shield or a health-insurance policy, these would pay most of the bills. For care outside the hospital you would have to pay the bills yourself in most cases.

This pattern of health care is hardly conducive to shortening hospital stays. Most specialized health services are now concentrated in hospitals; patients stay longer than they would if services could be provided at home. In consequence, the costs of hospitalization are soaring, Blue Cross rates and health-insurance premiums are skyrocketing, hospital waiting lists are long, and vast programs for hospital construction are failing to keep pace with the demand. To reverse this trend, two experimental steps are being taken in some areas. First, high-quality health care is made available in the patient's own home; and second, an experimental expansion of Blue Cross or health-insurance coverage pays for home services.

New York State has moved furthest in this direction. During the 1940's Dr. E. M. Bluestone launched the first co-ordinated home-care program at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. Given good care at home during convalescence, patients got well faster and at lower cost. Then New York City Blue Cross tried paying the bills for 500 selected patients discharged from hospitals ahead of schedule. The patients saved 8000 hospital days and $75,000 of their own money; Blue Cross saved $72,000 over and above the cost of providing home care. Impressed, the state legislature in 1959 passed the first law authorizing Blue Cross to pay for home-care services as well as hospital bills.

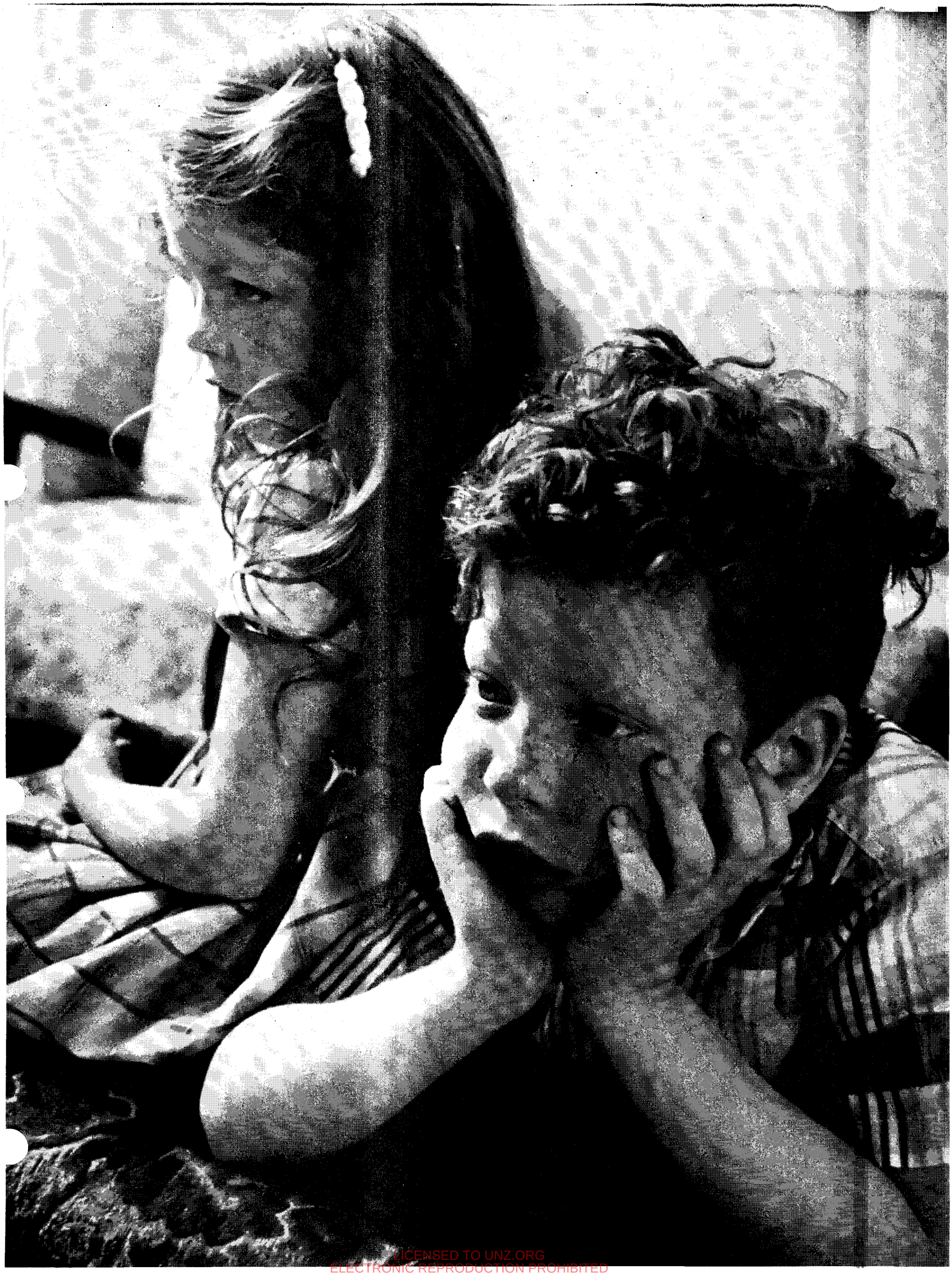
Small-scale Blue Cross demonstration projects already are under way in Birmingham, Denver, Detroit, Topeka, Newark and Oakland. Detroit's first-year experience indicates that home care save about twenty hospital days and $400 per patient.

These savings are not immediately reflected in lower Blue Cross or health-insurance rates, as the beds vacated by home-care patients are promptly filled by others, most of whom are also on Blue Cross or health insurance. Thus the early advantages of home care take the form of better care for more patients. In the long run, however, the money saved by the home-care system can be expected to hold down health-insurance costs.

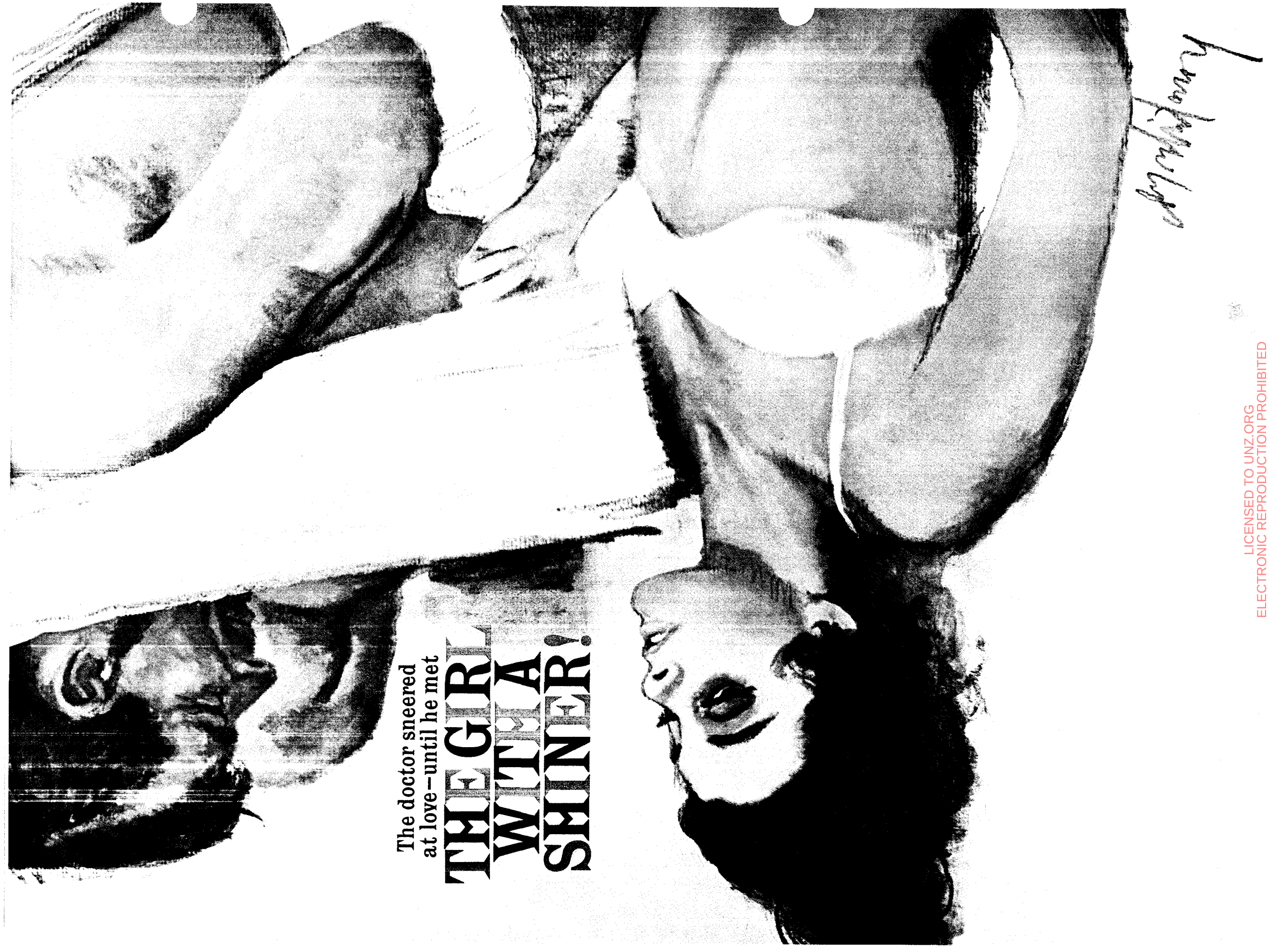
Much more immediate is the effect of home care on hospital-construction costs. An overcrowded community hospital may have to spend $1,000,000 or more to build a fifty-bed annex; the money must come from taxes or voluntary contributions. If fifty beds can be saved by placing patients on home care, the annex need not be built. Health experts urge expansion of home care—now covering 5000 patients daily—to provide for 75,000. Such expansion, they say, would save the nation a billion dollars in hospital-construction costs.

"Home care is like an additional wing to our hospital," says William J. Donnelly, who administrator of Greenwich Hospital in Greenwich, Connecticut, "but a wing that is large enough to shelter the entire community." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



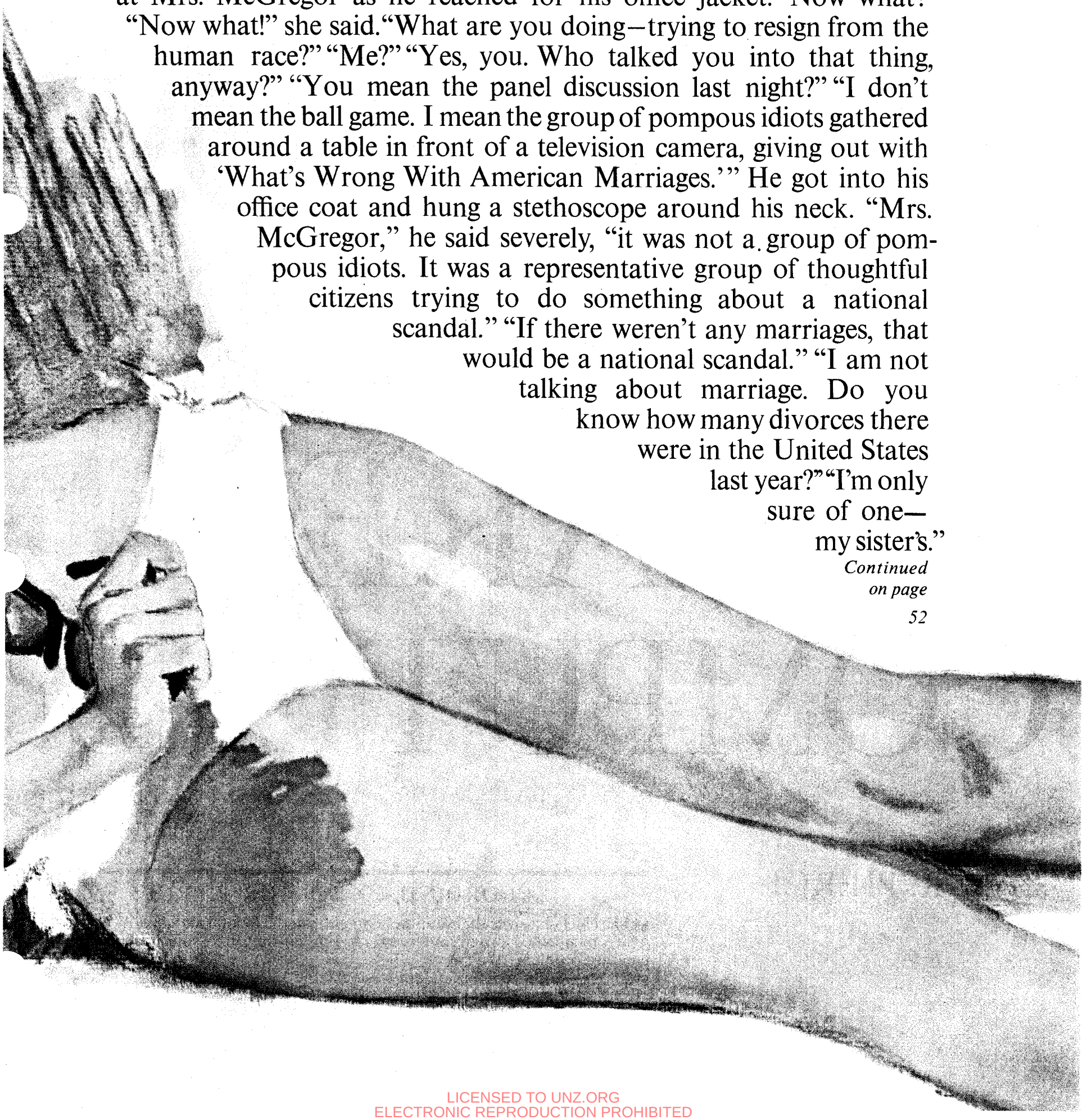
The doctor sneered at love—until he met

THE GIRL WITH A SMILE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

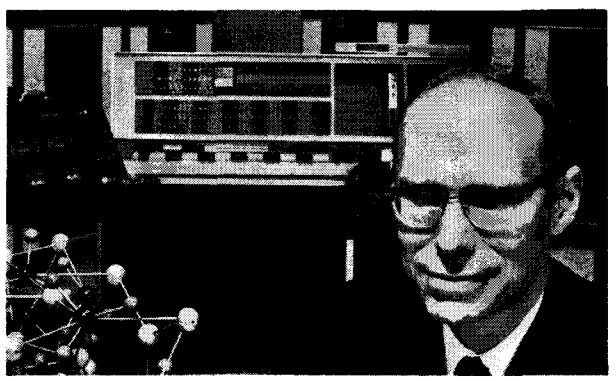
by Steve McNeil Dr. Gordon Baldwin, a lean and hungry man, with coal-black hair, eyes the color of ripe olives and a Size 16 neck, which he was continually sticking out, walked into the Oceancrest Clinic through the back door. He had just finished his rounds at the hospital. His nurse, Mrs. McGregor, a gaunt, gray-haired woman of unspecified years and vast composure, looked at him, shook her head and said,"Oh, brother!" He shrugged himself out of his suit coat, hung it on a hanger and peered at Mrs. McGregor as he reached for his office jacket."Now what?" "Now what!" she said."What are you doing—trying to resign from the human race?" "Me?" "Yes, you. Who talked you into that thing, anyway?" "You mean the panel discussion last night?" "I don't mean the ball game. I mean the group of pompous idiots gathered around a table in front of a television camera, giving out with 'What's Wrong With American Marriages.'" He got into his office coat and hung a stethoscope around his neck. "Mrs. McGregor," he said severely, "it was not a group of pompous idiots. It was a representative group of thoughtful citizens trying to do something about a national scandal." "If there weren't any marriages, that would be a national scandal." "I am not talking about marriage. Do you know how many divorces there were in the United States last year?" "I'm only sure of one—my sister's."

Continued on page 52



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND



John R. Pierce, Ph.D., is executive director of research for the Communications Principles Division of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Celebrated for his studies of high-frequency electron tubes, Doctor Pierce is also the author of many books and articles, technical and popular, on electronics, microwave radar and communications techniques.

HOW SMART ARE COMPUTERS?

BY J. R. PIERCE

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR PIERCE:

"The chief charm of the computer comes from the mental skill, agility and insight which men called programmers exercise in causing it to solve difficult and fascinating problems."

"Though faster, computers are less versatile than human beings, because they are formed of fewer parts."

"The principal limiting factor of the computer is human direction in the form of a program which will guide the machine in a given task."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I leave my office to confer with the mathematicians at the Bell Labs, I walk along a corridor with a long glass window on the right-hand wall. Through the window I look into a room about ninety feet long and forty feet wide. There I see a digital computer.

I see fourteen glass-fronted white and blue and gray cabinets containing reels of the familiar magnetic tape. These reels occasionally spin backward or forward as the computer reads numbers from or records numbers on a tape. At one end of the computer is a device that prints numbers and letters on paper, a line at a time. The heart of the computer, the central calculator, is hidden behind the tape units, and so are the memory units in which the numbers are stored during computations. I cannot tell what the computer is doing by looking at it. Even if I could, I couldn't find words to describe its actions as fast as they occur. During one recent afternoon the Bell computer:

- Checked parts of a computer program used in connection with machine methods for processing manufacturing information.
- Processed and analyzed data on telephone transmission which had been transmitted to the laboratories by teletypewriter and automatically punched on cards for computer processing.
- Solved a partial differential equation.
- Computed details of the earth's magnetic field.
- Checked part of a program used to handle programing cards.
- Fitted curves to some data by translating numerical values into graphs.
- Located an error in a program designed to process psychological data.

All this took the computer three minutes. On another occasion, in eight and a half minutes, the computer proved all of the 350 theorems in mathematical logic which occur in the first thirteen chapters of *Principia Mathematica*, by Russel and Whitehead. The machine has also computed which classes of telephone service would be most economical for selected groups of customers under a new rate structure and what their bills would be. It has simulated the flight of a missile. It has specified the arrangement of electric subassemblies with the shortest interconnecting leads and made the necessary diagrams of the mounting positions and wiring. It has generated musical sounds and artificial speech and song.

These are some of the things men do with computers, and it is what men do with computers that makes them interesting. To draw an analogy, an automatic dishwasher is more complicated that a Stradivarius, but its performance is as dull s dishwater compared with that of the violin in the hands of an artist. As an electrical device, a computer is less various, less complicated and less interesting to an engineer than the telephone system of a large city or the SAGE air-defense system. The chief charm of the computer comes from the mental skill, agility and insight which men called programmers exercise in causing it to solve difficult and fascinating problems.

Of course, the computer itself is just as worthy of thought and respect as a fine violin. We must understand something about the construction of a computer in order to understand its use. But it is really the manner of use that counts.

The computer is a device for manipulating numbers. So, in an elementary way, is an adding machine. In an adding machine numbers are represented by means of little wheels. Each wheel can be in any of ten positions, exposing one of the digits, 0 through 9. Instead of such mechanical wheels, a computer makes use of electronic devices: wires passing through magnetic rings, or "cores," which can be magnetized in the direction of one pole or the other; magnetic tapes on which a small region can be similarly magnetized; transistor or vacuum-tube circuits which can be either "off" or "on"; wires in which a current can flow in one direction or the other, and perforated cards or tapes which activate the machine.

We see that all of these computer devices have a binary character—that is, in each step there are two choices: north or south, off or on, hole or no hole. This does not lend itself to the ten digits of the decimal number system we use in our everyday computations, but it does to the two digits, 0 and 1, of the binary number system. For this reason, computers are built to use binary numbers.

Let us see how this applies. In a decimal number the rightmost digit specifies the number of units, the next to the left the number of ten's, the next the number of 100's, and so on. Thus, 13 is three units and one ten. In the binary system the rightmost digit specifies the number of units, the next to the left the number of two's, the next to the left the number of four's, the next to the left the number of eight's, and so on. To illustrate: One eight plus 1 four plus 0 two's plus 1 unit is 1101 in binary notation—adding up to 13 in the decimal system. There are simple rules for adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing binary numbers which make these processes applicable to the "either-or" operation of the computer.

A computer is equipped with a "memory" made up of groups of magnetic cores. Each core of a group can store one digit of a binary number, by being magnetized in one direction for a 0 or in the other direction for a 1. The digit can be read into or read out of the core by passing a current through a wire which threads the core. The digit remains in the core (that is, it is memorized) until expunged by a subsequent suitable current.

The first requirement in using a computer is to put appropriate binary numbers into the core memory. This is usually done in a sequence of steps. The numbers are first written on a sheet of paper, punched into cards, and transcribed to magnetic tape, from which the computer reads them into its memory. At the end of a computation the results, having been stored in the computer's memory, are printed out on magnetic tape.

The computer can use the numbers in its memory in two ways. Some numbers represent the data to be processed, and the computer stores the intermediate and the final results of its computations in its memory. Other memory positions are reserved for numbers representing commands to act upon the data.

In making a calculation, the central calculator will take its first command from the first of a particular set of memory locations. This command, for example, might be to take a number out of a designated memory position and put it into a register in the central calculator. The computer would then take the next command from the next memory location. This command might make the computer take another number from another memory location and multiply it by the number that had been put into the register. Another command would then store the product in a specified memory location.

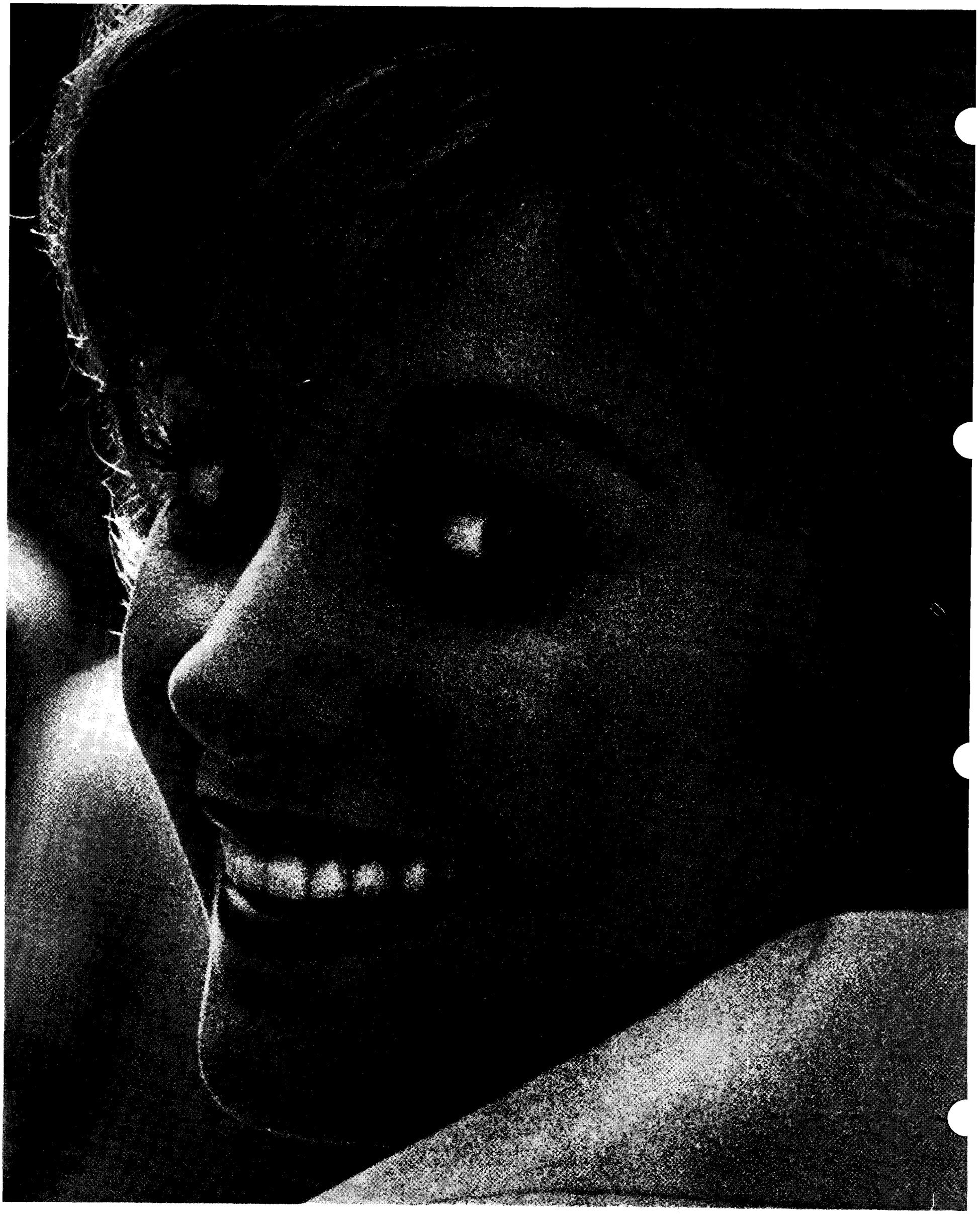
In this simple step-by-step process, each command involves only the number in the register and the number in one designated memory location. The command is to perform one of a number of elementary operations such as addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, or any one of a number of other operations.

Though the individual operation is simple, the over-all result can be very complicated. The command itself may tell the computer where to look in the memory for the next command. For instance, the command may tell the computer to go back to some earlier part of the program, or examine the result of a step, such as a subtraction, and subsequently go to one or another place, or to use some standard program, which is always available on magnetic tape, to perform a number of steps in its computations.

Computers can solve numerical problems too complicated and tedious for a man to solve even if he had a thousand lifetimes. They can excel man in arranging parts of an apparatus in favorable locations or in scheduling production. They can design certain parts of other computers more swiftly and accurately than a man could. They can imitate the behavior of machines and mechanical processes. If we could formulate accurate rules describing the behavior of our economic system, a computer could be made to simulate that behavior and so foretell the effects of proposed business decisions or government policies.

(Continued on Page 72)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People on the way Up

Mary Fran Leucke: America's Ideal Teen

Love makes a girl grow pretty—"I've been bathed in love since birth," says Mary Fran Leucke, crowned Miss Junior Miss last spring in a national contest at Mobile, Alabama. The oldest child of a close-knit St. Louis family, Mary Fran is a happy, chatty 18-year-old, not particularly self-centered, a good student, devoted to her younger brother and two sisters. The judges at Mobile rated the fifty-one competitors on poise, personality and citizenship, but there was no bathing-suit parade. "I studied the contest before I entered," says Mary Fran, who is five-feet-five, has blue eyes and auburn hair. "This contest is wholesome." It is also lucrative. With the $6000 scholarship it provided, Mary Fran is studying acting at Northwestern University's Speech School. To be an actress is her "intense ambition"—she's been working hard at it for years. But she intends to finish college, even if a Hollywood contract comes her way before graduation. Her father, Harry Leucke (pronounced "Loo-key") is editor of three small newspapers. "I'll ask Dad about some new boy I'm dating, and Dad will describe just exactly how it will turn out," Mary Fran says. "And he's always right." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

Richard Goodwin: Young Frontiersman

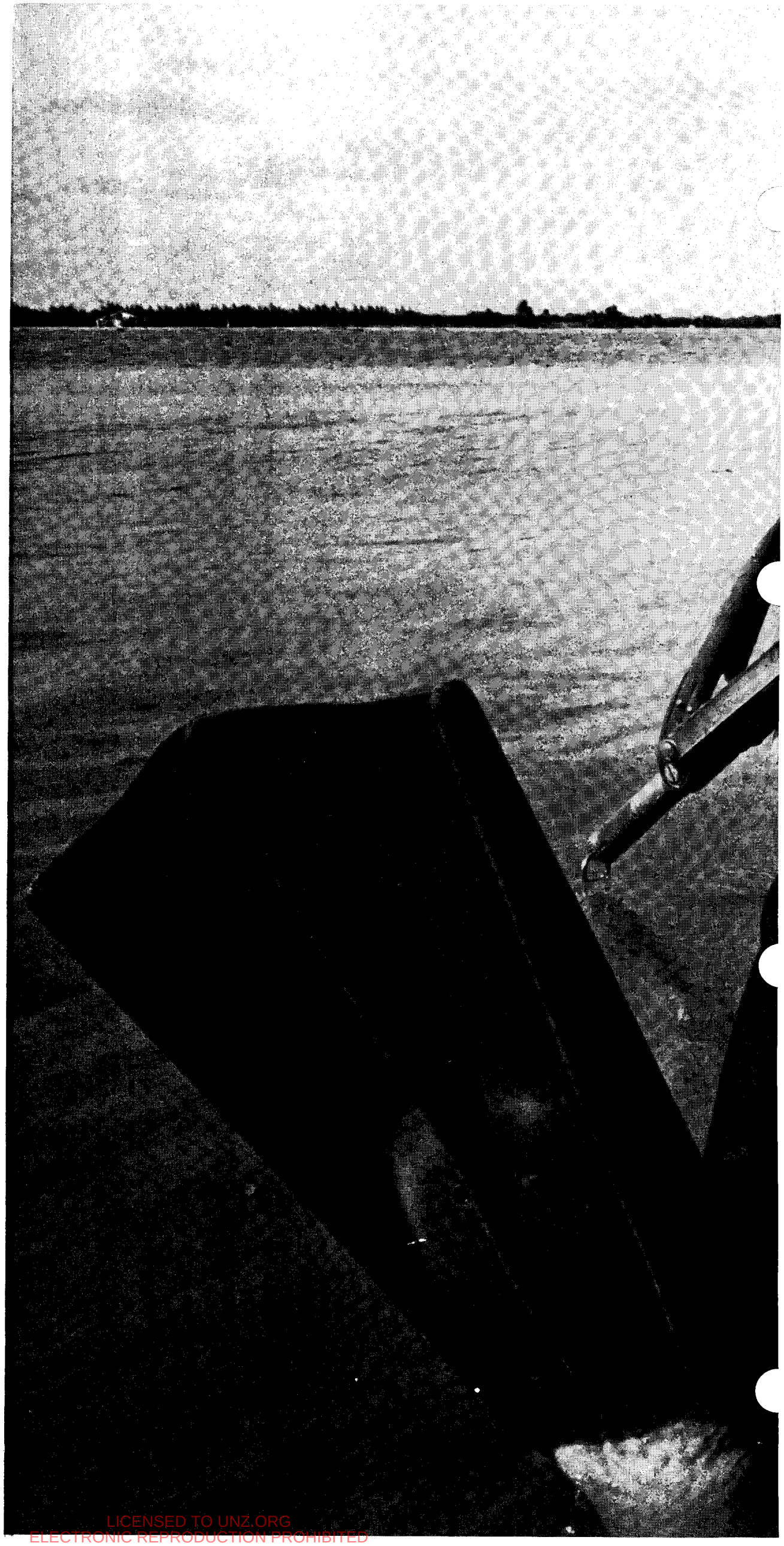
Hanging on his White House telephone, Richard Goodwin, 29-year-old adviser on Latin American affairs, examines an Ecuadorian magazine as his call goes through. A ring from Goodwin sets things moving. As President Kennedy's assistant special counsel, he helps frame such major programs as the Alliance for Progress. He has also worked on conflict-of-interest policy and on civil-rights matters. A *summa cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School, Goodwin clerked for Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, later was an investigator for the House subcommittee which broke open the TV-quiz scandals. He joined the campaign staff of fellow Bostonian John Kennedy early, wound up with a White House desk. Goodwin is married and lives in Arlington, Virginia. Some columnists and commentators harp on his inexperience—despite his specialty, Goodwin cannot speak Spanish (he's studying it now) and when appointed had never set foot in Latin America. Goodwin's boss, accustomed to attack from the pundits, views the criticism of his young aide as a good omen. "Why," says the President, "I wasn't getting belted like that until I was thirty-six." PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People on the way Up

Eugene Shinn, Offbeat Scientist

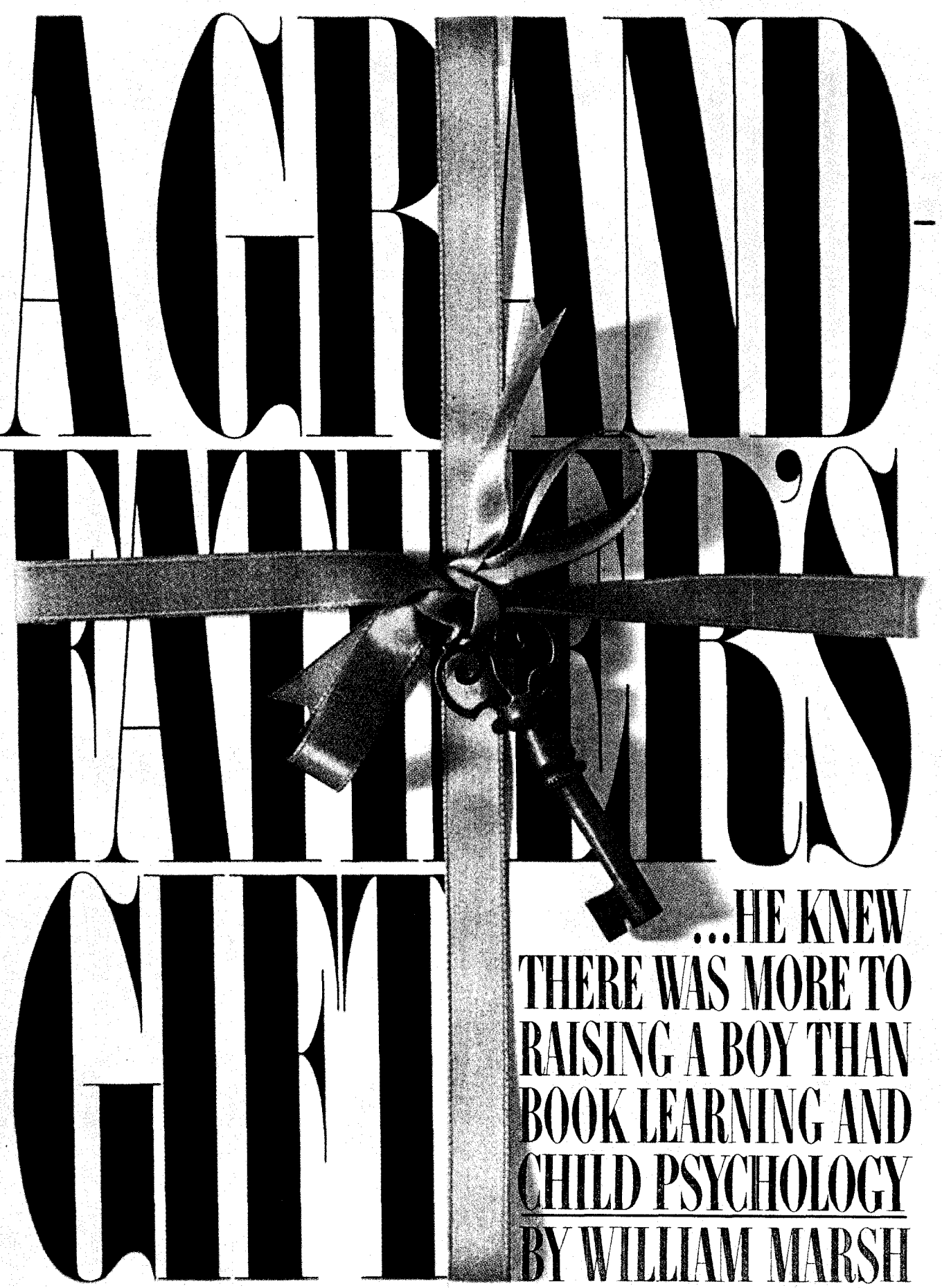
Squinting up the barrel of his speargun, his "wet suit" dunked in Florida's Biscayne Bay, Eugene A. Shinn, 27, could pass for an aquatic Humphrey Bogart. In fact, he's a comer in a growing new profession: A geologist employed by the Shell Development Co. to study sediments and limestone formations in the shallow water off south Florida and the Bahamas. "I supply information about rocks that other geologists can use in searching for oil," he says. A strong, lean swimmer, Shinn won the national A.A.U. spearfishing championship in 1958, has pinpointed fifteen sunken ships from which he recovers ancient cannon, anchors and silver coins; his color photography took a medal at this year's International Underwater Film Festival. Shinn's dry-land hobby is playing drums in a combo. (His wife Pat was a clarinetist, is now a model and mother of three small boys.) Perhaps his rarest talent is his amazing breath control. He can dive seventy feet, then stalk and spear a fish—all without breathing apparatus. But he gets a bigger kick out of stalking polyps, the tiny animals which extract lime from the sea and produce coral. On his own, Shinn has established a network of offshore test stations. He hopes to learn why polyps are working overtime on some reefs but have vacated others. PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BURNS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GRANDFATHER'S GIFT



...HE KNEW THERE WAS MORE TO RAISING A BOY THAN BOOK LEARNING AND CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

BY WILLIAM MARSH

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollister Kemp the Second watched his mother rearrange the scarf on grandpa, who was Hollister the First.

"Is there anything deplorable," grandpa asked, rolling the words, "is there anything pernicious in seeing to it that my grandson acquires a rudimentary appreciation of his native city's splendors before he's thrown into the battle of the dollar?"

Mother sighed. "I don't object to your Sunday outings," she said. "It's just that they're bound to affect the child's sense of proportion. Honestly, I think San Franciscans brag even more than Texans."

"With Texans it's a defense mechanism," grandpa said.

Mother swung away in defeat. *She isn't good at answers*, Hollister thought.

"What's a defense mechanism?" he asked.

Mother grunted. "Little pitchers."

He stopped feeling sorry for her. After all, she came from Back East, which made her an outlander.

Grandpa poked his shoulder with the oak cane. "All set, boy?"

"You bet! . . . Good-by, mother. . . . Good-by, father."

"'By, son. . . . 'By, father," his father answered, busy at the coffee table strewn with the contents of his briefcase. "Enjoy yourselves."

"You, too, Charles," grandpa said. "Happy mortgage foreclosing in our absence."

Father glanced up irritably. "Please try to understand that I am not in banking, father. I happen to be an investment counselor."

Grandpa glanced down at Hollister. "*That's* a defense mechanism," he said.

"And while we're on the subject of finances," father went on, "I'd appreciate it if you'd humor me by not buying Hollister anything today. It defeats the entire purpose of his allowance. He has money. He can either squander it or invest it wisely, as he chooses."

Hollister examined the living-room rug self-consciously. "Invest it wisely," grandpa said. "Put it in a piggy bank to rust. Oh, all right, I won't do anything to upset the psychology of frustration." He sounded angry about it, and Hollister didn't blame him.

Leaving the old house on the edge of Nob Hill, they took a cable car that dropped them down the narrow clanging streets. They got off, turned up a broken little sidewalk, and there were suddenly Chinese everywhere. Hollister held back, but grandpa took his hand and pointed ahead.

"That's Grant Avenue," he said, the way he did when names were important. "The heart of Chinatown."

"Did all these people really come from China?"

"Only the old-timers. The others were all born here."

"Just like me."

Grandpa nodded. "Still, the past has a way of hanging on," he said absently. "The tempo is different, somehow—as if all the clocks were still connected to the home continent."

"I want to tell time, grandpa! Teach me now."

"That's the last thing I'd ever teach you. I never should have taught your father. Now he can't get enough time to suit him."

"Aw—well, then, what time is it now?"

Grandpa squinted at the sky. "Near as I can make out, it's the Hour of the Tiger."

A delicious shiver went through Hollister. Whatever was happening was much more important in the Hour of the Tiger. They continued down the worn brick hill to the corner. Steep tile roofs squeezed together, laced by fire escapes set out with potted flowers. Cutting through a pocked alley that smelled of spice and shrimp and duck blood, they came upon a shop where unimaginable vegetables spilled from wicker baskets; things dangled in the window. Grandpa's cane darted back and forth as he named them. ". . . mandrake root, there. And see, boy, next to those dried fish livers—that leaf-wrapped conglomeration? That's a Chinese tamale—cooked rice and egg." The old man's face took on a softened, inward look. "I remember having them on Chinese New Year's, when the lion came dancing through the streets and we'd throw phony money at him for good luck. . . ."

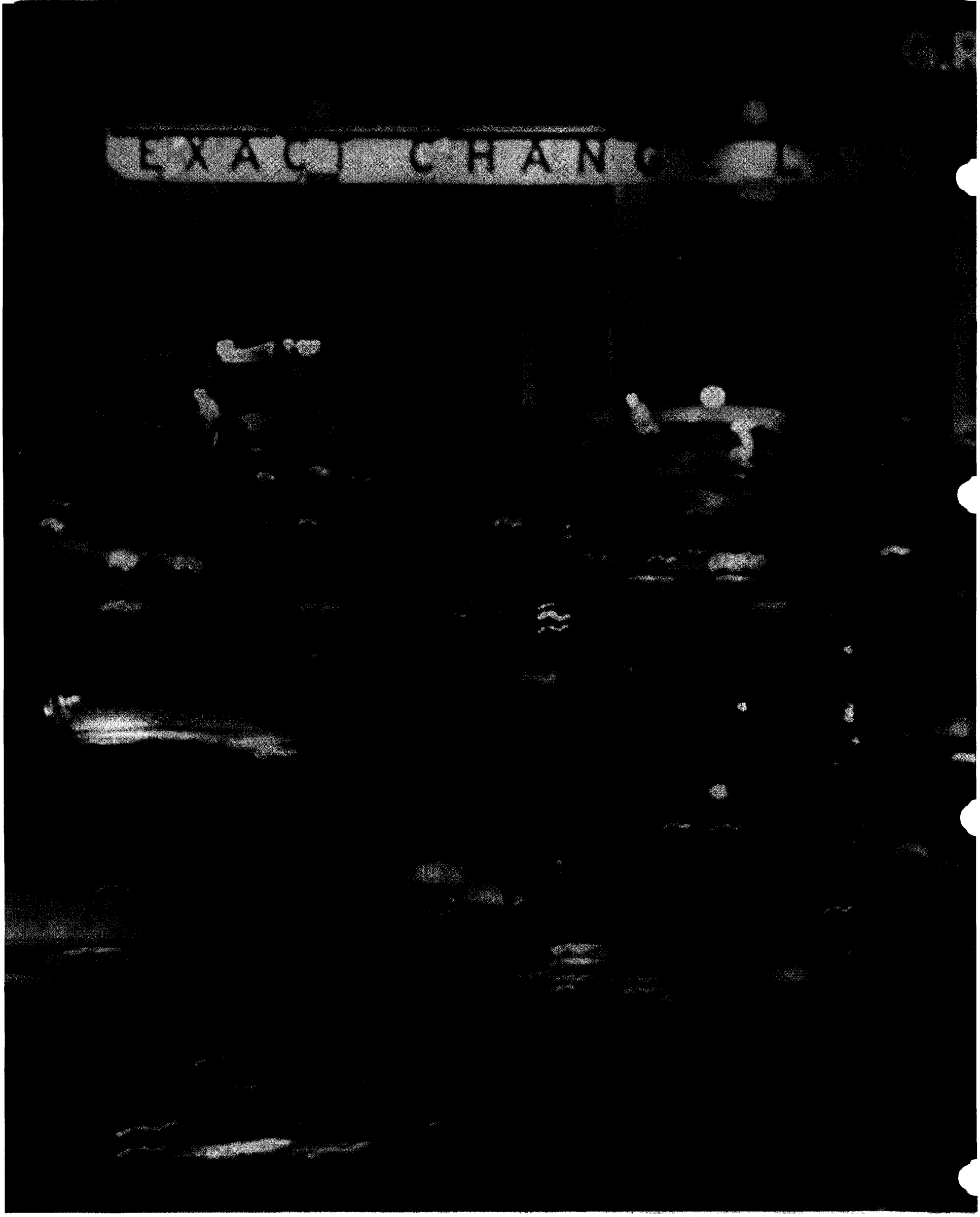
As his voice flowed on, with exotic words leaping forth like multicolored fish, the boy discovered once again that his grandfather had a life all his own before he moved into the house on Nob Hill. That was when he worked for "the department," as tillerman on Ladder Truck Five, and grandma wasn't just a picture on the mantel.

But now, with the mention of food, Hollister's sweet tooth began aching unbearably. "Can we go inside, grandpa?"

Sensing his predicament, grandpa smiled. "Hungry?" Hollister nodded. "Do you think you can hold out till supper?"

Continued on Page 74

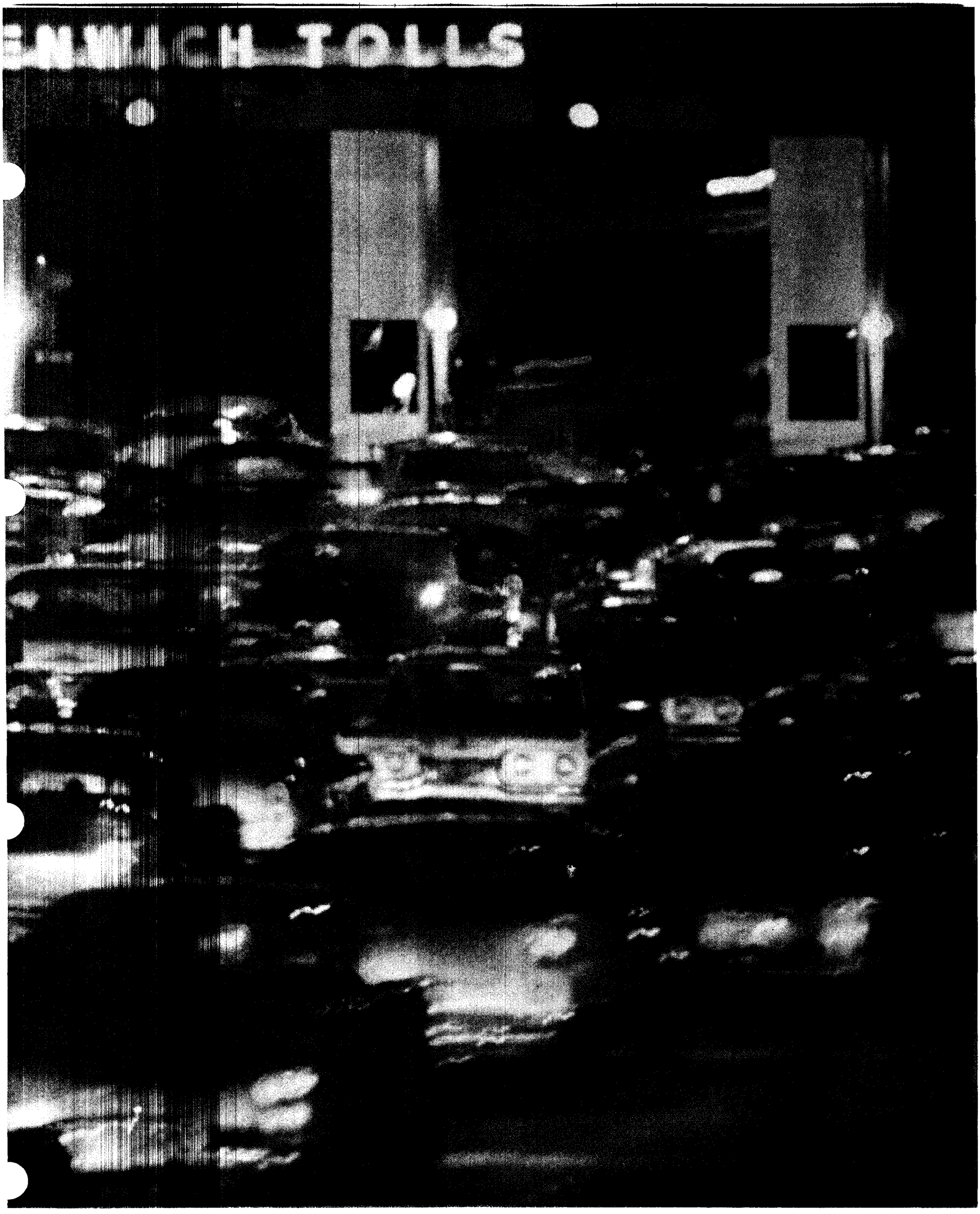
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE Face OF AMERICA

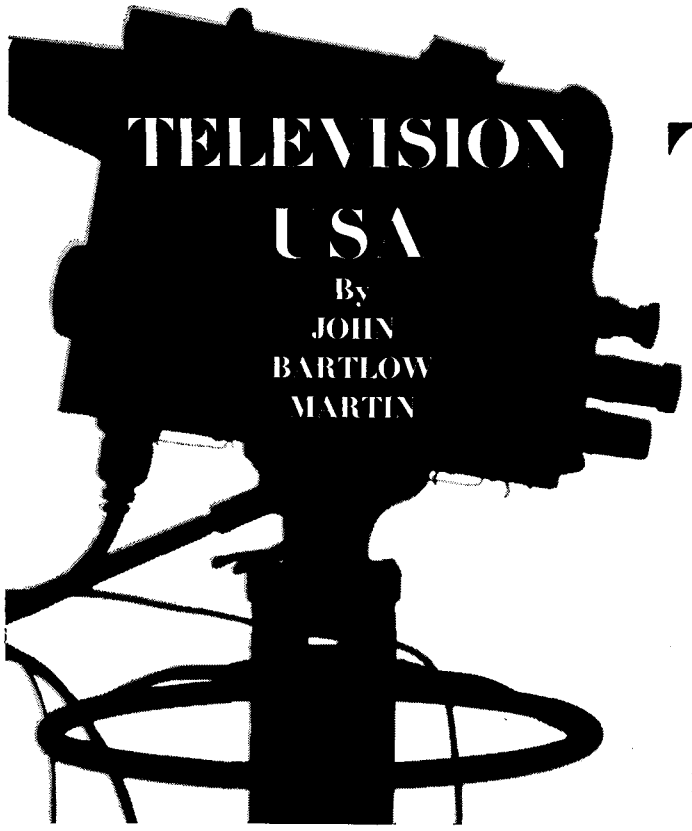
STOP AND PAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Homeward bound, these weekenders are shelling out coins at the end of the Connecticut Turnpike, just before crossing into New York State. Here and at seven other stations on a prime Sunday, 213,000 motorists give up $54,000 to the toll collectors, human and automatic. For their money, drivers get a high-speed ride down the New England shore and an escape from the stop-start of smalltown traffic. Beyond these gates a succession of turnpikes leaps west, halfway across the continent—with tolls and tolls. Photograph by Arthur Rickerby.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Master Planners

Here are the men who largely decide what you may and may not see on TV.

Part Three

Late on a Wednesday afternoon last spring Homer R. Heck, vice president in charge of broadcasting at the Chicago office of an advertising agency, Foote, Cone & Belding, left his office, took a taxi to O'Hare Airport and caught United's jet flight 832 to New York. He was on his way to supervise the production on Sunday of a television broadcast for a client, Hallmark Cards. As the plane climbed over Lake Michigan, Heck, a slender man of fifty-two with a graying crew cut, began talking about the role an advertising agency plays in television. "At one extreme is the Hallmark show," he said. "There we exercise a good deal of influence on the end product. Our client, Mr. Joyce Hall, takes a great personal pride in his television. He was the first to do a two-hour show on television, and it was Shakespeare. He did television's first opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*."

Sunday's show, the week before Easter, *Give Us Barabbas*, was a drama about the thief whose life was spared when Christ's was taken. Months ago Heck and the producer, George Schaefer, had got the script written and cast. Heck said, "The agency hardly ever has this creative a role in television any more. The other extreme is something else I'm doing these days—buying next fall's shows for Armour and Company. There our job is to take advantage of the mass audience available in such shows as *The Untouchables*. We'll simply buy minute insertions. It's cheap. But we have almost no influence on the program." Each network had offered about $8,000,000 worth of shows to Armour. Experts in Heck's office were checking the shows' ratings and figuring the cost per thousand, the magic figure in advertising—how much it costs to get the commercial into 1000 homes.

The stewardesses began serving dinner. Heck said, "Mr. Hall wants good ratings, of course, but he's more interested in something else—prestige. Mr. Hall's problem is unique. He has six major selling seasons for his greeting cards—Christmas, Valentine's Day, Easter, and so on. He doesn't have to be on television every week. But a soap manufacturer can't do this. He's selling a product that he has to sell every day. He has to be on television all the time. And you can't do good television on a weekly basis. Not big, important television. You can't week after week do *Hamlet*. But I do believe that on a smaller scale, honest approaches can be achieved. Too few people bother to worry about that. Some do—Red Skelton and Danny Thomas approach their jobs with honesty and sincerity. Fred Astaire rehearsed his show for three months and it showed. These are all popular shows. But they aren't shoddy, and they aren't vicious. I saw a show the other day that could have no other purpose than to shock, to disturb, to excite. We didn't buy it—but it's going on the air next season, because someone else bought it."

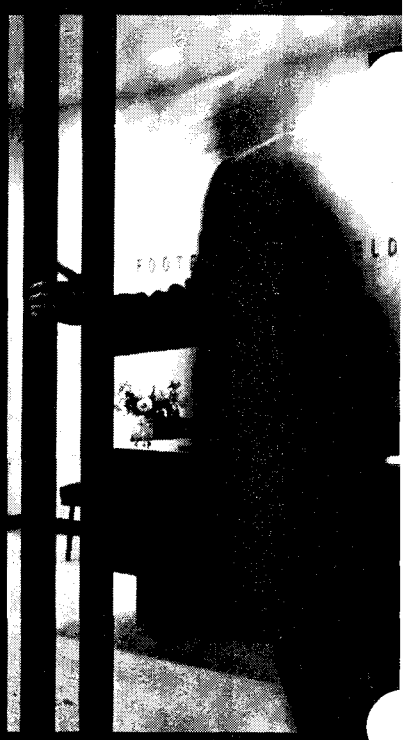
The lights of Manhattan blazed beneath the wing, and the big jet banked sharply and headed down. Heck, looking out the window at the darkness, said, "When I see some of the pilot films offered this year, I can't believe that anybody at the networks gives a damn. Or else they're willing to take a chance for at least one more go-round. And with the new administration in Washington it may well be the last go-round. I don't want Government interference—but we'll get it if we don't behave ourselves."

Having previously covered a network and its affiliated stations, let us observe now the role of an advertising agency in the television industry. And let us go on to study the role of the fourth and fifth important influences on what comes into your living room, the Hollywood film maker and the talent agency.

Homer Heck looks vaguely like an English professor. His demeanor is grave. He is soft-spoken. He wears tight-fitting conservative suits, neat ties, shirts with French cuffs, a tight-fitting topcoat and horn-rimmed glasses. He carries a leather attaché case. He travels constantly. Like most men who influence what millions watch on television, Heck himself seldom watches television for pleasure but, rather, has other interests—books, serious music, the theater, bridge, carpentry, decorating.

On Thursday and Friday Heck viewed pilot films and worked on the Armour buy. On Saturday morning he went to NBC's studio 3K at 30 Rockefeller Plaza and began setting up the Hallmark commercials. The big high-ceilinged studio was cluttered with television cameras, props, flats, lights and cable—with fifty or sixty cameramen, carpenters, painters, stagehands and

Madison Avenue, the nerve center
the sprawling U.S. television industr


Pressure, pressure, pressure. Big
cisions, big money, people on the g

When every day brings crisis aft
crisis, there are no leisurely mea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEFTY! BEANY! BEEFY!

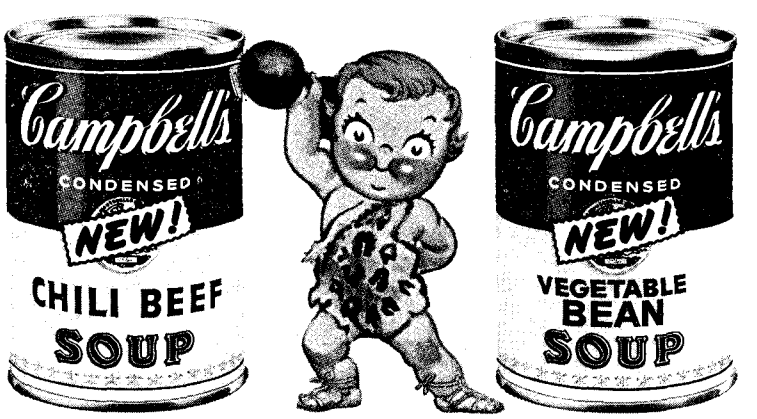
2 NEW SOUPS *from Campbell's*

NEW CHILI BEEF SOUP. Here's a man-pleasing, family-filling soup . . . chock-full of the goodness of tender pink beans and lean beef. Deliciously blended with the bright friendly flavors of tomatoes and onions, and excitingly spiced with chili. Campbell's Chili Beef Soup is great for all your hearty eaters.

NEW VEGETABLE BEAN SOUP. Seven favorite garden vegetables are combined with California pink beans and lentils in a real country-kitchen soup. These are flavored with a beefy broth. Campbell's Vegetable Bean Soup gives you good natural nourishment. It's a perfect dish for a hungry family . . . a good sturdy soup for the men in your house.

BUY BOTH GET BOTH FREE!

Just buy Campbell's 2 new soups — Chili Beef and Vegetable Bean. Tear off each label and, on the back of one, write the purchase price you paid for both soups plus your name and address. Send both labels to 2 NEW SOUPS, Box 42-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. We will refund the full purchase price. Offer limited to one per family. Offer ends December 15, 1961.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION USA

actors. It looked like a warehouse. Heck and three other agency men were opening big cartons of Hallmark greeting cards. Heck went through the script. "D12, the legend of the Easter Bunny—let's see how that looks," and he set some cards up on a rack in front of a television camera, then stepped back to gaze at them critically. He spent the morning arranging cards.

At 12:30 he and the others went upstairs, got sandwiches and coffee from a little lunch stand, and stood around in a dark corridor, eating. (Television studios always seem cluttered with the remnants of hasty lunches.) At one P.M. he went to another studio where, in the control room, he watched a film of the opening commercial. It showed a little girl pulling a dog's tail and watering some flowers, taking pennies from her piggy bank, buying Hallmark cards and presenting them to her father and grandmother and aunt. Accompanying the pictures an announcer read, with music under his voice, "A little child learns so much from mother, like *don't* pull Sir Galahad's tail, and *do* be nice to your neighbors. A child learns from experience too—how flowers blossom with kindness and care, how thoughtfulness makes birds sing, and people understand and love one another. As she grew, Hallmark Cards helped her express her affection." There was more. Over and over, Heck, other agency men, a director, a technician and a soundman watched it run. Heck told the director to lower the announcer's voice level. He said the father's kissing the little girl "bothered" him. He said the announcer was "dragging" one part of his spiel. With repetition the music grew maddening. Finally, Heck was satisfied, and they recorded it. Heck went back down to studio 3K, with the others trailing.

By now the cards and props were in place. Heck went up to the control booth. Camera rehearsal had begun. The director ordered the cameras trained on the commercials one after another for Heck's inspection. Of one Heck said, "The vase is overpowering the card. We don't see enough flowers. Too many of those ugly leaves." Of another, "Tell him to rotate the card counterclockwise." All afternoon they worked at this, taking infinite pains with each shot, moving cards and cameras. Once Heck muttered, "Nothing makes Mr. Hall madder than to clip the corner of his cards." Occasionally he went down to the floor to rearrange props himself.

For weeks and months back in Chicago these commercials had been planned and written; this was the climax. Just so, for weeks and months the drama that was to carry their message had been produced. The amount of human energy that had gone into this enterprise was incalculable. The next day, in ninety minutes, it was all over—at 6:30 P.M. *Barabbas* went on the air live from Brooklyn and the commercials from Heck's Rockefeller Plaza studio. Afterward Heck said, "We gave our all for Mr. Hall. Well, we'll see the reviews tomorrow." They were, it turned out, good.

An advertising agency plans the advertising "campaign" for its client, prepares the commercials, buys the time, selects the programs and in return takes a 15 per cent commission on what it spends for program and time. Last year Foote, Cone & Belding spent $120,000,000 for its clients, about 47 per cent of it on television. At the season's peak its clients were sponsoring twenty-one evening network shows—Danny Thomas, Garry Moore, Groucho Marx, Loretta Young, Perry Como, Red Skelton, Andy Griffith, *Candid Camera*, *Checkmate*, *Hong Kong*, *I Love Lucy*, *I've Got a Secret*, *Maverick*, *The Price Is Right*, *Twilight Zone*, *The Untouchables*, *Wanted Dead or Alive*, *Hall of Fame*, *American Heritage*, *Zane Grey Theater* and *Have Gun, Will Travel*.

In recent years advertising in general has been attacked by intellectuals, educators and clergymen. Many advertising men feel that television got advertising "in trouble." Some television commercials, especially those for laxatives, perspiration preventatives and proprietary drugs, offend viewers. Some commercials irritate purposely. Nearly all are intentionally louder than programs, to get attention. An agency man has said, "You see, we advertisers sometimes can be slobs. We have a mission. To sell. The best way is to take advantage of the contentment out there," that is, the contentment of the viewing audience. "To throw a sop to the people and not disturb 'em with controversy."

When an agency is planning a "campaign," its "media" department decides which of the various media to use—newspapers, magazines, television, direct mail, billboards, radio. Ed Stern, media head at Foote, Cone & Belding, has said, "Marketing factors decide. Who will buy this product—old ladies, boys, men? Where is the product distributed? What kind of product is it? A vacation trip is intrinsically interesting, so it runs in magazines, because the reader will sit back, read, dream, read again, but on television, zip, zip, it's off. Automobiles have a higher intrinsic interest than scouring pads—you put them in magazines and put scouring pads in television. The scouring pad screams out fast, you can't avoid it, and maybe the next time you go to the store you'll buy the one you were yelled at about—but you wouldn't read about it."

All advertising has increased in recent years, but television advertising has skyrocketed. Between 1949 and 1959, total national advertising little more than doubled—but television advertising increased from about $60,000,000 to $1,500,000,000. Television's enormous gain has come to a considerable extent out of the hides of newspapers, radio and the large mass-circulation magazines. People still read, perhaps more than ever, but many big advertisers selling high-velocity merchandise have turned largely to television. One of the reasons is cost per thousand—the cost of getting the commercial into a thousand homes. It is difficult to compare costs per thousand among different "media," but a good many advertising men believe that cost per thousand is lowest on television. (How many of the thousand pay any attention is another question, one of many that makes such comparisons difficult.) A half hour of network time alone costs $60,000—more than a full-page ad in *Life* or *The Saturday Evening Post*—and a program to put in that spot costs at least as much more, but it reaches so many millions, the networks claim, that the cost per thousand is very low.

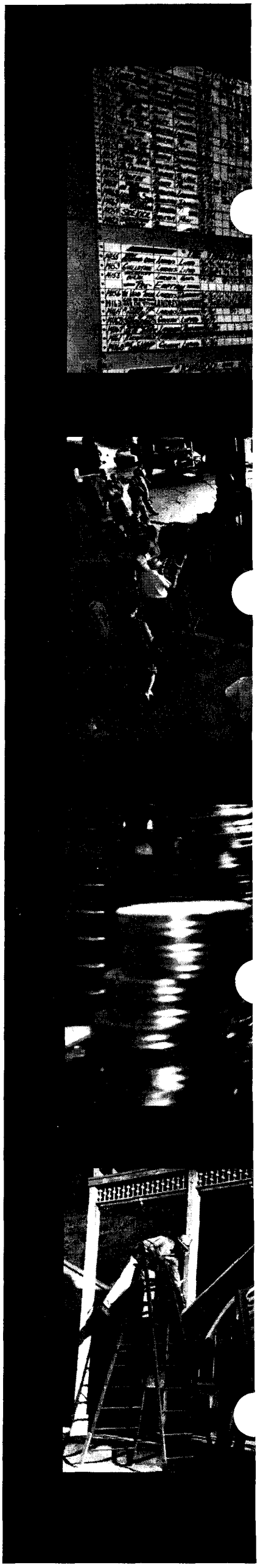
It is to figure cost per thousand that agencies use Nielsen ratings. Stern says, "With a few exceptions, like Hallmark, numbers are paramount in this business. When the Nielsen ratings come out, shows are canceled and heads roll. The networks point with pride to the top ten. Advertisers glow with pride. Hollywood says, 'It looks like we're dead.' Producers jump off cliffs. We make predictions of ratings every day in planning our spending. Fred Friendly thinks eventually he'll beat *The Untouchables* with *CBS Reports*. We disagree. We pride ourselves on being hard-boiled and realistic. The choice of time, the night, the competition, the lead-in show preceding are all important. But the mass appeal of the show is more important. *Gunsmoke* will always clobber a show like *Hamlet*.

Fairfax Cone, chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, is a tall, rangy, sharp-featured businessman of fifty-eight. A while back, sitting in his quiet office, Cone commented on the programs viewers can watch. "The public decides what to watch," he said, "but it doesn't have many choices. Nobody knows what they might watch if they had different choices. At any given time about a third of them aren't watching at all. I can go home tonight and read ADVENTURES OF THE MIND or an Earthworm Tractor story in *The Saturday Evening Post*—but this choice is denied me on television. The real difficulty is that television set out to be a medium to make money instead of a medium of expression. Ben Franklin started out to say some things he wanted to say. So did all newspapers and magazines. But television didn't."

Cone had several ideas for improvement. To get sponsors for such small-audience shows as *CBS Reports*, networks should cut their time rates to fit the show's audience, as magazines base rates on circulation. To avoid using up so much material, networks should repeat an entire week's broadcast in the following week. To put on experimental programs, networks should pre-empt one week out of every thirteen that an advertiser buys. To avoid advertiser interference, networks should rotate commercials through their entire schedule as magazines do. Cone had little hope these reforms would be made—economics was against them. So he concentrated on his commercials. "People criticize television commercials because they're so inescapable. You run ads in *The Post* saying, 'Shrink hemorrhoids painlessly.' Nobody kicks. But on television every ad is a full-page ad. So we have to be careful. We buy some lousy shows. But we don't do lousy commercials."

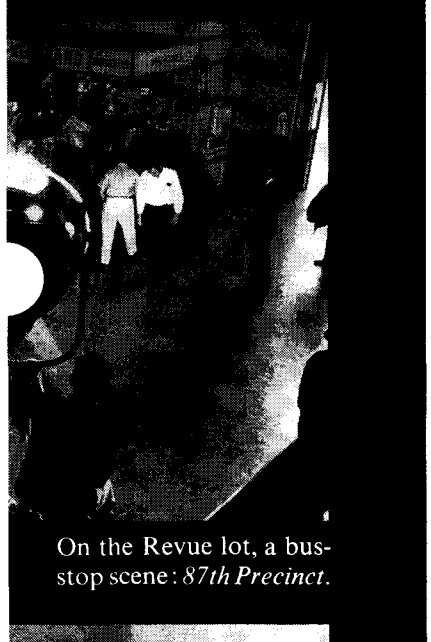
Today film dominates television. Some of it is old movies. But more is film made expressly for television. Film replaced live television because film can be resold and rerun again and again, and live shows cannot. A successful television film is a virtually inexhaustible gold mine. The profits from overseas reruns alone are huge. *Variety* has reported that a single half-hour film episode can realize $22,205 abroad. It brings $3000 in Canada and forty dollars in Hong Kong. Some stars, like James Arness of *Gunsmoke*, produce their own shows; some, like Dick Powell, produce others too. Thus they take their earnings as capital gains, not income, and they profit from reruns. To own your own successful television show means that you will never have to work any more.

Most of the film is produced in Hollywood. Television film-making there is a far bigger industry than movie-making. When television began, the established motion-picture studios, fearing its competition, refused to film programs for it.



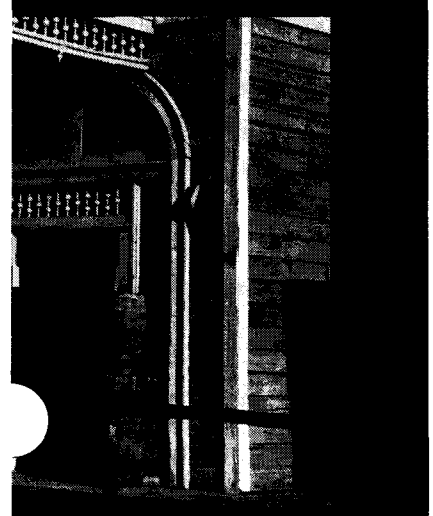
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Editorial board" at Revue, which films TV shows.



On the Revue lot, a bus-stop scene: *87th Precinct.*

The output—reel after reel of television films.



To cut costs, one set is used for many shows.

Today all but two or three are making it. They are not, however, the leaders in the field. The leaders are, significantly, two companies connected with the two biggest talent agencies—Revue, owned by the Music Corporation of America (MCA), and Four Star, whose shows are sold by the William Morris Agency. Between them MCA and Morris represent as agents most of the leading actors, directors and producers in show business. Whoever controls the stars controls show business.

The secret of money-making on television film is to manufacture it fast. A motion-picture producer often spends from twelve to eighteen months making a movie. The producer of a live *Playhouse 90* spent four or five months on it. The film makers turn out an hour-long television film in five days. A movie producer says "It looks it, too." A Hollywood film syndicator says, "We aren't in business to win Emmys."

A talented writer who got his start in live television drama, intending to become a serious Broadway playwright, now lives instead in California and beside his swimming pool grinds out the episodes of a routine film series in a day and a half each. He owns the show, and it probably brings him $200,000 a year. He hates it, but who can give up a swimming pool? Nearly every writer in the industry says of his product, "It ain't O'Neill but on the other hand it ain't ——" naming any show that competes with his. A producer's assistant says, "I really did love live television. Even the men who pushed the cameras would say during rehearsal, 'Look, I think I can get a better shot this way.' We were all so damn proud of what we were doing. There is no such feeling in television film. It has to be done quickly and efficiently. Just get the footage, get it on budget and have it look pretty good. And don't offend—if the sponsor is a cigarette company, don't let your hero smoke a cigar. Of course, the producer cares terribly about making it a good show—well shot, well put together. But he is only a dedicated efficient technician. He is not creative. Television-film planning is the most depressing thing I ever saw. It's all backward. Instead of looking for an exciting original idea, then getting the proper writer and director and actors to develop it, they do just the opposite. They sit around and say, 'What we need on Thursday night is—well, let's see, the other network's got a Western, so I think we ought to come in with a Western. They haven't got any sex symbols, so we'd better have a girl. Also we should have a father figure. Then *77 Sunset Strip* has Kookie; Kookie is very popular, so we should have one, a Kookie but in a Western costume. We'll have a villain that's sort of like Paladin but costumed the way Josh Logan does it, all tight pants and biceps. Now write us a show to fit this cast of characters.'"

MCA—the Music Corporation of America—has been called "the octopus," "the sausage factory," and "the heart of American television." No agency nearly so big ever existed before. A producer has said, "Through their contracts with stars, producers, directors and writers, they have irresistible strength and are in a position to impose their will upon studios and networks. They are the only agency that is also in everything else—manufacturing, distribution and syndication. (The Department of Justice's antitrust division is investigating MCA. MCA's lawyers declare it innocent.) The stars got them started. Now they are simply manufacturing Westerns and such on an assembly-line basis—they don't need stars. All they need is profits."

MCA was founded in 1924 by a Chicago oculist, Jules Stein, who began booking bands. Before long he was a talent agent for movie stars—a flesh peddler, as agents used to be called. Today Stein is MCA's elder statesman, chairman of its board and a philanthropist. He and his family own most of MCA's preferred stock and 1,419,000 shares of MCA common, currently worth nearly $100,000,000. Nearly all of MCA's officers have been with the company twenty years. MCA was a closely held company until 1958. That year it bought the Universal-International studios for $11,250,000 and went into television-film production in a big way. To do so it sold stock to the public. Last year MCA made more than $6,000,000 after taxes. Of its $67,000,000 gross, only $8,700,000 came from its agency commissions—$57,500,000 came from television film. Flesh peddling brings only small change compared to manufacturing successful television film.

Last year MCA turned out more than 700 half-hours of film and this year nearly 1000. A major motion-picture studio might make thirty-six hours. MCA makes far more film than all the major motion-picture companies combined. Lew R. Wasserman, today president of MCA—a lean, intelligent, darkly handsome man of forty-eight who owns 710,500 shares of MCA stock, now worth about $50,000,000—says, "This is a manufacturing business. Basically we are in the business of putting film under our arm and peddling it." MCA has been accused of forcing a network to keep its programs on the air by threatening to pull its stars off the network's other programs. "It's a fable of the industry," Wasserman says. "How long would we be in business if we handled our talent that way?"

MCA's Revue Studios cover 367 fenced acres beside the Hollywood Freeway, an incorporated city in itself, with its own post office, police force and fire department. Near its front gate are little gray stucco bungalows, producers' offices, each with a sign identifying their programs—*Bachelor Father*, *Wagon Train*, *Wells Fargo*, others. Farther back are the thirty stages where film is shot, gray buildings vast and blocky as warehouses. Beyond is the "back lot." It contains, among other things, a mountain. It contains permanent outdoor sets—New York streets, small-town streets, shopping districts, residential districts, town squares, restaurants, boats, piers, filling stations, swamps, European streets, Notre Dame cathedral, various churches, a European square, a Mexican village, native huts, a haunted house, a Western street built for *Laramie*, a quicksand pool, a stockade, movable and immovable rocks, three lakes, a movable river boat, a waterfall which can be turned on or off and vast arrays of stagecoaches, wagons, automobiles and airplanes. The whole place, including the mountainside, is wired with concealed electrical cable. The buildings look substantial and real, but they are made of plaster of Paris and are nothing but fronts. They are used over and over, redressed for different shows and shot from different angles.

An MCA executive says, "We're the best. We're quality picturemakers. Quality pays." Last spring sixteen network shows were being produced at Revue. It owned some entirely, some partially. To some others it simply leased its facilities. The sixteen were *Wagon Train*, *87th Precinct*, *Thriller*, *Laramie*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, *Checkmate*, *The Bob Cummings Show*, *The Investigators*, *Tales of Wells Fargo*, *The Tall Man*, *Alcoa Premiere*, *Leave it to Beaver*, *Ichabod and Me*, *G.E. Theater*, *Bachelor Father* and *Frontier Circus*.

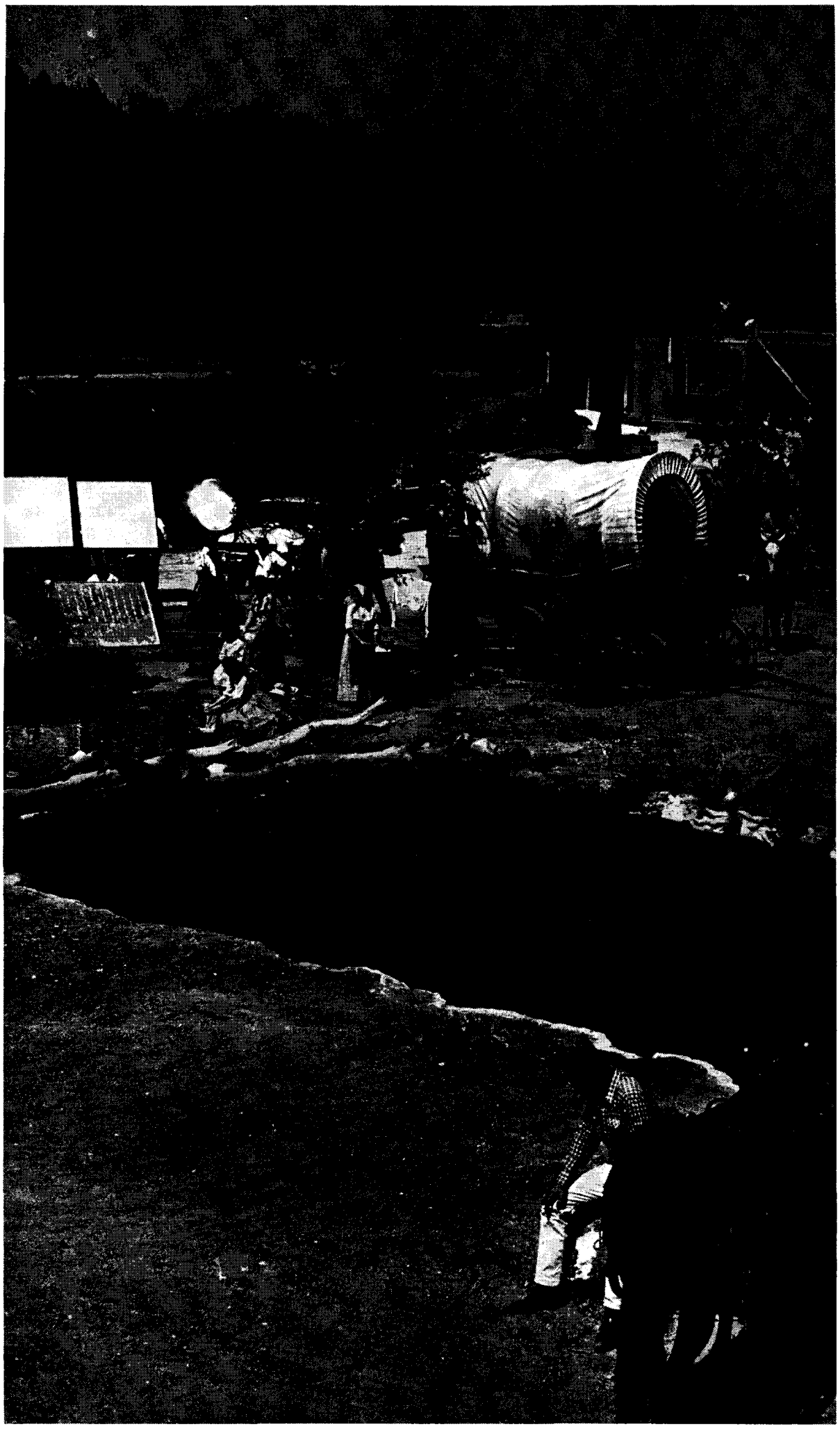
Richard Irving, the producer assigned to *Frontier Circus*, has said, "We've learned how to put the money on the screen"—that is, how to shoot film efficiently. "Our biggest problem is to get freshness. We try to be as inventive and creative as we can. *Frontier Circus* is fresh, a little different. The basic idea of *Frontier Circus* is: What is the public interested in? Well, if they're watching *Wagon Train* with a 35 Nielsen for five years, that's what they want to see. So we're taking the period in the Old West and instead of a wagon train, we've got a small circus that's heading west." (It is, of course, hauled by wagons.)

The idea for *Frontier Circus* originated at Revue. Last March it filmed the pilot, sold it to CBS, and went into production with CBS as its partner. Already Irving had made five episodes. When he discussed the program last spring, he expected to have thirteen completed before the show went on the air October fifth. Each episode would cost more than $100,000. Three actors, Chill Wills, John Derek, and Richard Jaeckel, plus a guest star, would appear in each. "It's a difficult show to move around," Irving said. "It's big and involved—we've got three lions, two elephants, two camels, some llamas, over fifty-four head of horses, 100 extras. We want to keep that bigness." The nine writers and three directors each were earning $40,000 or $50,000 a year. Irving shot each episode in five days. One had taken six, but he hoped to make up the time. "That's what we've learned most—how to do it fast." The secret lay in advance preparation. He and his writer and director were working on the script they would shoot the following week—rewriting, picking locations on the back lot, setting up camera angles. They often did thirty-five camera shots in a day. Movie makers do four.

Irving said, "My goal is the family unit. So we're not presuming to do a *Playhouse 90*. We're doing an honest, intelligent story of conflict. We'll appeal to kids—we've got elephants, lions, trapezes; lions running around in a Western town. But we have an adult theme. The circus owner is motivated by bringing fun and laughter to the pioneers. Humanitarian. Make their life easier. Also, the theme is the growth of America. He believes there will be big cities in the West and he wants his circus to grow up with the country. So it's a good wholesome American point of view."

At six o'clock that evening the company—some sixty strong—gathered on a dry brown mountainside: camera crews, soundmen, grips, electricians, wardrobe and make-up men, others. It was cold and windy. Men were setting up lights and cameras. Actors in Western clothes were standing around. Two horses stood in a dusty road. The director said, "All right, fellas, let's try it," and a bearded, booted actor lay down in front of lights and a camera and asked, "What's my first line?" The script girl said, "He's a hard man to kill." Dust and bugs swam in the harsh lights, and up the mountain a hawk swirled in the wind. "All right, roll it," the director said, and they shot the scene. But one actor forgot his lines, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the 367-acre back lot at Revue in North Hollywood, one crew shoots a frontier scene for *Wagon Train* (foreground) while another (at rear) erects a filling station for the *Alcoa Premiere* show.

TELEVISION USA

director said, "Start from the top," and they did it over.

Satisfied, the director led the way up the hill to the road. While lights were being set up, he talked to Richard Jaeckel a handsome blond young actor in buc skin jacket, tight pants and boots. H seemed to be trying hard. He called the director "sir." In the next scene, No. 36, Jaeckel overtakes a fleeing buggy and warns its occupants to hasten while he holds off the outlaw, Rip Torn. The director said, "This shot is pretty difficult. We have to make sure he overtakes the buggy where our lights are."

Jaeckel was rehearsing, galloping rapidly up and down the mountainside road. Watching, the director said, "He's a very nice boy. Very nice. No temperament, no problems." The wrangler told somebody to get a shovel and fill a hole in the road so Jaeckel's horse wouldn't stumble. The assistant director called from up the hill, "All right, let's go." The buggy came up the hill, and the assistant director shouted, "All right, roll it," and the cameras whirred as Jaeckel galloped up, overtook the buggy and wheeled while it sped on. "Cut," the director calle "On the take-off there was no real feelir of speed or menace." The girl in the buggy said, "It's a pretty steep hill and the horses can't go fast." The director said, "All right, you stay out of the buggy. We don't see you anyway." They did it again, and the director called, "Print it," meaning he was satisfied, and all hands adjourned down the hill to Laramie Street, a street in a Western town.

Others there had already set up cameras and lights. Stagehands were setting up preserved trees near the saloon to alter the appearance it had in *Laramie*. The director inspected them, instructed Jaeckel, and presently they began shooting. They worked quietly, in a businesslike way. They kept checking the script and their watches—the scene on the mountainside had taken longer than anticipated, and they must hurry to complete the film they had budgeted. Most of the shots were long shots of action, the staple of Westerns, which do nc really require actors, only bodies.

Beyond the mountain in the real world a big fire was raging out of control in Hollywood Hills. Finished with the previous scene, the director led the way up the street to the doctor's house. Two young actors were standing around, talking about getting drunk for the first time. The assistant director called, "All right, quiet, boys . . . roll it," and Torn and Jaeckel came stamping up the street and onto the porch and into the house. "Cut," the director said. Torn said, "I think I can do that one better." The director and cameraman said nothing. They were examining the door of the doctor's house. It was not the door that had been here previously when they had shot another scene. The director thought a moment, then, "This is an outdoor shot. I think it's long enough so it won't be noticed. Let's wrap it up." The assistant director called, "Wrap it up." A small cheer went up. Everybody went home. It was eleven P.M. Beyond the mountain the sky was red with flame.

In his concluding installment next week Mr. Martin discusses possible cures for the deficiencies of TV. —The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVANCED THRUST

Moves power forward for arrow-straight going

FLATTENS HILLS LIKE IT FLATTENS THE FLOOR. *When you open the door, you sense something big has happened . . . the front floor is nearly flat! When you ask for power, you know for sure . . . by the way all the hills suddenly seem flat as a pancake. The secret? Advanced Thrust! Buick's big Wildcat 410 V-8 moved 'way up over the front wheels. Result? Explosive new go (actually ¾-G thrust)! Arrow-straight tracking that won't be swayed by crosswinds! Faster wheel return! And, because the frame's wider, level sports-type cornering! Get away from the everyday into a luxurious Advanced Thrust Buick at your dealer's now. Buick Motor Division — General Motors Corporation.*

'62 BUICK

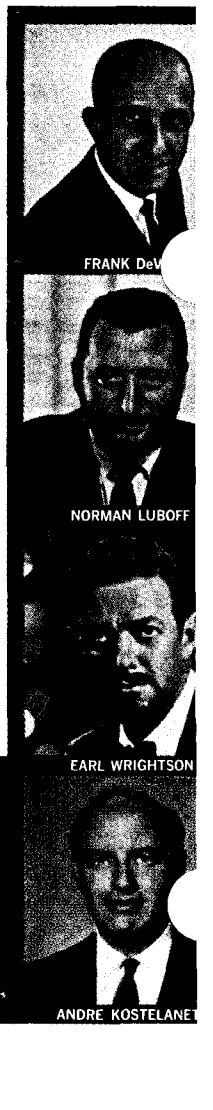
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

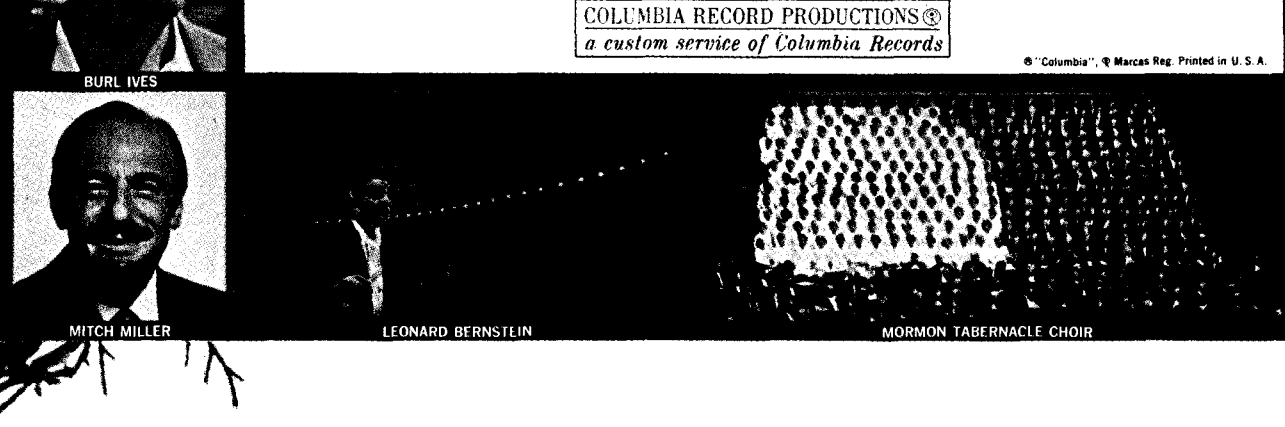
COLLECTORS ALBUM LIMITED EDITION

THE GREAT SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

BY TEN GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN" (HANDEL'S MESSIAH) LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA • MEDLEY: "RING CHRISTMAS BELLS"; "THE FIRST NOEL"; "WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS" FRANK DeVOL AND THE RAINBOW STRINGS • "O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL" PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "JESU BAMBINO" (THE JESUS BABY) PERCY FAITH • "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM" EILEEN FARRELL • "THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS" BURL IVES • "SLEIGH RIDE" ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA • MEDLEY: "GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN"; "WE THREE KINGS"; "DECK THE HALLS" NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR • "WHAT CHILD IS THIS?" (TO THE TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES") MITCH MILLER AND HIS SING-ALONG GROUP • "CAROL OF THE BELLS" MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR • "SILENT NIGHT" MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR • "O HOLY NIGHT" EARL WRIGHTSON WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA





Created exclusively for GOODYEAR by

COLUMBIA RECORD PRODUCTIONS ®
a custom service of Columbia Records

® "Columbia", ℗ Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.

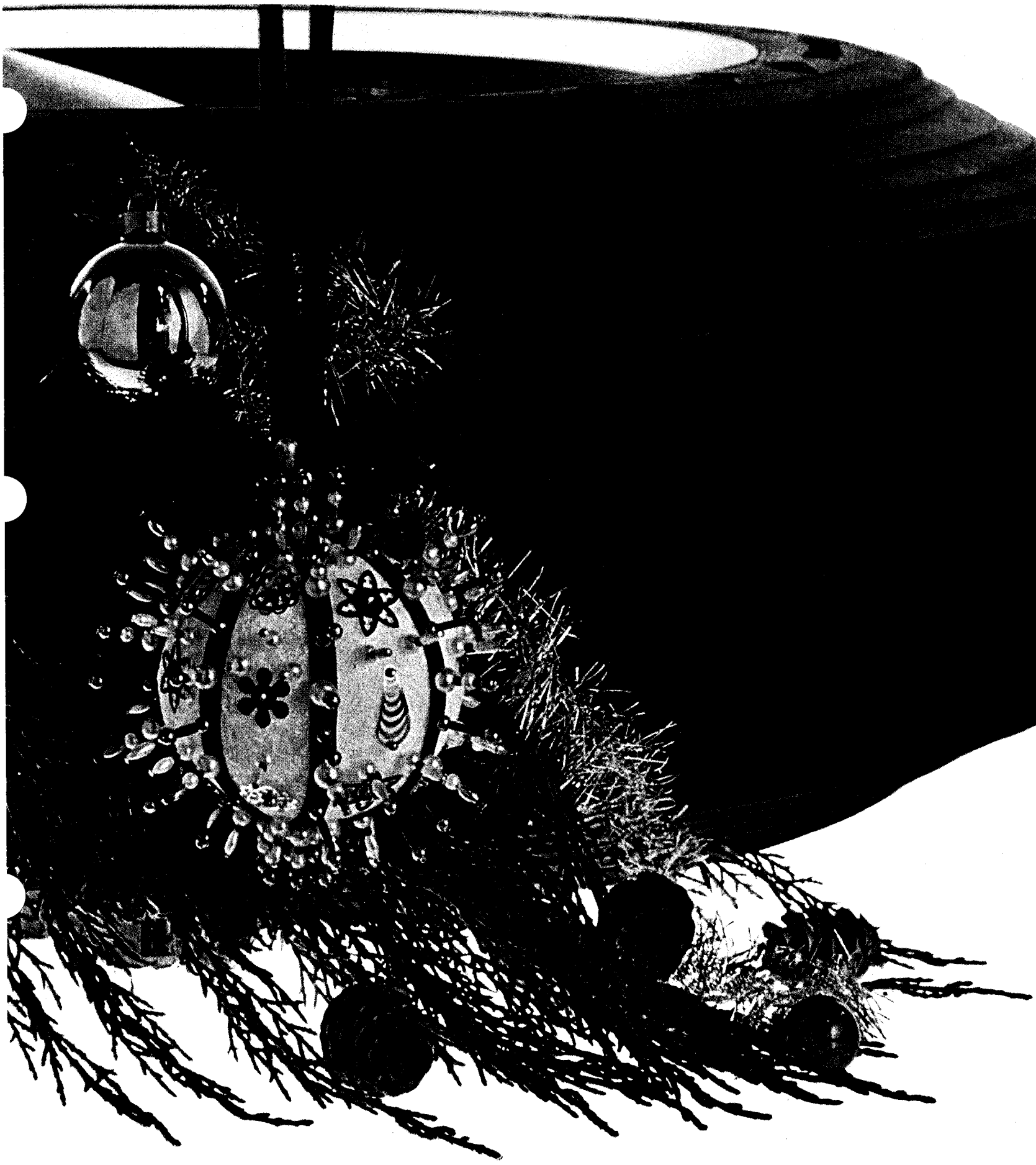
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

FOR HOLIDAY SPIRIT: $3.98 Value . . . get it from Goodyear for only $1.

Everyone who loves fine-quality music will prize this new, limited-edition 33⅓ LP Collectors Album of Christma favorites performed by distinguished artists. It brings you 16 top selections from 10 outstanding Columbia Recor Christmas albums. How much? It's a true $3.98 value—but you can get it now for only $1.00. Nothing else to bu Nothing to clip or mail in. Available only at Goodyear Service Stores and at most Goodyear Dealers—but *hurry!* The want to wish you a Happy Holiday in this unusual way.

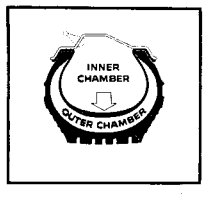
Double Eagle, Captive-Air, T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR HOLIDAY SAFETY: The tire that doesn't go flat

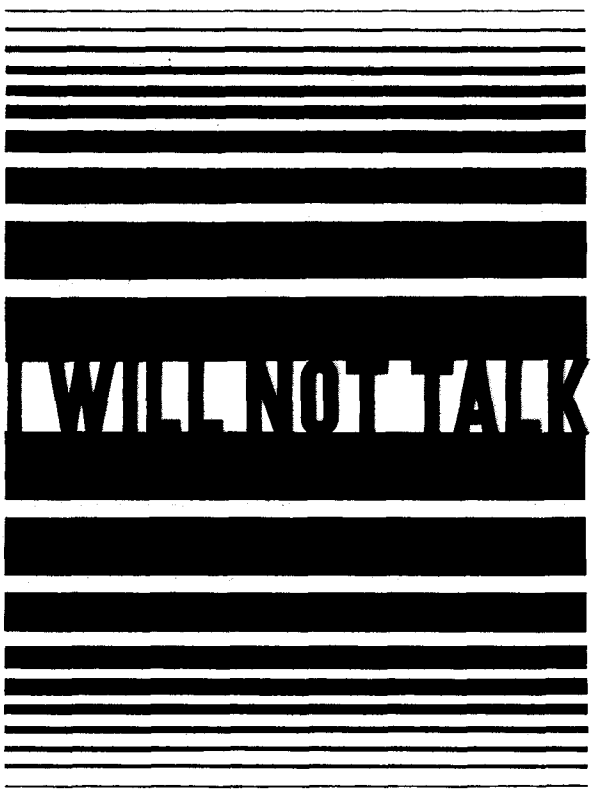
This is the only tire that gives you a second chance. Because inside this finest Goodyear tire, the Captive-Air Double Eagle, is a nylon-and-steel cord "inner spare"—meaning no more fear of blow-outs or flats. The tire itself is completely new. From giant 3-T nylon cord to trim new styling and softer ride, it's the finest tire man can make and money can buy. Make your holiday trip safer—see your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store.



GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arpad Arpady stood on the brightly lighted stage in the theater and directed his gaze at the pretty girl in front of him. "Just look at the ruby," he said, pointing to the cheap piece of glass imbedded in the turban he wore. "Just look at the ruby, and very soon you will find yourself beginning to sway, back and forth, back and forth." The girl, her eyes fixed on the diadem, swayed back and forth as instructed.

"That's it," Arpady said softly. "You're moving very gracefully now. Just like a fish through the water. In fact," he informed her, "you are a fish." The girl began making pouting movements with her lips and did look, indeed, very much like a fish. The audience burst into laughter and applause.

"You are conscious of nothing but my voice. You hear nothing but my voice," Arpady intoned. "We are alone in a room, and you will obey me, as a dog obeys its master. For, of course, you are a dog." The girl got down on her hands and knees and began barking, to the audience's delight. "Why are you barking like a dog?" the hypnotist demanded. "You are not a dog, but a cat." At that, the girl instantly stopped her barking and started moving down the stage with the utmost grace, licking her shoulders as she went. This brought the house down, as it did every night.

A few moments later Arpady awakened the girl from the trance, being careful to remind her first that she was not a fish, nor a dog nor a cat, but an attractive young woman. A brief explanation of hypnosis concluded the show.

Col. August von Struckel applauded along with the rest of the audience, not so much out of appreciation as from a sense of duty. He had seen better hypnotists in Berlin, of course, and he was not much of a theatergoer. Colonel von Struckel was here on business.

As the house lights went on, he motioned to three SS men sitting at the rear of the large auditorium. They rose at once and proceeded to Arpady's dressing room, where they politely but firmly invited the hypnotist to a command performance at Gestapo headquarters. Arpady knew that such an invitation was not to be scorned. With as much good grace and calm as he could muster, he removed his turban, washed off his stage make-up and went with the men.

The grim-looking building at 60 Andrassy Ut could hardly inspire confidence in anyone who went through its portals. The building itself, as if knowing its own reputation, appeared cold and uncaring, efficient, official and perhaps even a little cruel. Many Hungarians had perished in the building, Arpady knew. Many others had been carried from it physical and mental wrecks, their bodies broken, their minds squeezed dry, their spirits beaten to death.

The tight-lipped SS men ushered Arpady inside the building, took him up the stairs and motioned him through two huge wood-paneled doors into a plushly carpeted office. Sitting behind a desk at the far end of the office was Colonel von Struckel, bending over a sheaf of papers and working studiously.

Arpady glanced quickly about the large room. A single lamp on the colonel's desk provided the only illumination. The windows were barred. It occurred to the hypnotist at once that all this was psychologically quite sound, that this atmosphere and this behavior would instill fear in any man. He had to admit that he was no exception.

The Hungarian stood there for what seemed like hours, fears and hopes crisscrossing through his mind. He'd heard of von Struckel, and what he'd heard had not been good. How much did the man know? Perhaps he knew nothing at all. Perhaps he was just fishing. Perhaps it was another matter altogether.

At long last the colonel put the papers into a neat pile, closed his pen carefully and seemed to take notice of Arpady for the first time. Wordlessly he motioned the hypnotist into a chair, while he himself stood up and began pacing, fingering a riding crop. Tossing the crop nervously from one hand to another, von Struckel walked back and forth across the spacious office. Suddenly he stopped. "Herr Arpady," he said, "I will come directly to the point. We know what you've been up to."

"Well," said the hypnotist, forcing a smile, "in that case there's no problem." He made as if to rise from the chair.

"Sit down," roared von Struckel. "You're not in the theater now, giving a performance." He moved back to the desk and glared menacingly at the Hungarian. "We know that you've been collaborating with the enemy. We know also that you have used your stage tricks to wheedle information out of some of our people. We know that you have managed to transmit this information to agents of the allies."

"Where did you get all of this?" asked Arpady, still flashing his best stage smile of mild amusement.

"What you want to know," the German said, "is how we found out. Madame Letitzer remembered some of the questions you asked when you hypnotized her at the Halasz cocktail party last week."

"Ah," sighed Arpady, the smile vanishing, "the light subject. The bane of the stage hypnotist. But" —he looked up at the colonel—"the information she gave me was correct?"

"Unfortunately, yes. What we want to know is what you did with this information, how you transmitted it to the enemy and with whose help. We want names and places. And," he added with a smile, "you will give them to us."

"I doubt it, colonel," said the hypnotist.

"I do not. You might begin by telling me your real name. Arpad Arpady is for stage purposes, I assume."

"My real name is David Cohen."

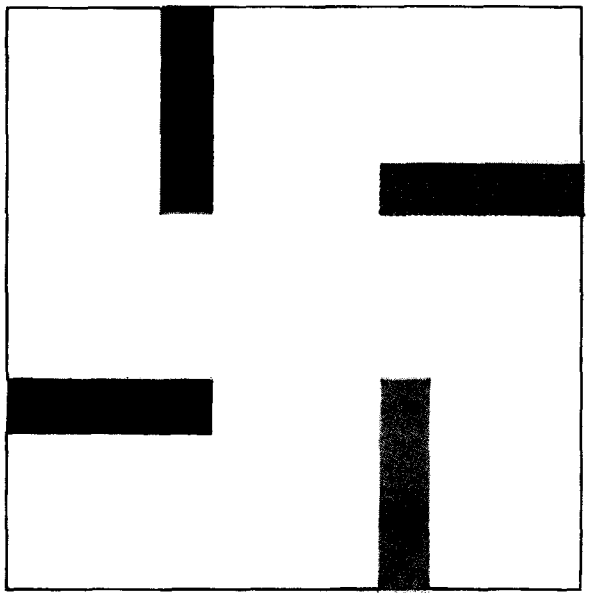
The German lashed out at Arpady with the riding crop, cutting him across the arm. The hypnotist felt a sudden shock of pain, then he concentrated on the arm for a moment, and the pain subsided. He could do that type of self-hypnosis at will. The colonel didn't know it, but pain would not be a very effective weapon against him.

"Now then," von Struckel continued. "Your real name is Lawrence Meszaros. But that is not important, Herr Arpady. Other names are important."

"You will not get those other names from me, Colonel von Struckel," he said calmly.

The German officer sat down at his desk and looked at the hypnotist almost benignly for a long moment. "You are no stranger to the will, Herr Arpady," he said at last. "Well, neither am I. You might say we are in the same line of work, but from different points of view. You are an artist. I am a scientist. You play with the will for the amusement of others. I break the will for the furtherance of our cause. To you, the will is a toy. To me, it is a tool. Like all true artists, you work and stand alone. I, on the other hand, stand backed by the might of the greatest nation, the purest people and the most powerful military machine the world has ever known."

HOW MUCH OF THE GESTAPO'S TORTURE COULD ONE MAN ENDURE? BY ANDREW MEISELS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I know," said Arpady dryly, looking up at the colonel. "You are all supermen."

"But you are not," snapped von Struckel. He surveyed the man before him, noting how much shorter he was than he had appeared on the stage, noting that he was beginning to go to paunch, noting that his black hair was graying at the temples. "Your will is not going to be hard to break," he said, pressing the button on his desk to summon his aides.

The cell in which Arpady found himself was little more than a small hole in the ground. The same three SS men who had called for him at the theater now followed him into the hole, closing the door behind them. Arpady noticed how bored they looked.

One of the men stepped up to Arpady and, with that same look of dull unconcern, hit him in the mouth, hard. The hypnotist fell back into the arms of another SS man. This one hit him in the groin and then kneed his jaw as he doubled over in pain. The rest of what happened Arpady could remember only dimly, through a haze of semiconsciousness.

When it was over, the hypnotist took stock. There were no bones broken. Blood was spurting from his mouth, but he could stop that by deciding that it would stop. There . . . he had stopped it. His face was a battered pulp, but it would heal. Fistfuls of hair had been torn from his head, but it would grow back. And he hadn't told them what they wanted to know. The tormentors returned again and again. They tore at Arpady's flesh. They beat it. They squeezed it. They mangled it. But his will remained intact, and von Struckel began to realize that perhaps the usual methods would not work with this man.

Arpady looked into the bright light, and he was mildly amused. Three days he had been looking into that light and three nights, but if there was any strain on him from lack of sleep, it didn't show. It was, however, beginning to show on the colonel. "Talk, damn you. Talk or I'll tear your guts out," he snarled at the man lying on the makeshift cot with his arms tied back and his legs bound together.

Arpady remained silent, staring at the light above his head. The light was a favor, but von Struckel couldn't know that. It fixed his attention and helped him concentrate. How funny it all was, Arpady thought. They were trying to break him by depriving him of sleep, a man who had spent twenty years learning the art of concentrated relaxation, the art of doing with a minimum of sleep. Von Struckel could have him there for a week before he would tire. The hypnotist felt like smiling, but he thought better of it.

"Talk, you swine," screamed the colonel. "Say something, anything."

But Arpady said nothing. He had shut out the colonel and the cell and the war. He was thinking. He thought of Helena, of how beautiful she had been, of their years together. It was a good thing she was dead. It was horrible even to think that, but it was true. This way they couldn't get to him through her.

History made strange heroes, he mused. For himself, he had never wanted anything but a comfortable living and a chance to perform. He'd never cared about politics one way or the other. But what do you do when politics begins to care about you? What do you do when it begins to dictate your life? What do you do when you see the woman you love first annoyed, then harassed and finally hounded to death because her grandparents had belonged to a faith that was not in keeping with the present politics? You have to do something.

"Hit him," shrieked the colonel. An SS man stepped up to Arpady and hit him full in the face twice with his clenched fist. A piece of tooth clicked to the floor. A small stream of blood trickled down the hypnotist's chin.

You have to do something, Arpady thought, so he did what he knew how to do. He had used his talent, his gift, to get bits of information. It was little enough, but it was something.

"Out, out," von Struckel shouted. "Get out." The three SS men moved out the door, leaving the colonel alone with Arpady. The officer paced about the cell nervously. "I don't understand you," he said. "I never thought you'd hold out this long."

"It's a matter of the will, colonel," said the hypnotist, interrupting his musings.

"I can break you," grated von Struckel angrily. "I can make you scream and beg for death. But"—he paused—"why should you die? Give me the information I seek, and you can go free."

Arpady chuckled. "Free, colonel? Nobody ever leaves here free, except the dead."

"All right, all right," conceded the German, waving his arms. "So you won't go free. You'll go to a camp for a while. But you'll be alive. Think it over," he said, freeing Arpady's arms and legs. "Don't give me your answer right away. I'll be back tomorrow. Think it over."

PAINTING BY JAMES BAMA

The hypnotist rubbed his numb wrists and looked at von Struckel. Beads of perspiration had formed on his small brow, and his clothes were sticking to his fat body. "You look worried, colonel," he said almost solicitously. "You must learn to relax." The officer looked at him long and hard. Then he walked out.

Arpady was being shaken. He opened his eyes, and it took him a moment to realize where he was. Glancing up, he saw von Struckel standing in front of him, the familiar riding crop in his hand, and he knew where he was. "You slept almost twenty-four hours," said the German with a smile. "You must have been more tired than I thought. We should have continued the questioning." Arpady looked about him. He and the colonel were alone. Von Struckel was still smiling, and the hypnotist didn't like the smile.

"You could have continued all year," Arpady said, "I still won't tell you what you want to know."

"I wouldn't be so hasty," said von Struckel, resuming his pacing. "When I first started with you, I knew I could get what I wanted. There is a key to every man's will. I've just been using the wrong set of keys."

"There is no right key."

"Oh, yes, there is." The German stopped his pacing suddenly and stood facing the hypnotist. "I have learned that you have a daughter," he said.

Arpady stiffened, then checked himself almost instantly. He hoped the colonel hadn't noticed. "I have no children," he said calmly. "I had a wife, but you took care of that."

"Yes, your wife, most unfortunate. A heart attack, I believe. I am sorry. Still, she was not of pure blood. Nor," he added, "is your daughter."

"I have no daughter," the hypnotist said dumbly.

Now it was the colonel's turn to be solicitous. "Come now," he said. "Shall we stop fencing?" He took a piece of paper from his pocket, put on his metal-rimmed glasses carefully and began reading. "Name: Anna Meszaros. Born: July 14, 1922, in Budapest. Sent to Paris in January, 1939. Was art student at Sorbonne until liberation of France. Now living with friends in Paris under the name of Anne Monsant." He looked up from the paper. "Shall I continue?"

Arpady had only so much control. In one movement he lunged up from the cot and grabbed for the German's throat. But the days and nights of torture had weakened him badly, and von Struckel had little trouble knocking the small man to the floor.

He lay there for a time, pretending to be unconscious. But actually he was thinking, thinking of Anna and of the "key" von Struckel had found. He got up finally and sat on the cot once again.

"What have you done to her?" he asked. There was no longer any point in pretending.

"Nothing—yet," said the colonel menacingly. "No one else even knows of this—yet. The connection between you and the apparently nonpolitical Anne Monsant has been well covered up. I was able to make the connection only by piecing together a whole series of harmless-looking documents and reports. If you give me the information I seek, no one need ever know." Arpady looked up at the officer, seeing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"OUR FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HOUSE HEATING IS SO CLEAN that the light color of our walls, draperies and carpeting is completely practical," says Mrs. Mitchell. "There's just no fuel grime to collect on everything." Mr. Mitchell adds, "I like having a thermostat in each room so I can have room-by-room temperature control."

"CLEAN ELECTRIC COOKING IS A BLESSING," Mrs. Mitchell finds, "because no fuel dirt accumulates on cabinets or windows. And with flameless cooking, my pots and pans keep their shine."

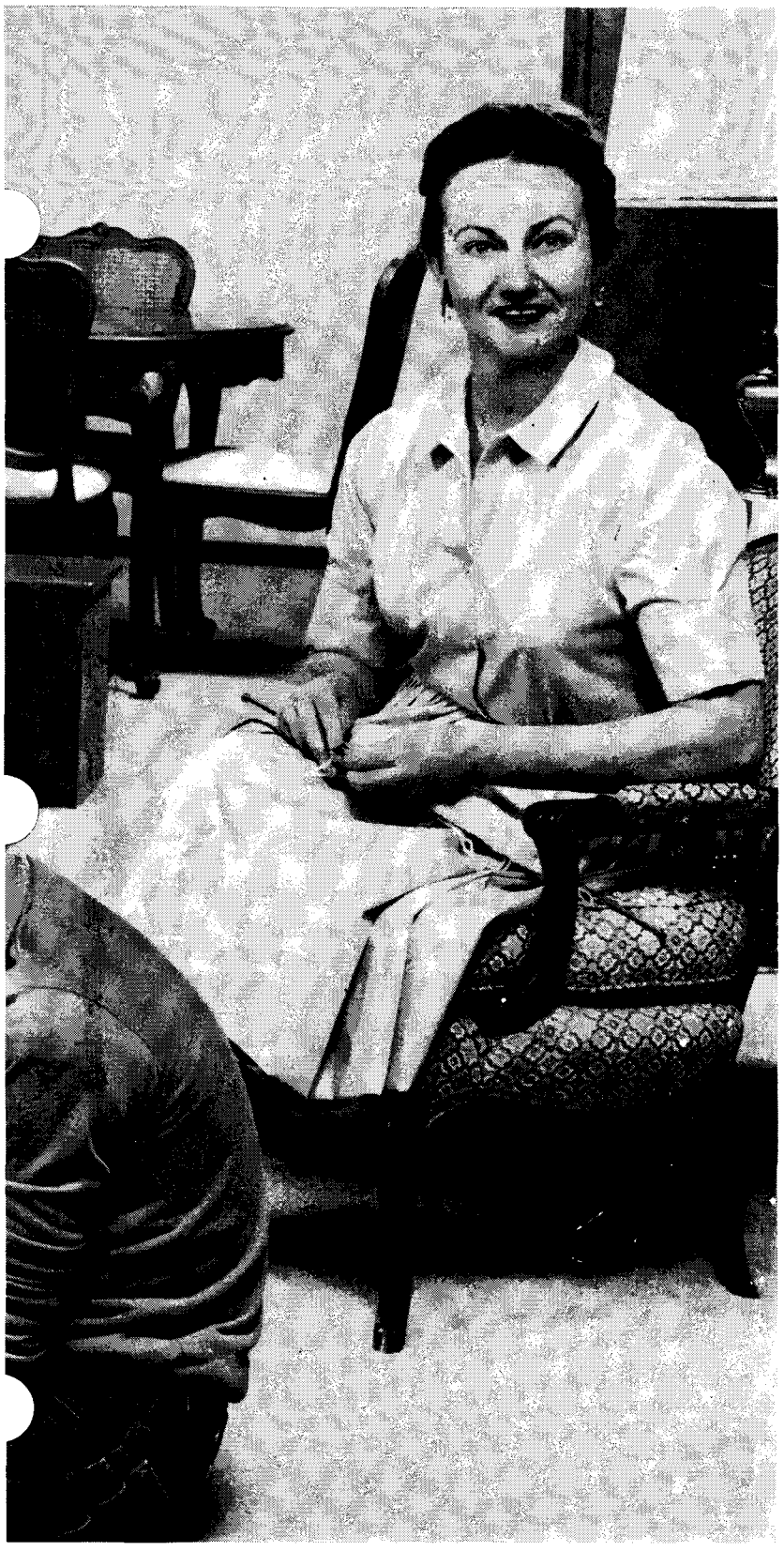
"We're sold on flameless electric house heating because it's so clean"

Over 400 new homes each day are now equipped with modern electric house heating, the heart of a total electric Gold Medallion Home like the W.C. Mitchells' in Excelsior, Minnesota

Cheerful, light-colored walls, draperies and carpeting are no cleaning or redecorating problem for Mrs. William Mitchell. She finds pastel colors practical because electric house heating is flameless. With it there is no combustion, no fuel grime to discolor lig textures or leave a cloudy film on windows.

And the whole Mitchell family appreciates the evenness of flameless electric house heating. There's never a chill draft or blast of hot air—even when the temperature drops well below zero.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING gives the Mitchells ample switches and outlets to run all appliances at top efficiency. "We can use our coffeemaker, toaster and frypan all at once without a worry about blowing fuses," Mr. Mitchell says.

"THE WATER HEATER FITS ANYWHERE because it doesn't need a flue," says Mr. Mitchell. "It's out of the way here beside the back entry, where the children park their winter gear. We've never run out of hot water yet," he adds.

"CLOTHES DRYING IS ODOR-LESS with electricity," says Mrs. Mitchell. "No smell of fuel can cling to our laundry. And even delicate nylon fabrics come out so soft and fresh."

Such clean comfort is part and parcel of modern electric house heating—the heart of total electric living. It's the new way of living that is winning over family after family everywhere in America.

The modern total electric home also includes the easy convenience of Full Housepower Wiring. Switches and outlets are located all through the home itself and extend conveniently to porch and patio as well. In addition, there is ample reserve capacity for more appliances in the future.

Along with Full Housepower Wiring goes the increased use of modern electric appliances for more and more routine housekeeping chores. Flameless electric appliances help housewives wash dishes and dry clothes more efficiently than old-fashioned methods.

These are just a few of the many benefits of modern total electric living. There is also the comfortable knowledge that electricity in its applications is flameless.

Why not consider introducing your family to this new way of living? If you're building, buying or modernizing, you owe it to your future to talk over your plans with the electric utility company in your area.

THIS GOLD MEDALLION shows that the Mitchell family's contemporary house is a total electric home. Flameless electric house heating and appliances, Full Housepower Wiring and decorative Light for Living add to its value and qualify it as a Gold Medallion Home. It's the home that will hold its value and be as modern tomorrow as it is today.

A total electric Gold Medallion Home is so clean

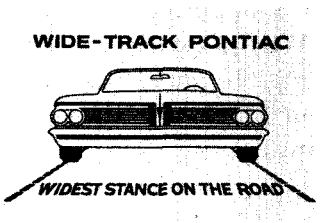
YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Luxury travels with you in a Bonneville! *It's longer for '62, with commanding new style (but the turning radius is three feet shorter for deft handling!). It brings you the instant action of a 4-barrel Trophy V-8. It surrounds you with beauty and interior fineness that belong in a Bonneville. Lavish touches like the wood inlay that extends the length of the instrument panel. Upholstery materials of hand-rubbed leather, Jeweltone Morrokide, fine cloth weaves. All this—plus Pontiac's road-steadying Wide-Track stance. Your Pontiac dealer's the man to see about Bonnevilles.*



Wide-Track Pontiac ***CATALINA • STAR CHIEF • BONNEVILLE • GRAND PRIX***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALK the gloat of triumph in his face, and he could believe that no one else knew—yet Von Struckel was the kind of man who liked to keep an ace in the hole and liked to keep it to himself. But he wondered how long and how far he could trust this man to keep the ace hidden. "How can I be sure?" he asked.

"You have the word of a German officer," von Struckel said indignantly.

Arpady sneered. "It will have to do."

"Now then." The colonel sat down. "I want the names of the agents you dealt with."

"I never knew their names," the hypnotist said. "I would go to a place in the country, their headquarters, and I would turn over whatever information I had. I never met the same man twice."

"Hm'm. Excellent," von Struckel muttered. "Take us to this place."

Arpady nodded weakly. He had no choice now. "How long have I been here, colonel?"

"Three weeks."

"It seems like three years."

The colonel smiled. "You held out longer than most," he said, not without a note of grudging admiration in his voice.

"But not long enough," retorted Arpady sadly. "Is it day or night?"

"Night," von Struckel informed him. "Nearly ten P.M."

"Good," Arpady said. "We can go tonight. We might as well get it over."

The German rattled the cell door several times, and the three SS men reappeared. They half escorted and half dragged the hypnotist up the stairs, pushed him into a bathroom and threw him a set of fresh clothes.

It was while washing his face and hands for the first time in three weeks that Arpady got a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He could hardly recognize what he saw. His scraggly beard had come in white, and his skin was a pale yellow. The chubby face that had always appeared so boyish was gaunt and drawn now, and the deep-set eyes that had fascinated audiences for more than two decades were puffed up.

He looked at his hands, rendered useless by thumbscrews. His legs, shaking miserably in the damp bathroom, were hardly able to support his emaciated body. He thought of von Struckel, fat and rested. He thought of the SS men, big, hulking brutes in their pressed uniforms.

No man could hold out forever in the face of this scientific hacking away of the body to get at the will, he thought. There was no shame in breaking.

"Hurry up," bellowed the guard standing in the doorway. Arpady finished dressing and walked out.

The air pouring in through the open staff car was crisp and fresh. The air had never smelled so good to Arpady before, and he savored it.

"Are we on the right road? Are we on the right road?" screamed the colonel, grabbing Arpady's handcuffed hands beside him.

"We are on the right road," the hypnotist said softly, putting his hands back in his lap. "Really, colonel, you must learn to relax. I'd hate to have your blood pressure."

"We'd better be on the right road, or you won't have any blood pressure at all."

The SS man sitting at Arpady's left and the two up front laughed courteously at von Struckel's bon mot.

"Now if I were you," Arpady continued, "I'd probably worry about that. But I am not you, and I choose not to worry. Instead, I choose to concentrate on beauty, which is always calm and relaxing."

Arpady threw his head back. "Look at the moon, colonel. You too," he dug his elbow into the ribs of the man sitting at his left and brought his handcuffed hands down on the shoulder of the SS man sitting beside the driver. "You see," he smiled, "I am not afraid of you. I have nothing left to be afraid of.

Don't Miss
Heartless Heidi
the story of a beautiful actress whose motto was "take"
In next week's Post

"The moon is very beautiful," said Arpady softly. "You never realize how beautiful until it's taken away from you. How bright the moon is. It is worth noticing while there is time.

"Have you ever noticed, colonel," he went on, "how the moon is always racing with the clouds, but the clouds never touch it? Even when a cloud passes in front of the moon, you can always see the moon's luster through the cloud. A very relaxing thought, colonel. It shows that light can never be blocked, only dimmed, and even that only temporarily. See how the clouds pass and the moon shines?"

Except for the driver, they were all looking at the moon now, but if the Germans drew any lesson from its light they were quiet about it.

"Now this young man," said Arpady, tapping the shoulder of the driver. "This young man knows how to relax. See how he keeps his eyes glued to the road, turning his head neither to the left nor to the right, watching nothing but the rays of the headlights as they play on the concrete. This young man knows how to relax. He'll go far, I assure you.

"Turn right here," Arpady said in the same breath. The staff car veered to the right at the crossroads and continued its journey into the night, three armored cars moving along behind it.

"From here on in you go straight," Arpady told the driver. "Keep your eyes on the road, but you'll find you won't even have to move the steering wheel from now on. You might put on a little speed," he added.

"If you don't mind," smiled the colonel, "I'm still in command."

"Ah, yes, colonel, always in command," Arpady said. "How wonderful it must be to be a superman."

"Your sarcasm is not amusing," snapped von Struckel. "Slow down," he told the driver. The man at the wheel continued at the same speed. "Slow down," barked the colonel, grabbing the man's shoulders. The driver's eyes remained on the road, his foot resting on the accelerator.

"Command him, superman," said Arpady, smiling. "Use your will. Surely it is stronger than mine."

The officer glanced quickly at the SS man beside Arpady. He was staring straight ahead, just like the driver. Von Struckel hit the head of the man sitting in front of him, knocking off his hat. "Make him slow down," he shouted. The man didn't move.

The colonel turned to Arpady, a wild look in his eyes. "Tell him to stop."

"No," said Arpady calmly.

"Tell him to stop," shouted von Struckel, pulling his gun from its holster. "Tell him to stop, or I'll kill you."

"Kill me, colonel?" the hypnotist smiled. "But you have killed me. You killed me in that cell at Sixty Andrassy Ut, just as you have killed all love and all art and all beauty in your domain. You left me nothing but a little torn bit of loving, hating, thinking free mind. And that is more than enough to kill you with, superman."

Von Struckel looked at him desperately. "You will not kill yourself," he said. "No, you must be bluffing."

"How logical your mind is, colonel. How precise and inhuman. Well, here's a precise fact for you. In less than two kilometers there's a sharp curve in this road, and there we will see who is right—you with your overwhelming logic or me with the little scrap of dignity that tells me to die."

"Stop this car," von Struckel screamed at the armored vehicle a few hundred feet behind them.

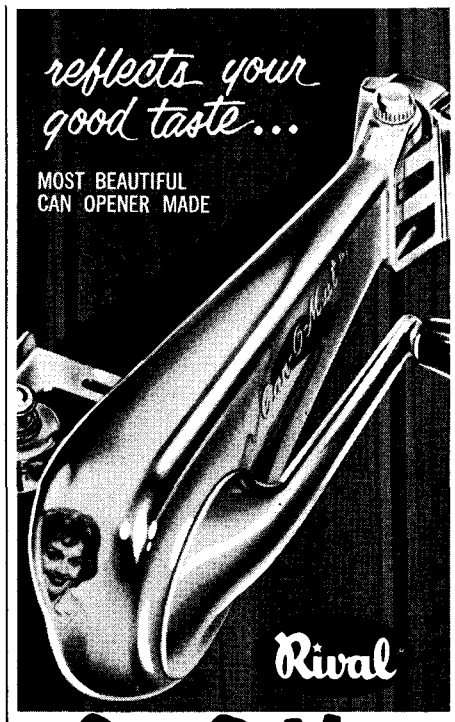
"They can't hear you, colonel," Arpady said softly. "It's only about a kilometer now."

"Shoot at the tires," bellowed the officer into the wind.

"Half a kilometer."

Von Struckel turned to the Hungarian beside him, a look of animal fear in his eyes. "Tell him to stop."

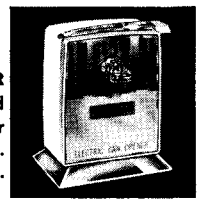
Arpady smiled. "I find I lack the will," he said as the car crashed through the guardrail and tumbled into the Danube below. THE END



Can-O-Mat®

...world's most popular! Smooth, single action opens all cans. Removable magnet. Nylon-lined cutter. Choice of copper, chrome or gay colors. All chrome $7.95. Others from $3.98. Ideal Gift!

Can-O-Matic™
FULLY AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CAN OPENER

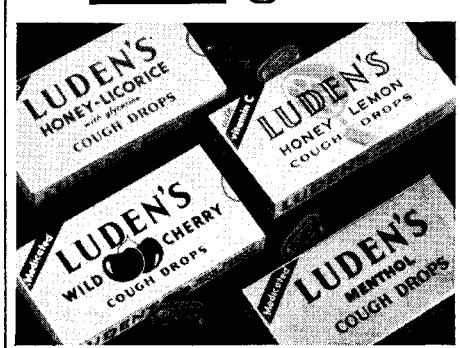


Modern styling... gifted worksaver! Gay colors or elegant new "Wood Tone". Retractable legs. $24.95.

WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG S
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO., Kansas City 29, Mo.
RIVAL MFG. CO. OF CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL

There's no reason why an effective cough drop should taste like medicine!

LUDEN'S cough drops taste good


LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S HONEY LEMON COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Luden's Cough Drops give fast relief from coughs due to colds, minor throat irritations, hoarseness due to smoking. Get Luden's "fast relief" today.

Luden's are medicated to do good flavored to taste good... only 10¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

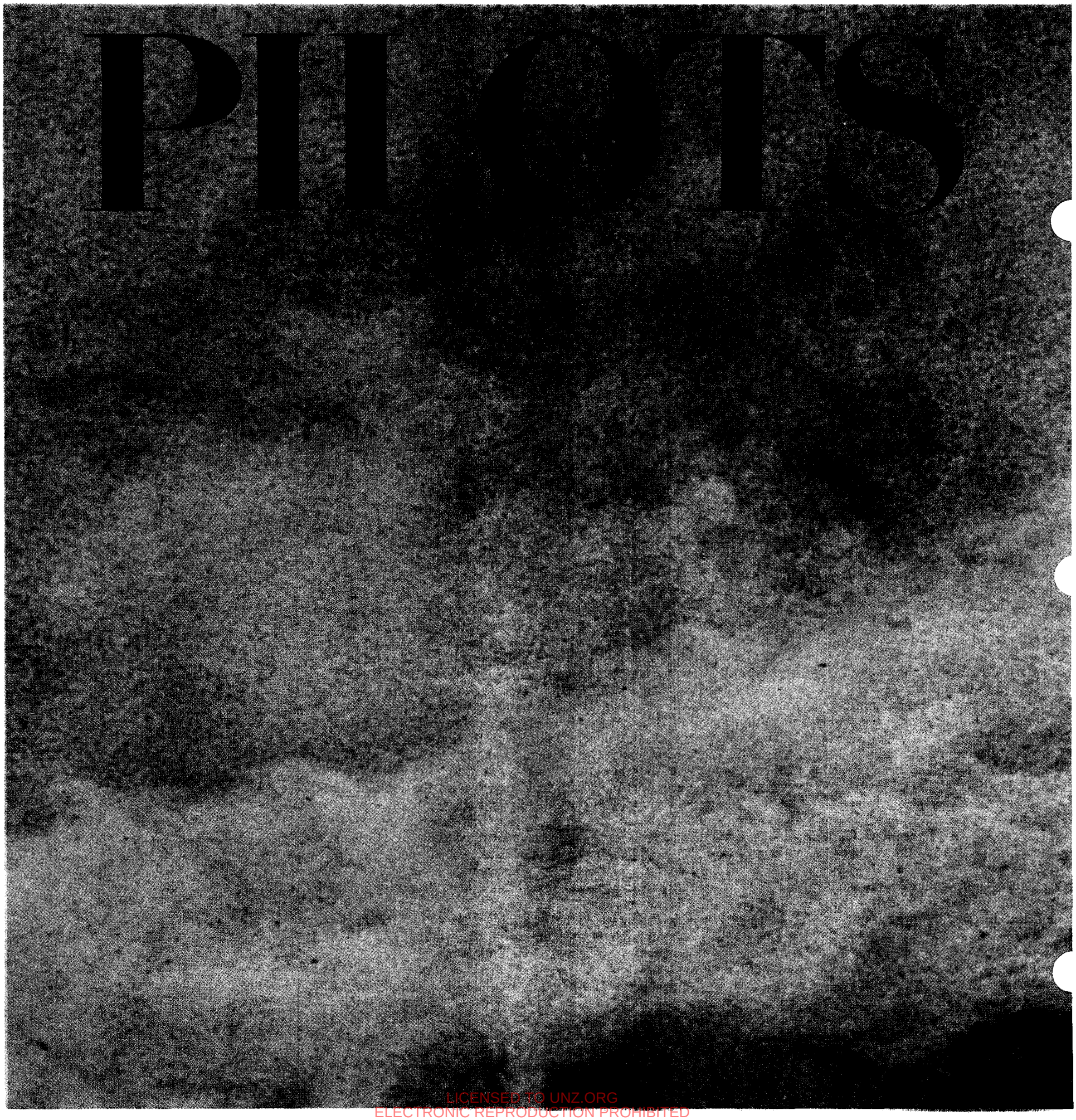
By ELMONT WAITE

FIRE PILOTS

These airborne fire fighters often

Recently I took the ride of my life with Emery Crocker, a Forest Service zone pilot in Arizona. Crocker is a "bird dog" pilot who guides tanker planes carrying a fire-retardant mixture used to fight forest fires. I was with Crocker on a practice "bird dog" run in his T-34 monoplane over a simulated fire target area. The ride was the roughest I've ever experienced in any aircraft, wartime dive bombers included, but to Crocker it was routine.

As we approached the target ahead of a converted TBM (Navy Torpedo bomber) carrying



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

face greater danger when over a flaming target than the pilots of wartime dive bombers.

two 300-gallon tanks of fire-smothering liquid, Crocker's radio came to life. "Tanker Five-Five calling Bird Dog. Do you read me? Over."

"Tanker Five-Five, Bird Dog. We read you loud and clear."

Now I could see the second TBM line up behind the first one. As we began our flight over the target area, a little saddle between two high, jagged peaks, Crocker gave his preliminary instructions.

"I'm starting on your base leg, Five-Five. Now I'm turning into your final approach."

Suddenly our little monoplane slammed downward and rebounded upward so sharply the plane shook at every joint.

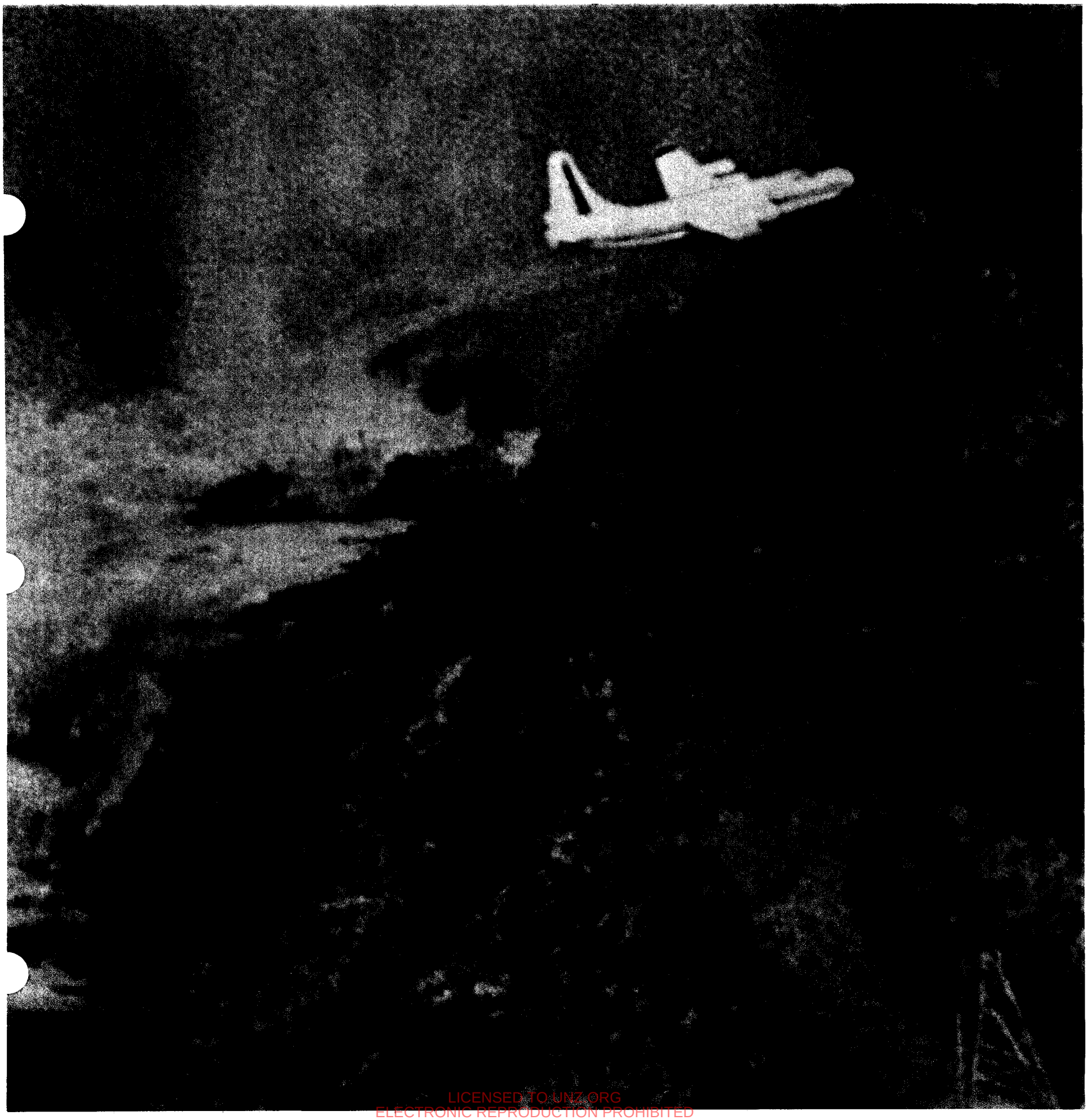
"You'll get turbulence through this saddle," Crocker radioed the tanker pilots calmly. Again our plane shuddered as though it had been hit by a giant fist, and the saw-tooth rocks less than a hundred feet below us seemed about to scrape the bottom of the fuselage.

Then we were through the saddle and out into calmer air. Crocker banked the monoplane into a tight turn and we watched Tankers 55 and 56 make their drops.

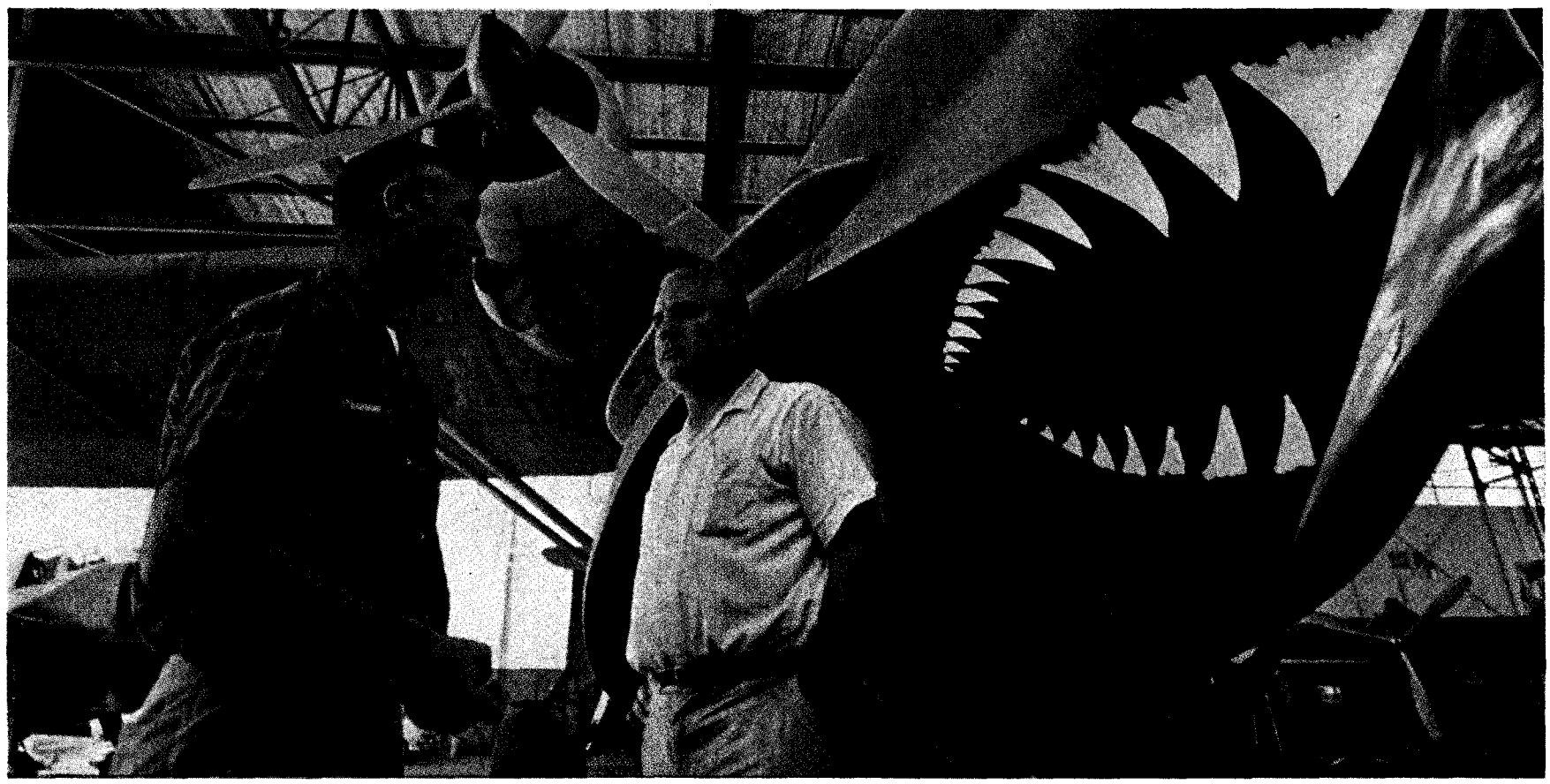
The bottoms of the tanks on each plane dropped open like bomb-bay doors. A thick, heavy mixture of bentonite and water hurtled down onto the saddle in broad, forward-leaning columns.

"You got a good hit on that one, Five-Five," Crocker said. "Your timing was good, Five-Six, but you were a bit uphill from the target."

Later, on the ground, Crocker said, "That's a good target to use checking out tanker pilots.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bob Roberts (right), a pioneer in the development of fire-bombing techniques, manages the Sonora Flying Service, where Frank Pine (left) is senior pilot.

PILOTS There's a downdraft on one side of that saddle and an updraft on the other. You get conditions like that over a lot of fires, and these boys have to learn to fly the air currents as well as the terrain."

Forest-fire fighting demands teamwork and speed. In a single year United States forest fires can destroy natural resources valued at $250,000,000. In Western states, where a single forest area may cover several million acres, a forest fire is a terrifying spectacle.

Most fires are sighted by Forest Service lookouts high in wind-swept mountaintop towers. Lookouts report the volume and color of the smoke sighted—clues to the nature of the fire—and dispatchers at district or forest headquarters then organize an immediate attack.

If the fire is inaccessible to ground crews, smoke jumpers in weird-looking wire-mesh masks and thick, protective clothing are parachuted in from transport planes. With appropriate tools and equipment parachuted along with them, they hack out bare-earth control lines—wide belts of cleared forest land that stop the advance of a fire.

To aid the ground crews and jumpers, aerial tankers from nearby Forest Service air bases are called in. If tankers arrive on the scene before a small fire rages out of hand, pilots can usually extinguish the flames without help. More often, they are just one of many tools used by a coordinated team of fire fighters. And there have been occasions when tanker pilots have been the last hope for fire fighters trapped by advancing flames.

On a wind-swept California mountain ridge several years ago three men waited tensely as a wall of flame whipped toward them through a tangle of dry underbrush. Two of the three men were bulldozer operators who had been attempting to scrape out a bare-earth control line around the fire. The other was Ronald Scott, of the U.S. Forest Service, who directs bulldozers and scouts terrain during fire-fighting operations. The two 'dozer operators had been able to clear only a small area, some sixty feet wide. It was not enough. They tried to dig in, but the ground was too rocky. "All we could do," Scott says, "was wet ourselves down with our canteens and lie in the shelter of the 'dozers."

From the air, members of an aerial fire-fighting team spotted the three men. Bill (Archie) Archibald, an expert U.S. Forest Service pilot, was observing the fire from his light plane. Riding with him was Virgil Shoemaker, a Forest Service equipment specialist.

"We saw the tractors moving around on the ridge trying to get out of the direct blast of the heat," Shoemaker recalls. "Archie radioed for permission to direct tankers to make a drop on the area."

Permission was granted immediately. When the tankers arrived on the scene, Archibald swooped down over the ridge no more than seventy-five feet above ground, and then on out through mushrooming, blackish smoke into the clear air beyond. "We couldn't see the bulldozer operators when we made the pass," Shoemaker says. "We knew the men must have taken shelter behind the 'dozer blades. Our tankers couldn't make a drop otherwise, because if one of their heavy loads hit a man it could kill him."

After Archibald and Shoemaker finished their "bird dog" run over the ridge, they were followed by TBM's, and then lumbering PBY's—World War II amphibious bombers—carrying up to 1200 gallons of extinguisher. These skimmed over the targets and dumped their liquid on the ridge.

"Two loads hit right where we were lying," Scott says, thankfully. "They really cooled us down."

Jumping up and beating the lingering sparks from their clothing, the three men went back to work. "The tanker drops gave us time to widen our control line and we were able to hold the fire," Scott recalls.

"That's the tanker at its best," Shoemaker explains. "Tankers can't put out fires unaided, except for small ones. But they give invaluable support—and fast—to ground crews."

Even with expert guidance, however, the tanker operation is hazardous. Ten fire-control pilots were killed in crashes during 1960 alone—eight of them on tanker missions. Five more died in the first two months of the 1961 season. In past years, inexperience was one of the major causes of fatal mishaps. Nowadays, thorough training and greater emphasis on safety precautions are required—but it's still a risky business.

"When I started out in 1959 I knew so little about tanker flying there's no reason in the world I wasn't killed," says Mitch Marr, a stocky twenty-seven-year-old former crop duster from California. "The very first time I fired up that TBM I had to make a drop."

The heavy old single-engine TBM of World War II is a professional pilot's plane, not a plaything amateurs take up for Sunday joyrides. Pilots say it's heavier on the controls than a DC-4 transport, and maneuvering it takes muscle as well as skill.

Marr was flying out of Silver City, New Mexico, handy to several national forests in high mountain areas.

"I'd never flown a TBM before," he explains. "I got off the ground O.K., but when I first saw the target area, it looked like the deepest canyon in the world. The smoke was even more scary, rolling up every which way. But Tom Anderson, the bird-dog pilot, kept telling me what to do, and somehow I hit the target.

"There was a sharp pitch-up when I dropped all that weight. Then I heard Tom screaming, 'Mitch, your landing gear is down.' I saw the wheels sticking out at forty-five degrees, so I flew back to Silver City with one hand, holding the instruction manual with the other, trying to find out what to do next.

"It turned out to be simple—but by then I'd read enough of that manual to know that taking a TBM off that air strip with a three-ton load was theoretically impossible."

Marr is now an "initial attack" pilot, who earns approximately $9000 during a busy season. Tankers are operated by private contractors, not by the Forest Service directly, and pay scales vary. Don Ornbaum, another pilot says, "I've never enjoyed a job so much or made so little money." Like many tanker drivers, Ornbaum is a former crop duster. He and Marr work for Bob Roberts's Sonora Flying Service, Inc., of Sonora, California, which operates in several states.

The private contractors who provide the planes and pay the pilots aren't guaranteed a thing by the Forest Service. If tankers are needed, the Forest Service pays for their use—$350 per hour for two-man, 1000-gallon B-25 bombers; or $225 to $250 per hour for one-man, 600-gallon TBM's. When tankers aren't needed, the Forest Service pays nothing.

"We have forty-three contractors on our list now," said Ed Scholz, a Forest Service pilot for the New Mexico-Arizona region, where the fire season begins early in May. The forty-three contractors have 150 aircraft and approximately 175 pilots. Contractors range from Bob Roberts and his fleet of a dozen tankers down to one-plane operators.

Abe Sellards, an ex-crop duster who flies B-25's out of Willcox, Arizona, points out that his overhead is $3500 per month. "And sometimes at the end of the first month of a season I'll find I've taken in less than $300," Sellards says.

The flying is even trickier than the financing. Eliminating one hazard sometimes creates another. In early days pilots sometimes tried "uphill" runs. Several pilots were killed trying this when their planes were thrown out of control by sudden, violent turbulence. By strict Forest Service rules, all target runs are now made across or down slopes. This doesn't eliminate all the danger, however.

"You have to watch for the pitch-up you get when you drop that heavy load so suddenly," Sellards says.

Pitch-up caused a spectacular crash of a B-25 tanker during a forest fire in Washington state on July 26, 1960. A tanker made its drop traveling beyond normal speed, and the nose snapped up so violently that the aircraft was thrown upside down—still moving forward, but tail first. It broke apart under that stress and both crewmen were killed. "Few people had ever seen a plane thrown around like that before,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says Cal Ferris, former California-region pilot who now heads a Forest Service research program in air operations.

Ferris, a forty-two-year-old graduate forester, has been flying more than twenty-five years. His career spans almost the entire development of aerial attack on forest fires, beginning in 1938 when the Forest Service's annual air budget was $4300, compared to $5,500,000 now.

The Forest Service first took to the air as a result of a chance meeting of Major Henry H. (Hap) Arnold—later to become head of the Army Air Forces—and Coert du Bois, a regional forester in California, in San Francisco in 1919. Du Bois was complaining about delays in sighting fires, and the young air officer suggested air patrolling. General use of tanker planes did not begin until 1956, although the idea was conceived before 1920 and there were sporadic tests thereafter. Real progress started in 1953.

Paul Mantz, who at one time was Amelia Earhart's copilot, built wooden tanks into a torpedo bomber in Southern California in 1953. Mantz's chief pilot, Stan Reaver, showed how effectively drops could be made. During one practice drop on an airfield, Reaver flew so low he couldn't have done it with his wheels down.

By 1955 the Forest Service and a half-dozen private operators, including Mantz, were co-operating in a thorough tanker-evaluation program.

"The first time I made a tanker drop was also the first time I ever flew into a treetop," recalls big Bob Roberts, now a prominent aerial contractor. "I just brushed the tree. It did no real damage. But we had to get low enough to make those drops good. It was tough to sell the tanker program. Forest Rangers would complain, 'Eighty dollars for one hour? I don't get that much in a week.' So the drops had to work."

Water was used at first, but the Forest Service quickly switched to a mixture of water and sodium calcium borate, a close chemical relative of baking soda, the housewife's weapon against grease fires. Now most drops are made with bentonite, a slimy clay mixture, dyed pink for visibility. It works well, it is cheaper and weighs less than borate—nine pounds per gallon instead of eleven.

Effective air-ground co-ordination in fire fighting is difficult to achieve. As the result of a combination of misunderstandings, a tanker load hit a ground crew fighting a Southern California fire in October, 1959. Leo Poblano, an Indian fire fighter working at the scene, was fatally injured. The forward force of a falling load of liquid is fantastic—during a test conducted by the Forest Service, a low-altitude drop from a tanker knocked a 180-pound dummy 187 feet.

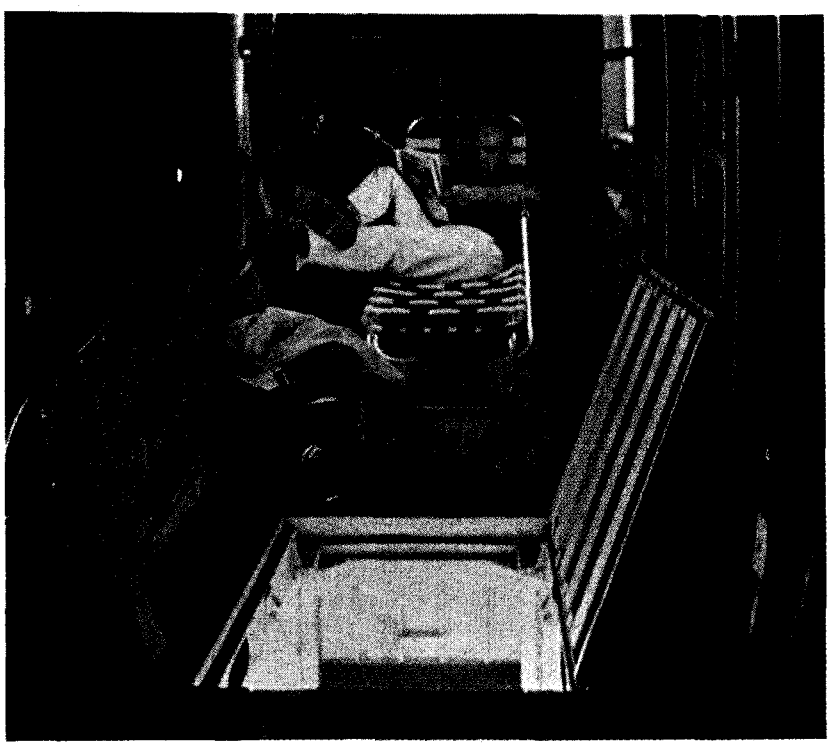
To date fifty fliers have been killed in aerial-fire-control operations. One was Bill Archibald, mentioned earlier in this article. He was killed in 1958 when he volunteered to fly "bird dog" for a group of tankers—on his day off. As he was leading some tankers over a target in New Mexico, his plane came apart in violently turbulent air.

Within seven days last June, three air catastrophes claimed the lives of five aerial fire fighters. On June fifteenth an air-tanker pilot crashed while making a drop on a fire in Arizona's Tonto National Forest. On June sixteenth another tanker pilot was killed when he flew into a tree in New Mexico's Gila National Forest. On June twenty-first over Arizona a bird-dog aircraft collided with a Forest Service observation plane, killing its two occupants. The badly damaged TBM managed to limp back to its airstrip. The two men aboard it survived.

In addition to flames and treacherous air currents, aerial fire fighters have had to buck the conservatism of old-time foresters. When tankers were first stationed at Silver City, New Mexico, Joy Baldwin, a grizzled fire boss of the 2,700,000-acre Gila National Forest, grumbled. "Those damned things are for the birds," he complained to C. K. Collins, chief of the region's fire-control section. "It won't take us long to get rid of them." Baldwin soon learned he was wrong. He recalls now a twenty-four-hour period in May of 1960 when fifty-three separate fires broke out in his forest area.

"Our twenty-four smoke jumpers put in a long afternoon and morning," Baldwin recalls. "And we held fifty-three fires to ten acres. Without the tankers we couldn't have done the job."

THE END

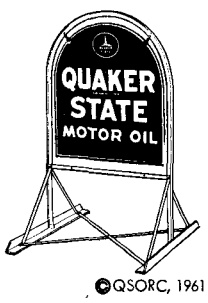


Between drops pilot Mitch Marr awaits the next alarm in his bomber.

Winning symbol of protection—

Quaker State,
the best engine life preserver!

To keep your car on the road, and out of the repair shop, change now to years-ahead Quaker State. Super-refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State lubricates better and lasts longer! It's the best motor oil your money can buy. Remember your best engine life preserver and insist on Quaker State. Available almost everywhere.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

©QSORC, 1961

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GIRL WITH A SHINER!

continued from page 23

"Nearly four hundred thousand."

"I know. You quoted that statistic last night. You also stuck your neck out from here to Peoria."

"And how did I do that?"

"By putting the knock on love."

"Love!" Gordon snorted. "Biological nonsense."

"You're going to have trouble selling that idea. Put the chill on Cupid and you'll ride out of town on a rail."

"It's about time someone started talking a little sense. Every time some song writer wants to make a fast buck, he writes a song about love and has some teen-age youngster warble it on the air."

"So what's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with it!" he yelped. "Thousands of kids are sitting in cars listening to that drivel."

"You don't like kids sitting in cars?"

"I don't like kids believing that nonsense about love. The whole country is saturated with love. Books, magazines, plays, motion pictures, television, radio, the newspapers, the advertisers are all selling the same nauseating bunk—love."

"You're a subversive influence," she said. "I bet I could get you investigated."

"The trouble with this country is that our young people think that marriage follows love because *m* follows *l*. Ask any couple about to get married why they're taking the leap, and they say, 'We're in love.' It's ridiculous."

"It may be, but that's the best reason they've come up with yet."

"There are a dozen better prerequisites for marriage."

"Name one."

"Compatibility regarding age, background and educational level. Emotional stability. Recognizing the fact that marriage is a solemn contract, not to be breached at the first sign of disagreement; that marriage is not one long honeymoon of June, moon and kissing some goon. Why do you suppose some marriages last fifty years or more?"

"Two reasons," Mrs. McGregor said. "They lived a long time, and they loved each other."

"You're half right. They lived a long time, and they forgave each other."

"All right! Shall we get to work?"

"O.K. Who's first?"

"Mrs. Lincoln Reynolds."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Offhand, I'd say nothing. I just hope she doesn't get arrested."

"Arrested? Why?"

"Because it's almost a crime to be as good-looking as that woman."

Mrs. McGregor ushered in Mrs. Reynolds, who was a statistic—one of the 400,000 which Gordon Baldwin had mentioned—and who, in addition, was a blonde and lovely to look at. "Well, Gordon," she said, "you don't look any the worse for wear after last night."

"Any reason why I should?"

"After taking a swing at one of our most hallowed idiocies? I'm surprised you aren't being picketed."

"You don't sound as if you'd be one of the pickets."

"I wouldn't be caught dead picketing a man who's made the first sense I've heard in years."

"Really?"

"I think your analysis last night was brilliant, and I couldn't agree more."

"You do?" He beamed at Mrs. McGregor, who inspected her fingernails as if she were just discovering them.

"Positively brilliant. But it took a man with courage."

"Oh, I merely said what I think."

"It's too bad that more people don't do that. You know, Gordon, I was fed a diet of moonlight and roses, thought a fast heartbeat was a ticket to lifelong happiness and found out, two weeks after the honeymoon, that we had nothing to talk about except possibly the going price on leg of lamb."

"Yours isn't an unusual case."

"I know," she said, "but if I had only realized before I took the long walk that Lincoln Reynolds's idea of a good time was sitting in a duck blind. I wanted to be on the golf course. He couldn't understand why I wanted to paint, even though I wasn't good enough to sell any of my paintings."

"Why, painting is merely a means of self-expression."

She put her hand on his arm and said, "You do understand, Gordon."

Mrs. McGregor looked as if she had just bitten into a lemon, thinking that it was an orange. Gordon said, "You fell into a common trap, Henrietta."

"I know. And I don't intend to have it happen again. You have helped, more than you know, Gordon."

Gordon beamed. Henrietta Reynolds sat down in a chair, lifted her skirt, stretched out one perfect leg and pointed to a small mole, located just above the right knee. "Gordon, I just want you to take a look at this mole."

Gordon peered closely. Mrs. McGregor glanced negligently. "Nothing to worry about, Henrietta," Gordon said.

She stood up. "Thanks so much. I really shouldn't take your time over something so trivial."

"Not at all, Henrietta. Any time."

"And thank you for last night. By the way, Gordon, there's a two-ball foursome tomorrow at the country club. Would you be interested? I know you're a three handicap, and they're giving turkeys. If we win one, I'll cook it for us."

"Sounds fine. What time?"

"I have a ten-o'clock starting time. And if you'd come for cocktails afterward, I'd like to know what you think of some of my paintings."

"It's a date," Gordon said.

Henrietta Reynolds left the office. Then Gordon said, "Now there is a really intelligent woman."

"Oh, brother!" Mrs. McGregor said.

Gordon peered at his nurse. "You don't think she's intelligent?"

"Not only that—she's too smart for you. If I were you, I'd run like a purse snatcher."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't even know what happened, do you? First, she let you know that your analysis of love was positively brilliant, and that she was in complete agreement. Second, she knows you're a golfer and that you paint for relaxation, so she tossed in those two items of hers."

"You make a simple conversation sound like a conspiracy."

"It was a conversation, but not simple. While she was cutting up her ex-husband, she let you know that she does all the things you like to do. And last, but not least, she showed you the best-looking leg on the Pacific Coast. If you don't know what happens next, you don't deserve to be a doctor."

"You're out of your mind."

"At least it's a female mind. I can read that dame like a headline. If you make a pass at her bait, you're hooked."

"Mrs. McGregor, if I were going to get married, which I am not, you must admit that there are valid reasons for considering marriage with Henrietta Reynolds. Who's next?"

Mrs. McGregor consulted her schedule. "Jill Sinclair."

He frowned. "New patient?"

"New to us, at least." Mrs. McGregor went into the waiting room and ushered in their newest patient, who was a small young creature, wearing a white blouse and Bermuda shorts, revealing a pair of flawless legs. Her eyes were large and green. One of them displayed a lovely shiner, and she was limping noticeably as she entered the office.

"Well, well, Miss Sinclair," he said. "What have we here?"

"We have here," she said, "a black eye, an infected foot, a sprained ankle and, as far as I am concerned, you can have picnics, golf and clam digging."

"I see—I think."

"I've only been here a week, and look at me. If I ever see the character who wrote that article, I'll bend a nine iron over his head."

Mrs. McGregor beamed. "Sit down, take off your shoe and tell us more."

She sat down and removed a shoe. "We were living right smack in the middle of San Francisco. Now there's a town for you. Knee-deep in handsome and solvent young men, great restaurants, wonderful shops. So what happened?"

"We dunno," Mrs. McGregor said. "What happened?"

"Father read an article by some idiot about the joys of the Oregon coast. Three golf courses within ten minutes' drive, miles of unobstructed beach, salmon fishing in the Columbia, clam digging, surf fishing, hiking."

"There's all that and more," Gordon said.

"Mother and I started a filibuster that lasted for three days to forestall this back-to-nature movement. While we were talking, he was breaking our lease, calling real-estate people in Surf Pines, packing, and practicing deep-breathing exercises."

"You should have slipped a few tranquilizers into his morning tomato juice," Mrs. McGregor said.

"There's nothing so terribly wrong with this country," Gordon said. "He's right about the golf courses, and there's room enough to turn around in."

"Room enough to turn around in!" she yelped. "There's room enough to turn the whole city of San Francisco around in. The first day I went clam digging I stepped on a clamshell and cut my foot."

Gordon examined her foot. "There's infection, all right." He peered at the ankle. "Torn ligaments," he said.

"I know," she said. "I hit a golf ball out into the boondocks you call rough around here, and got thrown for a loss by some Scotch broom."

"Uh—the eye," he said tentatively.

"Picnic," she said succinctly.

"Defending yourself?" Mrs. McGregor asked.

"No! My father, the woodsman, didn't want to eat at home. We had to go down on the beach to cook supper. Wieners, buns, beans, potato salad."

"Sounds all right," Gordon said.

"Sounded all right when the beans exploded too," she said. "Later he found that when you put a can of beans in a fire, you're supposed to put a hole in the can."

She watched, warily, with one eye, while Gordon examined the other.

"There isn't any real damage," he said, straightening. "If you'd like, I can give you a patch to go over it."

"What do I do then," she said, "sell shirts?" She peered at him. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before, doctor?"

"I suppose it's possible. I've been in San Francisco several times."

"No," she said, "recently."

"He's branching out," Mrs. McGregor said. "Maybe you saw him on television last night."

"Why, certainly. You're the one with all the clinical ideas on love and marriage. What happened to you along the way?"

"Nothing happened to me," Gordon said stiffly. "I'm a scientist, dealing in facts. And the fact is that we have the highest divorce rate in the world because we use an intangible emotion called 'love' as the only yardstick for marriage."

"Phooey!" Miss Sinclar said. "We have a high divorce rate because it's too easy to get a divorce. You made marriage sound like a recipe for veal *scallopine*. A pinch of compatibility, a dash of emotional stability, an ounce of similar backgrounds, half a cup of the same hobbies, and simmer until you're bored to death. Love may be all you say it is, but at least it isn't dull."

"I'll strap that ankle," Gordon said.

Gordon taped her ankle, and she put on her shoe while he wrote out a prescription. She stood up and tested the tape job. "At least you know how to tape an ankle, and you're not bad-looking. You'd be quite a catch for some girl if you didn't have such weird thoughts on what makes the world go around."

She smiled at Mrs. McGregor, wrinkled her nose at Gordon and left.

"Well, say something," Mrs. McGregor said, "even if it's wrong."

"The man who marries that girl is just asking for trouble," he said.

"You said something," Mrs. McGregor said, "and it's wrong. Joe Marshall is next. He has headaches. I can diagnose the trouble from here. His mother-in-law is living with them."

"I think she's off her rocker."

"Who—Joe's mother-in-law?"

"No, that girl. Miss Sinclair."

Mrs. McGregor shrugged. "She may be, but it's an awfully pretty rocker."

"Which, as I have said before, is no prerequisite for marriage."

They closed up the clinic at noon Gordon went home, changed clothes and drove over to Gearhart, where he picked up a golf game with three friends. Afterward he went across the street to the Gearhart Hotel, where he had an agreement with John Osburn about the use of the swimming pool. He changed into his trunks and walked out to the pool.

His newest patient was stretched out on a pad, getting some late-afternoon sun, which she needed the way she needed poison oak. Ninety per cent of her was already the color of well-rubbed leather. The other ten per cent was covered by two very small pieces of cloth. Professionally Gordon was forced to admit that her bone structure was superb. Personally he had the sensation of moths fluttering in the region of his breastbone.

She saw him approaching, lifted a hand and smiled. "Hi, doctor," she said, "broken up any love affairs lately?"

"No. I don't mind love affairs, as long as they don't lead to marriage."

She raised her eyebrows. "In some circles that could be considered slightly immoral."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why is it that everywhere I go today, people can't talk about anything but love? I'm tired of hearing about it."

"You should have thought of that last night. People don't like to have tradition jiggled so abruptly." She stood up and dived into the pool. Gordon watched as he swam the length of the pool, then ived in himself. Afterward they climbed out and lighted cigarettes. She picked up her watch and looked at it. "Five-thirty. Time to get out of this wet suit and into a dry Martini. You wouldn't want to buy me a brace of drinks and dinner, would you? Or do you have a date with Henrietta Reynolds?"

He peered at her. "What do you know about Henrietta?"

"Enough," she said. "She's a blonde, and preferred. She has you nailed for a two-ball foursome tomorrow, cocktails afterward, and the scuttlebutt around town is that you're ripe and she's going to do the harvesting."

"That's ridiculous," he said.

"Sure it is, and you'll be the last to know about it. I'll bet she used everything but an electronic computer for her calculations, and that there's to be no nonsense about love."

"Henrietta is an intelligent woman. ou make her sound like a monster."

"Well, she'll do until one comes along. About dinner?"

He found, somewhat to his surprise, that he wanted to take Jill Sinclair to dinner. He grinned at her. "You sandbagged me into it. Pick you up in an hour."

An hour later, when she opened the door to his ring, she looked like a de luxe model from an angel factory, and her black eye had miraculously disappeared.

"The cosmetic people," she said, "do a better job than the medical profession."

They drove over to the Gearhart Hotel, had a brace of drinks in the Driftwood Room and afterward ate prime ribs of beef at a table overlooking the ocean. Later they went out and walked the beach in an evening as soft as a truckload of cotton, and then he drove her home.

He walked her to the door, she turned and said, "Gordon, even if I did sandbag you, I hope you ——" Somehow his arms vere around her, and she was kissing im. Somehow he found himself kissing her, and had the impression that he was coming apart at the seams.

After a while he released her and said, "Holy Toledo!"

"You put it succinctly, but well, doctor." She waggled a hand at him, opened her front door and was gone.

Gordon drove home, as shaken as a malted milk, undressed and got into bed. He stared at the ceiling in the darkness and tried to sort out his emotions. He knew that he was not in love with this little creature because love was nonsense and, further, he had known her less than twelve hours.

Then why, he asked himself an hour later, can't I get to sleep? There was a valid explanation, he was sure. He wished he could remember what it was.

Finally, when it seemed that he had been asleep for only five minutes, his telephone rang. He picked it up and said hello, his mind already sorting out a list of patients who might need him in the middle of the night.

"Gordon?"

"M'm."

"I can't sleep."

He knew full well who it was. He focused on his wrist watch. It was five minutes of two. "Miss Sinclair—Jill. Do you know what time it is?"

"Just a minute," she said.

Seething, he held the phone. After a long interval she came back on the line. "Two o'clock," she said. "I had to go into the kitchen to look at the clock."

"I know it's two o'clock!" he yelped.

"My, you certainly are grumpy," she said. "I thought doctors were used to being awakened in the middle of the night. I'm as wide-eyed as an owl, and I thought you might be awake, too, and might want to play some gin rummy or something. You wouldn't have a sleeping pill, would you?"

"Certainly I have a sleeping bill."

"I'll be right over." She hung up.

Gordon hung up savagely. He sighed, slid into slippers and a robe and went into the front room. He turned on some lamps and found some sleeping pills, and she was at his front door. He opened the door. She was wearing a robe over her nightgown, and mules; she walked in and looked around.

"Maybe this place has its points, at that," she said. "When we lived in San Francisco, my doctor lived in Oakland. That would have been a long walk by any standards. You wouldn't want to make some coffee, would you?"

"Coffee is a stimulant," he said. He shook out a sleeping pill and handed it to her. "Here. Take this." He got her a glass of water and watched as she swallowed the pill. "Now, Miss Sinclair."

"My, you certainly are formal, for a man who was kissing me a few hours ago."

He winced. "It is two-twenty in the morning. I have to be ——"

"I know. Up early so you can play golf with that blonde. How is she at kissing?"

"I wouldn't know," he said.

"Are you hungry?" she said. "I could make us a sandwich."

"You don't know where things are," he said. "I'll make you a sandwich, fix some cocoa, and then you are going home and going to bed."

"Yes, sir," she said.

"What do your parents think about your wandering off in the middle of the night, dressed in a nightgown and robe?"

"Father would probably be over here with a shotgun, but he isn't home. He and mother are in Portland."

He gave thanks, silently, for small favors and went out into the kitchen, where he busied himself making tuna sandwiches and cocoa. He put the whole works on a tray and carried it into the front room. Jill Sinclair was stretched out on his couch, fast asleep. He put the tray down and shook her gently.

"Wake up!" he said loudly. She answered him in gibberish, flopped over like a beached trout and mumbled into a pillow. He looked at her helplessly, sat down and munched unhappily on one quarter of a tuna sandwich. "That sleeping pill wasn't that strong!" he yelped. Apparently it was. He was wondering about carrying her out to his car, driving her home and putting her to bed when his phone rang.

He picked it up and said hello.

"Gordon." It was the voice of Doctor Peterson, who was on call this night. "Sorry to get you up, but I need help. There's been a three-car wreck. Can you get to the hospital on the double?"

"I'm on the way," Gordon said, and hung up. He went into his bedroom, slipped into shoes, slacks and a sweater, picked up his bag and barely glanced at Jill Sinclair as he went out the door.

No one was seriously injured in the wreck, but he was busy hemstitching cuts until after four o'clock in the morning, and it was five before he got home. It had started to blow and rain, for which he was thankful, since the weather would wash out the two-ball foursome for which he was scheduled.

When he walked in, he noted with an odd mixture of relief and regret that Jill Sinclair was gone, as were her sandwich and cocoa. He undressed, got into his pajamas and into bed and was fast asleep ten seconds after his head hit the pillow.

The next sound he heard was the insistent ringing of his doorbell. He shook himself awake and looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past nine, and the sun was streaming in his window. He put on his robe and slippers and went to the door. Henrietta Reynolds, wearing a skirt and a cashmere sweater, and looking merely gorgeous, stood in the doorway.

"I thought I'd stop by, have coffee with you, and then we could go to the club together."

He opened the door wide and grinned ruefully. "I was at the hospital till after four," he said, "and it was raining so hard I didn't set the alarm. Sorry."

"Want me to start the coffee?"

"Sure."

Henrietta saw the cups on the coffee table, picked them up and then looked at Gordon. "I suppose I shouldn't ask about the lipstick on this cup."

"Why not?" he said. "One of my patients couldn't sleep last night, came over for a pill, and I made her some cocoa and a sandwich."

"Fair enough. Jealousy is an infantile emotion. I was merely curious."

She picked up the cups and started for the kitchen. Gordon started for his bedroom. The door to the guest room opened, and Jill Sinclair, the same robe over the same nightgown, her feet in the same mules, walked into the room. She looked at Henrietta Reynolds. "Why, good morning, Mrs. Reynolds," she said cheerfully. "All set for a snappy eighteen holes, eh?" She looked at Gordon. "Close your mouth. You look like a red snapper just out of the net."

"What's she doing here?" Henrietta said sharply.

"Why—I don't know," Gordon said.

"You don't know!"

"No. You see, she was here earlier, but ——"

"I see," Henrietta snapped, overcome by what she had just described as an infantile emotion.

"No, you don't see at all," Gordon said desperately. He turned to Jill. "Miss Sinclair, please explain what happened."

Jill Sinclair shrugged. "What can I say?"

"What can you say!" he yelled.

"She's right," Henrietta said. "What can she say?" She dropped both coffee cups with a crash, turned and went out the door. She slammed it; the house shuddered.

There was a short intermission, and then Jill said, "Oh, boy! Care to make an honest woman of me?"

"What were you doing in my guest room?" he shouted.

"Sleeping," she said. "I woke up, you were gone and it was raining and blowing, so I couldn't walk home. I drank some cocoa, ate a sandwich, rummaged around until I found the guest room and crawled in." She grinned. "Did you ever see a madder woman in your life?"

Gordon looked at her and did his best to be as mad as Henrietta Reynolds. It was hard going. A smile cracked his face, then he grinned at Jill, and the two of them started to laugh.

On Monday morning Gordon finished his rounds at the hospital, walked into the clinic and said to Mrs. McGregor, "Could you arrange to take your vacation a week from Saturday?"

"I imagine," she said. "Something come up?"

"I'm going on my honeymoon."

Mrs. McGregor stared at him, and then she said, "I knew it! I told you that woman was too smart for you. I warned you that she ——"

"It isn't Henrietta Reynolds," Gordon said. "It's Jill Sinclair."

"You're kidding!" Mrs. McGregor shrieked.

He shook his head. "I know we don't have a thing in common. She's ten years younger than I am, dislikes all the things I like best and hasn't a brain in her head. I must be out of my head for wanting to marry her."

"Then why are you?"

Gordon looked at Mrs. McGregor helplessly. "I can't help it," he said. "I'm in love with her."

THE END

A NEW POEM BY ROBERT GRAVES

MATADOR GORED

A BREEZE FLUTTERED THE CAPE AND YOU WERE CAUGHT:
ONE THRUST UNDER YOUR JAW, ONE IN THE BELLY,
A THIRD CLEAN THROUGH THE GROIN. NEVERTHELESS,
AS YOU LIE STRETCHED ON THE FAMILIAR SLAB
COMFORT YOURSELF BY SWEARING TO LIVE ON
IN BLOODY VENGEANCE ON ALL BULLS. IT IS
THE HEIFER'S HORNS THAT DEFY SURGERY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTBALL'S LEAGUE OF HEADACHES

by MELVIN DURSLAG

UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New to football, hotelmen Conrad Hilton and his son Barron own most of the Chargers' stock.

An inside report on the problems that threaten the life of the American Football League and one of its hottest teams, the San Diego Chargers.

As a long-time resident of Los Angeles, Barron Hilton had listened to fellow Angelenos describe their city ecstatically as the "sports capital of the world." In the newspapers he read glowing accounts of riches harvested by local sports promoters. Politicians boasted about attendance records. The Los Angeles Dodgers, they brayed, led the baseball major leagues at the gate; the Los Angeles Rams topped the National Football League; and Hollywood Park drew more people than any other race track in America. Also prospering were the fight promoters, the college football teams and sponsors of golf and tennis tournaments.

It is not surprising that Hilton, offered without cost the Los Angeles franchise in the new American Football League last year, leaped eagerly at the opportunity.

"To be truthful," admits Barron, whose principal occupation is operating a worldwide chain of hotels with his father, Conrad, and associates, "I didn't know a field goal from a three-o'clock check-out. But the idea of a sports franchise in Los Angeles seemed too good to pass up."

By the end of the first season Hilton was disillusioned. He discovered it was easy to lose money on a sports enterprise in the "capital." He also lost friends—those he induced to put up cash with him. His many problems eventually led him to move his team out of town.

Now encamped in San Diego, 125 miles south of Los Angeles, Hilton this year is trying to keep his franchise breathing. Conditions are better, but not good enough for him to stay out of the red. His problem typifies that of his colleagues in the American Football League who are attempting to remain in business in the face of stiff opposition from the established National Football League.

Convinced that there is room in professional football—as there is in baseball—for two major leagues, the new owners are fighting doggedly to survive. All eight franchises took a beating at the box office last year and doubtless will in 1961 too. Their presence, however, has been felt by the National Football League. The Americans have caused salaries to increase. They have cut in on the Nationals for newspaper space, and some of their televised games have competed with those of the N.F.L. In three major legal actions in which the two leagues have battled for players, the Americans have won each time. And now they have pending a $10,300,000 damage suit against the National League, scheduled for court this winter.

According to Lamar Hunt of Dallas, millionaire son of Texas oil zillionaire H. L. Hunt, the American League was started last year because of the Nationals' refusal to expand into Texas. Attempting to bring a franchise to Dallas, Hunt had talked to Bert Bell, late N.F.L. commissioner, who referred him to Chicago Bears' owner George Halas, chairman of the league's expansion committee.

"Halas was vacationing in Phoenix," recalls Hunt. "When I phoned him and asked if I could come over for a talk, he advised me not to waste my time. He said the league at the moment wasn't interested in expansion."

Angered by this rebuff, Hunt, then twenty-seven, arranged a meeting in Houston with thirty-seven-year-old K. S. (Bud) Adams Jr., whose father is chairman of the board of the Phillips Petroleum Company. Young Adams owns the Ada Oil Company. He also has investments in restaurants, dime stores, ranches, banks and transportation firms.

Adams had tried unsuccessfully to bring the Chicago Cardinals to Houston before that team shifted its base to St. Louis. He too was unhappy with the National Football League.

"Hunt and I had never met," says Adams. "When he came to see me, we spent three and a half hours without his stating his business. He's a bashful sort. I'm not. As I was driving him to the airport, I decided to beat him to the punch. 'Lamar,' I said, 'let's you and me put up a couple of million and start a new pro league.' His face lit up. 'That's what I came to see you about,' he said.

"The whole deal was closed in five minutes. We agreed we would line up at least six other franchises, and we did." The six other cities were New York, Los Angeles, Oakland, Denver, Buffalo and Boston.

It was a black day in his life, Barron Hilton reflects, when he was approached to take the Los Angeles territory. Now thirty-four and the father of six children—a seventh is expected in January—he had never before been involved in sports. The second of Conrad Hilton's three sons, Barron serves as vice president of the Hilton Hotels Corporation. He is a director of Carte Blanche, the Hilton credit company, and a director of Eversharp, Inc. He is president and principal owner of a large orange-juice concern, president of an air finance company which leases aircraft, and vice president of a small oil company.

"Superficially," says Hilton, "I looked at things this way: When we build a hotel, we have to sink $18,000,000 before we ever open the doors. In the football deal we needed no bricks, no mortar—nothing except a few balls, uniforms and a staff. At the same time we were creating a capital asset. Where else, for free, could I pick up a package that someday could be worth three or four million?"

Barron took the proposition to his father, who was immersed in a knottier problem at the time. Castro was threatening to seize the Havana-Hilton in Cuba.

"With such troubles," Barron says, "dad somehow couldn't work up too much enthusiasm over football, about which he knows little. He did recall, however, that most of the teams in the old All-America Conference, which once tried to buck the National League, went broke. I convinced him that that was before the day of big money from television and also before the big boom in pro football. I pointed out that we had hotels in each of the eight proposed areas of the American League, and football meant weekend business. He told me to go ahead."

Barron assumed responsibility for 30 per cent of the deal and his father for 20 per cent. The rest of the stock was dispersed among friends, with the agreement that they would participate proportionately in total losses only up to the first $500,000. Any further costs would be borne by the Hiltons.

Barron was encouraged by George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins of the rival league. "You've got no worries in this town," Marshall assured him. "Your team will draw in L.A. just like everything else draws. They go for anything out here."

Naming his club the Los Angeles Chargers, Hilton plunged enthusiastically into action. Determined to operate on the high plane of the Los Angeles Rams, one of the most prosperous teams in the National League, he began by hiring an expensive general manager, Frank Leahy, former coach of Notre Dame. Leahy got a contract calling for $25,000 a year, plus a stock interest, plus a promise of a $5000 bonus if the club showed a profit.

A high-salaried coach came next. Hilton grabbed Sid Gillman, who formerly skippered the Rams, at $27,500 a year. Gillman brought four assistants, all veterans commanding top pay. The Chargers then took a long-term lease on a plush new building and staffed it with first-class help.

Since the team was largely without players, Gillman and Hilton decided in the spring of 1960 on a tryout camp in which prospects were invited from all over the country. "We attracted a lot of bartenders, truck drivers and boilermakers," recalls Gillman. "Of the 350 men we ran through the camp, we kept only one. The idea was a bust."

An unsolicited telephone call landed Hilton his top gate attraction. "My secretary told me that a Paul Lowe was on the line," Barron says. "I told her I didn't know any Paul Lowe. 'But he says he's a football player,' she answered. Reluctantly I came to the phone. The boy said he had played for Oregon State and once had a tryout with the San Francisco Forty-Niners. He asked me for a chance. To get rid of him, I palmed him off on Gillman."

Lowe was signed without a bonus. A swift halfback with a long, easy stride, he became one of the star ball carriers of the league and possibly the most dangerous

Charger Don Norton takes his lumps. His team took lumps at the gate in L.A., fled to San Diego.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTBALL

broken-field runner in professional football. His average of 6.3 yards for 136 rushes was tops last year in the American League.

With Lowe as his chief ground threat and a National League castoff named Jack Kemp as his quarterback and passer, Gillman built a surprisingly exciting and competent team which ultimately reached the championship play-off against the Houston Oilers. Houston won, 24–16.

On the field the Chargers were successful from the start, winning all four of their 1960 preseason exhibition games. Season tickets, however, didn't move with the speed of Paul Lowe.

"We sold only 11,000," says Hilton, "but felt we would gain momentum as we went along. We figured that all we needed was a winning team. It was wishful figuring. The better we got, the fewer customers we drew. We hit bottom the day we cinched the Western Division title. We beat Denver in the Coliseum before a crowd of only 9900."

Sitting dejectedly in the 101,000-capacity Coliseum, in whose vastness the small crowd was all but lost, Hilton saw the handwriting on the wall. Los Angeles wouldn't support his team. Either he had to drop the franchise or move.

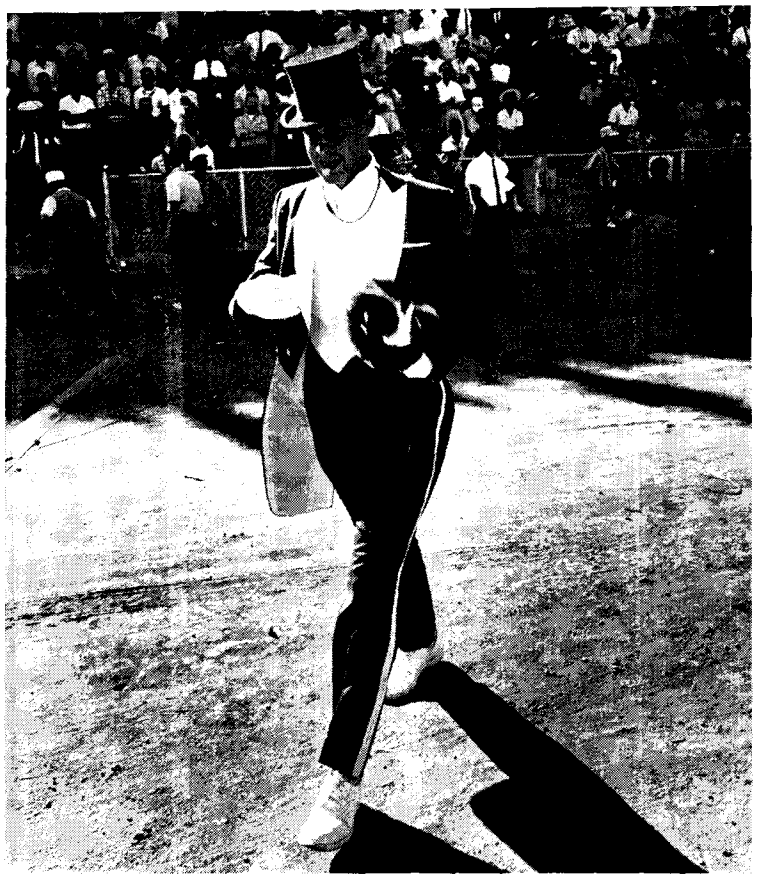
Frank Leahy, meanwhile, had retired from the club with an illness described as nervous exhaustion. All the original stockholders, other than the Hiltons, had paid their share of the club's $910,000 losses and turned their stock back in, although a new investor, Merrill L. Bengston, wealthy industrialist from West Los Angeles, did buy $15,000 worth in late season. And Hilton hotels in the American Football League cities reported no noticeable increase in occupancy.

Hilton accepted an invitation to move his team to San Diego, whose metropolitan area embraces more than 1,000,000. Hilton received a hero's welcome from the city, proud of the first major sports team to fly its standard. When a third of the club's stock, amounting to 100,000 shares, was made available to the public, it was bought up within a few days.

San Diego's mayor and city council arranged for the local Balboa Stadium to be enlarged from 22,000 capacity to 34,500, at a cost to the city of $1,200,000. Rent for the Chargers has been waived the first year, and the club keeps all concessions profits. For the next two years, the rental fee won't exceed 5 per cent of the gross.

To help promote the club, some 200 business leaders last summer formed the Greater San Diego Sports Association. The membership was divided into twenty-four teams, which set out to sell tickets. They made hundreds of telephone calls. Some went door-to-door. Newspapers, radio and television boosted the team. A soft-drink concern spent $50,000 on a promotion program linked to the Chargers, and General Dynamics, whose aircraft and missile plants in the San Diego area employ some 47,000, opened ticket offices on its grounds. Charger players and coaches joined the campaign, filling more than 500 speaking engagements throughout San Diego County.

With everything seemingly in their favor, the Chargers made their first appearance in their new home last August in an exhibition game against league-champion Houston. Nervously Barron Hilton awaited the turnstile count. It finally came—13,066 paid. The following week, against Oakland, the house dropped to 10,873 gross—including free passes. Net paid attendance was never disclosed.



Skunk 'em! The Chargers' drum major totes a symbolic animal.

Charger stock, which sold originally in San Diego at $3.00 a share, fell to $2.25. But when the team sailed through its exhibition schedule undefeated and drew 20,216 at its first league game at home in September, the stock rose. It continued to climb after the Chargers drew a respectable 29,210 to their second league game. As this is written, the price is $2.75.

Even though ticket sales in San Diego are slightly below expectations, the Chargers still are doing better than they did in Los Angeles, where they averaged 15,768 gross for seven league games last year. Financially the team is probably sounder this season than any other in the American Football League.

Total losses in the A.F.L. in 1960 were estimated as high as $4,500,000. Dallas supposedly was the heaviest loser—approximately $1,000,000. The story is told that when H. L. Hunt was informed of his son's dropping a million in football, he replied, "He can only do that for another hundred and fifty years."

Stockholders with less patience—and less oil—have dropped out in several cities, but have been replaced. Oakland now is thought to be the weakest franchise in the league, with Denver and New York a bit wobbly too. Losses generally, however, are expected to be lighter this year than last. even though revenue from television has dropped.

The league has a five-year TV deal with the American Broadcasting Company, with the eight franchises dividing the income equally. In 1960 each team netted $212,000 from television. This season the figure is $175,000.

"There is a valid explanation," says Thomas Moore, ABC's vice president in charge of programing and talent. "A Federal judge voided the National Football League's package contract with CBS this year on the ground that it violated antitrust laws. The decision came at a critical sales point for us. Fearful that the ABC deal with the American League might be affected, too, sponsors backed off. But they'll be back once the matter is settled legally." On September twenty-first Congress passed a bill exempting such contracts from antitrust laws.

The new league's owners also hope to benefit financially from their $10,300,000 suit against the National Football League, which is charged with conspiring to crush competition. A major part of the complaint centers in Dallas. Lamar Hunt says the National League wouldn't recognize Dallas until he had planted an American franchise there. The N.F.L., he says, then tried to destroy his operation by invading a city not large enough to support two teams. Hunt's rival, the Dallas Cowboys, lost heavily last year too.

The National League counters that it had a right to move into Dallas, considering that the A.F.L. invaded the New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, where the N.F.L. had teams.

Last year the two leagues engaged in several legal battles over players. In the three most notable cases the American League went undefeated. The Chargers and New York Giants went to court over Charlie Flowers, the All-American fullback from Mississippi, who had signed contracts with both clubs. The Chargers won, but at a cost, according to Barron Hilton, of $60,000 in legal fees. In a similar case, Hunt's Dallas Texans were awarded Louisiana State halfback Johnny Robinson from the Detroit Lions. And in the most publicized action of all, Houston got L.S.U.'s celebrated running back Billy Cannon from the Los Angeles Rams.

Bud Adams admits that Houston's legal costs totaled $73,000. Cannon got the fattest deal in the history of professional football. He received a three-year contract calling for $100,000. He also was handed a $10,000 bonus, an expensive automobile, and a 50-per-cent interest in a chain of five service stations to be built by Adams in Cannon's home town, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Although the Cannon case was exceptional, talent costs have been driven up for owners in both leagues. "This is a bull market for players," says Les Land, business manager of the San Diego Chargers. "A good defensive lineman today makes $9500 a year, which is $1500 to $2000 above the normal scale. Rookie backs, who should be playing for $10,000 a year, now receive $12,000. In both leagues the average salary has jumped about $1400 this year over last. And because of the competition, bonuses have gone up too."

The National Football League also has been losing some of its high draft choices to the new league. The Chargers, for instance, landed the fourth, fifth and sixth draftees of the Chicago Bears this year.

Sid Gillman concedes that selling a top athlete on the American Football League over the National isn't easy. "When competing for a boy," says Sid, "our main problem is convincing him that the new league will last. In San Diego we concentrate on three sales points. First, we match or exceed National League salaries. Second, we assure the athlete that he will be playing on our club and not sitting on the bench, as he might in the other league. And finally, where offensive ends and backs are concerned, we promise them a fast footing in California, enabling them to run and throw normally. It's surprising how important this is to offense guys. They hate snow."

Gillman, who coached for five years in the older league, was asked if the quality of A.F.L. football approximates that of the N.F.L.

"It would be ridiculous to say that our football now is as good as the National League's," he answered. "But we have closed a big gap since last year. Another good draft or two and we should be in a class with the bottom half of the National League. We'll catch the top half eventually. While the personnel in our league isn't generally as good now as that in the N.F.L., it is still good enough to produce first-class professional football. Some of our teams have played beautiful games."

Most authorities agree that the American Football League can follow one of three paths in the future. First, it can quit business in the face of continued losses. Second, it can move the weak franchises to new cities and remain in operation. Or third, it can effect a merger with the National Football League in which its strongest franchises—probably San Diego, Houston, Boston and Buffalo—would be annexed by the N.F.L., and the two Dallas interests consolidated. Those American teams dropping out possibly would be indemnified.

Joe Foss, the Marine flying hero of World War II who now serves as commissioner of the new league, feels that his group not only will remain operative but also will expand to twelve members within three years. "For every weak link," says Foss, "we have three cities bidding for franchises. I think there will be some changes in our league, but no retrenchment. Our attendance should increase steadily."

According to Pete Rozelle, commissioner of the National Football League, the new rival has done nothing yet to hurt attendance in the N.F.L. "What fans the American League is making," says Rozelle, "are new fans, not fans who have defected from our league. We have been hurt in only two respects—in the signing of players and in the salary department."

Even if the American Football League should suffer heavy losses again this year, Bud Adams, who is president of the league as well as proprietor of the Houston team, says reassuringly that the owners will come back for more. "We have seen a lot of money go down the drain," says Adams. "But our owners are still smiling. It's my guess that they'll hold fast."

Barron Hilton is hopeful but not so confident. Now only fifteen miles from the Mexican border, he observes soberly, "This is about as far south as we can move."

THE END

Photographs by Phil Bath

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1962 Rambler Classic, the all-purpose compact for six 6-footers—2-Door Sedan is brand-new this year

Why buy Rambler size *without* Rambler quality?

See the only proved and *im*proved *right* size car...

RAMBLER FOR 1962!

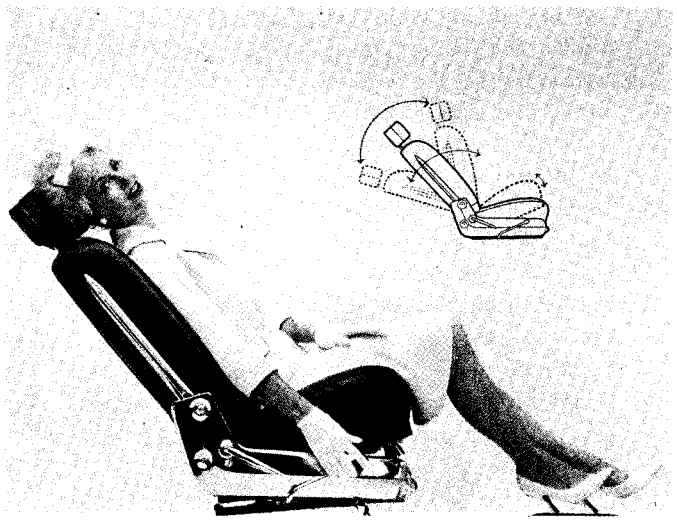
WIN A '62 RAMBLER
FREE!

ENTER RAMBLER'S *BIG-PRIZE* '62 SWEEPSTAKES

with this lucky card

FREE—Magic Good Luck Key Chain...

At your Rambler Dealer's—
when you take your
RAMBLER DISCOVERY DRIVE



EXCLUSIVE NEW LOUNGE-TILT SEAT

Adjust knee-height hydraulically for most comfortable leg support. Adjust leg room, seat-back angle individually. Adjustable safety headrests, too. All optional at low-cost.

Imitators are still trying to copy Rambler.

This year, many are attempting to copy the Rambler Classic. They may imitate its size, but they can't match its built-in quality, proved and improved for over 11 years. In 1962, Rambler steps even farther ahead with 102 improvements and advancements.

New Double-Safety Brake System, standard only on Cadillac and all Ramblers. Tandem master cylinders for front and rear brakes. If one system is damaged, other still works.

New Road Command Suspension—new cornering, stability, handling, ride.

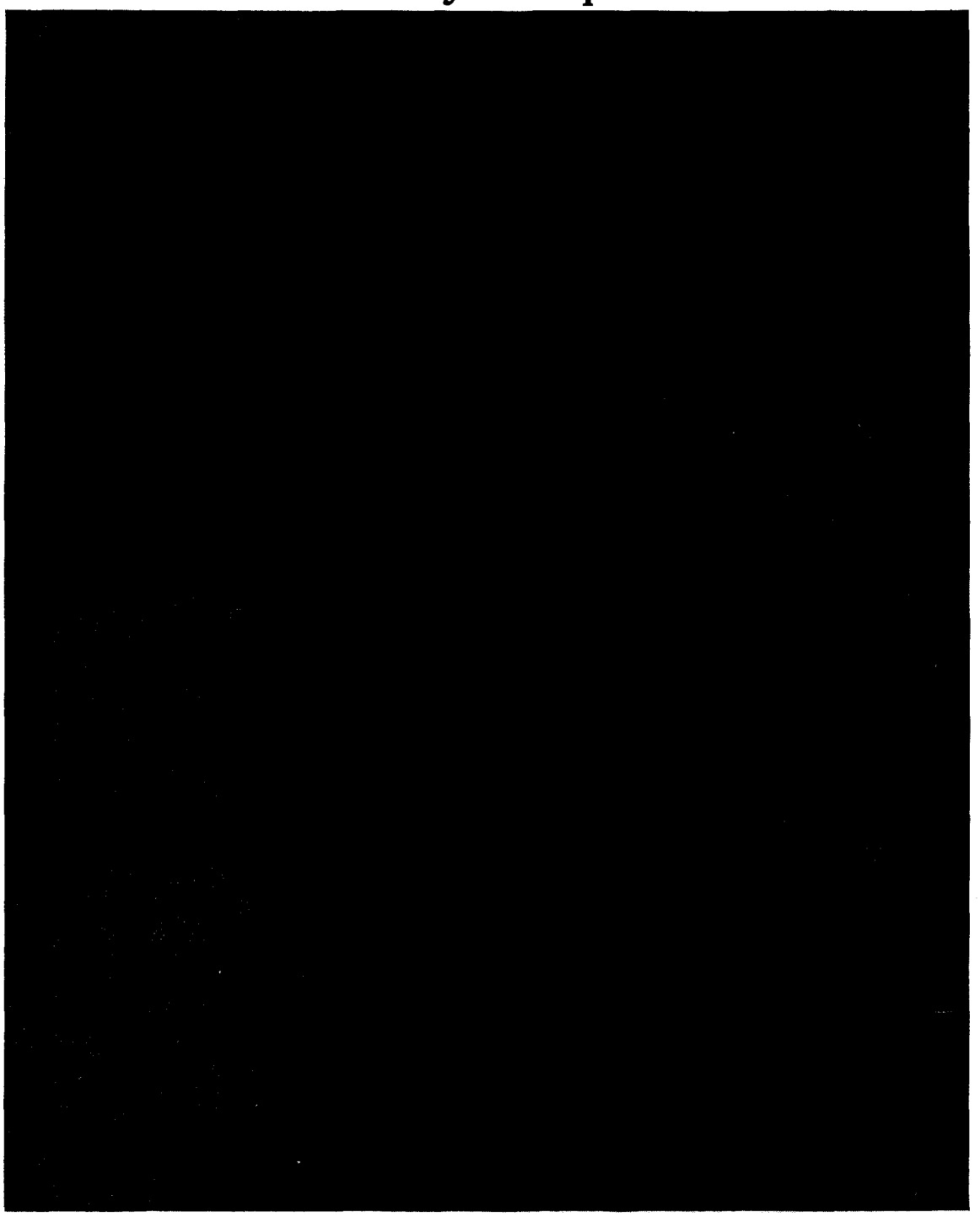
33 times longer between chassis lubrications, twice as long between oil changes. World's best rustproofing of body, muffler, tailpipe.

Take a Rambler Discovery Drive today.

RAMBLER—WORLD STANDARD OF COMPACT CAR EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 4



The cost of peace, to the West, was the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean.

The sun had passed noon three hours ago and still no action had been taken by the representatives of the four great powers, who must make a decision affecting the fate of the world.

At the afternoon Conference on the Reduction of Tensions it was suggested that both Russian-backed and French troops withdraw from Tunisia, the trouble spot under supervision of United Nations, leaving UN forces to guard the border. In Tunisia advanced troops approached each other for the first engagement—a battle which might prove to be catastrophic if nuclear weapons were used.

In the midst of a world crisis, Michel Gavereau de Bouverie, aide to the French Foreign Minister, Duhamel, and Cynthia Grimsby, wife of Sir Hugh, British Foreign Secretary Hawkes's brilliant assistant, found time for a rendezvous against a background of impending war and unsuccessful marriage.

■ 5 P.M. The room that he had found in an obscure hotel, a pension really, in the Old Town was a joke they shared. On the shabby, pock-marked wall opposite the windows there were two pictures, one a lurid sunset on Mont Blanc with mulberry-colored snow, the other the Jungfrau by moonlight, looking like an illuminated roller coaster in an amusement park. The first time they had come here, she had turned them to the wall, and he had laughed at her. It does not matter, he had said, seated on the bed, taking off his shoes. And when the next time she had come with a color print of Boucher nudes and had put it up, he had laughed again, but tenderly, saying, "You are very dear to me, and I begin to understand you more and more."

As on previous occasions the fat concierge inspected her with a discreet curiosity that scarcely veiled his suspicion. But her mood encompassed even his Swiss counterfeit of hospitality. "Ah, *bonjour*, Monsieur Brisson." (The name was written up over his desk.) "*Comment allez-vous? Il fait beau aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas?*" He expanded a little under her smile as he handed her the key. "*C'est vrai, Madame Rougemont.*" (The name of one of the clerks with the French delegation who had let Michel borrow his passport to register with the concierge.) "*Oui, Madame, quelle bonne chance.*"

How true, true, true, she said in her heart as she went up the dark stairs to the shabby room, how fortune has favored us. She unlocked the door and stood for an instant surveying their domain. The maid invariably turned the pictures face out, and the first thing Cynthia Grimsby did when she had closed the door was to reverse them again. But even as she did this, she understood how absurd it was, how like her other self, the self of things, of possessions, each possession in its place. This was the self she had left behind when she had come to love Michel.

She began to undress with a feeling of the incredible privilege of the time before her and what this time would bring. The memory suffused her like a great joyous wave.

She had brought one garment and put it in the wardrobe as a token of their establishment. The beginning, as she had hardly dared to think even in her most private and secret thoughts, of their future life. It was a dressing gown of blue silk that had faded over the years to a soft cornflower color. She put it on, feeling that it had become almost as much a part of her as her skin, and stood looking at herself in the mottled mirror of the wardrobe door. *He loves me*, she said to herself, *and I love him, and that is all there is in the world.*

Lying stretched out on the bed, she tried to read. He had given her a biography of Madame De Sévigné that he had found vastly entertaining. But it was impossible to read. She closed her eyes and imagined that she heard his quick footsteps on the stair. Her watch said a quarter past five. She shook it hard to see whether it might have stopped. The book again, but the sentences ran together, meaning nothing. Of course, he was always late. And invariably he came in with a smile that was half conspiratorial, half tender contrition. The minutes ticked off as she lay staring at the small sweep hand on the watch. A child, impatient and greedy, sternly refusing to look, keeping her eyes tightly shut. Then at last his sharp knock on the door.

She saw at once the stricken face, so strangely altered. He came into the room as though she were not there and slowly closed the door. He stood stock-still, inert, dumb.

"Michel!" Her fright was in her voice. "What is it? What has happened to you?"

Breaking through whatever spell it was that held him, he stumbled forward, half falling into the chair beside the bed. Still wordless he sat hunched over, burying his face in his hands.

"You must tell me, Michel; my darling, you must tell me." She was bending over him, trying to look into his face. "What is it? Can't you tell me what it is? Tell me, Michel."

At last as she clung to him it came out, a barely audible whisper, each word slowly.

© 1961 by Marquis Childs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My brother—Charles—he has been killed in Tunisia."

"Oh, no. I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry, Michel."

Kneeling beside him, she felt in the first flood of her pity how helpless, how remote she was. This was a stranger struck down, unseeing, unknowing, locked away from her. The barrier of his grief revealed their aloneness. But she fought this down, kneeling beside him, beside this lonely man. No, no, it was not true, it was not true.

"The fools who run this world." This was torn out of the darkness of his sorrow. "They who run this world have killed him—fools, fools—not worth a single hair of his head. Charles is gone."

"Oh, my dearest, lie here beside me." She half lifted him onto the bed, slipping off his coat, loosening his tie. She knew that she must in some way make him share his grief, break through the wall of his sorrow; she felt this with an urgency close to despair. "Lie here in my arms. I love you, love you."

He was calmer. A great sigh shook him. He looked at her, and the tears began to fall from his eyes. "He was so good, so true. I am so poor beside him. If only you had known him, Cynthia. He would have understood—about you and about me."

He had turned toward her. His arms were about her. Weeping, she felt a joy, a triumph that he had turned to her, that she had broken through the solitary abandon of his grief.

"I want to tell you, Cynthia ——"

"Oh, Michel, I want to hear. I want you to tell me."

"Something I've never told before. When we were staying for the summer on the Lake of Annecy, against the orders of my parents, at dusk I swam far out into the lake. And then I don't know what happened. I was so proud of my strength and of how well I could swim. A cramp or something like that. I tried to shout. But I was terrified. And just as I thought I was drowning, Charles came. And he had to struggle with me there in that cold water. I was trying to pull him down with me. And then he struck me on the face as hard as he could. He had to do it, you understand. He was very powerful, two years older than I. But just before I lost consciousness—the look of compassion on his face . . . I can never forget it.

"And then he dragged me to the shore. I remember coming to. It was quite dark. He was bending over me. He said something such as, 'If you were to die, I should not want to live.' Something like that. We were so close. It was our secret, between the two of us. Oh, Cynthia ——"

"Michel, hear me, Michel. If only I could somehow protect you, take your grief in my heart. I do love you so."

She pressed her mouth against his. And as he bent over her wordlessly, she knew that, if only for this moment, she had become part of him. No matter how many years might pass, they could never in joy and grief be more nearly one being. Then once again she could hear all the small noises of the hotel and the street outside. Somewhere a child was shouting.

"Cynthia"—he lay staring at the ceiling, his hand gently stroking her hair—"I shall never again love anyone as I have loved you. It has been . . . since our lunch . . . for now I must go."

She told herself that she had known this from the moment he had entered the door. It was as inevitable as their first meeting had been. In the calm, the curious stillness that surrounded them, she understood that they would never be lovers again. Without sorrow—that would come later—with a kind of resigned acceptance of what had to be simply because it had to be, she understood. She turned toward him. Would she remember all her life, until she was a very old lady, how he looked at this moment, the lips parted a little in a smile of tenderness?

"Yes, I know," she said. Again they were silent for a bit. "Your family. You will have so many responsibilities as head of the family. You must go."

"I must go at once. Frédéric is being very kind. I am flying to Paris in the Caravelle the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has put at his disposal."

As they prepared to leave, she had the same sense of moving through the stillness of a dream, figures devoid of life, weightless, soundless, as transparent as light itself; and wanting the dream to be prolonged; the anguish of knowing that waking would dispel it forever. When they were ready to go, he turned back, gesturing toward the blue-silk dressing gown she had left on the bed. She shook her head. "I shan't want it," she said.

He surrendered the key to the concierge and paid the bill. No, they would not need the room any longer. Outside, the lingering sunset stretched across the sky. The same sky, the same street, the same town. It was when he stopped the car near the Beau-Rivage to let her out that what had been kept outside, outside the strange weightlessness and breathlessness of thought and feeling, came close to crashing in.

He looked at her long and intently.

"Never anyone else," he said, "never."

"Good-by, Michel," she said, and just for a moment she let her hand rest on his, and then he was gone.

Without really being aware that the key was in the lock, she pushed open the door of their sitting room, and in the bedroom beyond she saw Hugh. He was sitting by the dressing table, brushing his hair. It was an enormous surprise, as though she had encountered a completely unknown person here in their rooms. And with this encounter, the still, weightless dream in which she had moved was ended. She felt all at once an unbearable weariness, the need to hide, to be alone, to conceal a nakedness of spirit such as she had never known before.

"Oh, hello," she said, pausing in the doorway between the two rooms, hearing her voice as though it came from some mechanical device that she had managed to set in motion. "I didn't know you were here."

For a moment he made no response as he concentrated in getting the part in his hair exactly right.

"I should think you might have seen the key in the door." He did not glance at her. "I had to change early. Brace and I must go and see Volkonkov. And then there's the wretched dinner with the Americans."

She came into the room and sat down on the edge of the bed, because it was impossible to stand, physically impossible. Hugh went to the wardrobe and took out his dinner jacket. She watched him as he brushed it meticulously. In his face was the deliberately withdrawn look that he wore almost always now when they were alone together. For a moment she felt a kind of pity for him. It was

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR ASPIRIN WITH BUFFERING

to give more complete relief from

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

A SURVEY SHOWS MANY DOCTORS TAKE THE INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®. IN FACT, 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS SAME TYPE RELIEF FOR HEADACHE PAIN

ANACIN gives fast, long-lasting and more complete relief than aspirin or buffered aspirin. You see, aspirin or buffered aspirin contains *only one* pain-reliever. But Anacin is like a doctor's prescription, that is a combination of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin gives you *extra* medication that not only relieves pain fast, but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. And Anacin does not upset the stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

Why ANACIN gives fast—more complete relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS pitiful that he should try to keep out of his face anything he might feel for her. Hate, and he must hate her, but it was not there. The skin was drawn taut over the rather high cheekbones, and the eyes were recessed in the face as though the design had been to obscure any betrayal of emotion. She felt the weight of the silence between them; it was a part of the awful weariness. The silence was not to be endured; the silence of her utter and complete aloneness, an aloneness that would endure forever.

"Michel's brother has been killed in Tunisia," she said, hearing the words spoken by some other person in her own voice strangely altered.

Hugh was putting on his dinner jacket. She observed, as if seeing him after a long absence, how perfectly it fit him. "Yes, I'd heard that." He gave this a casual sound. She might have told him that someone was coming, or not coming, for tea.

It was to be left there. Or was it? They had once had some shared life. Would he not understand? Could he not feel pity for her when she stood in such desperate need of it? He knew about Michel, of course he knew and, for all that he had ever shown, he might be indifferent. Pity certainly was not love, not even remotely. She could not resist speaking again.

"They meant a great deal to each other. He's very much broken up."

"I don't doubt it."

He stopped and looked at her full in the face. Something, whether it was hate, fury, anguish, was in his eyes. How, she wondered, had they come to this point? Eleven years and they faced each other in hurt and angry bewilderment.

He went into the sitting room, and she waited in a kind of numb suspense for the outer door to close. But he had come back.

"You may just possibly be interested in this letter which I found when I came in." He stood holding it out to her. "It's from Aunt Margaret."

She took it from him, and with a rush there came back the things she had put out of her mind: his mother's serious illness, cancer, in a nursing home at Cheltenham. The old guilt for a moment asserted itself. Something seemed to blur her vision, and she found it difficult to read Aunt Margaret's precise, angular script.

". . . know you are preoccupied with the conference . . . felt I must tell you that your mother's condition has greatly worsened in the past fortnight. . . . Your Uncle Arthur has suffered a mild stroke, and unfortunately I must be with him . . . excellent care here . . . she speaks so often of you and Cynthia . . . when you can come I know that . . . does not speak of her loneliness but . . . still very clear in her mind . . . in great confidence the doctor has given me his view that four or five weeks. . . ."

She put the letter down.

"You can't leave now?"

"Certainly not."

There was some small flaw in the cool, distinct voice. She looked up at him and saw that the pattern of his face, the carefully contrived pattern, was threatened. She must look away. It was indecent, the struggle he was waging against a threat she only faintly understood. The failure of his life, of hers too, perhaps, the failure of their life together, seemed to be measured by the infinite distance that separated them. There was no spanning it even with his despairing need and hers. She felt that speech, any response whatsoever, had deserted her.

"If we bring this business off tonight, then at least a week of taping it down must follow. There's no one else to do it. After that I've no idea."

Furtively she looked at him. The fiction—and she, more than ever, was sorely, painfully aware of how elaborate a fiction it was—had been restored. This was Hugh's disguise; the disguise that served him well. Slowly she rose, feeling a creaking reluctance at the center of her being. No words would come, no words at all. She walked through the sitting room. He was a little behind her. With the impersonal politeness that he wore with the disguise, he held the outer door open for her. She heard it close as she walked down the corridor alone.

4:45 P.M.

They had stood at one end of the bar in the delegates' lounge with Geoffrey Hawkes in the role of affable broker. A shade, with them and yet not with them, Caleb seemed indifferent to the whole proceeding.

Fabulous

Angkor Wat

Lost temple in the jungles of Cambodia

Read about it in the next *Post*

It was the Foreign Secretary who talked and talked with the facility, the charm, the persuasiveness that was so conspicuous a part of the stock in his show window. They were agreed, were they not—Geoffrey Hawkes made it seem so much a matter of course, so natural and logical—that the United Nations should be asked to supervise a truce and a pull-back of the French forces to an agreed position ten kilometers within the boundary of Algeria while at the same time the Tunisian force and the volunteers—he spoke it gently, almost reluctantly—would likewise halt ten kilometers from the border. This would provide a neutral zone and put an end, under the watchful eye of the supervisory team from the U.N., to the raids that had plagued the French.

Oh, yes, they were agreed. They were agreed in principle. Caleb had said that it seemed reasonable. But this was, after all, his personal view. Naturally he would have to talk with Washington to get a final approval. Stoneface politely followed suit. It was his personal view that this was the best solution. But he, too, would have to hold a consultation. With his tact, his sensibility—two other qualities in the British showcase—Geoffrey Hawkes had reminded them that, after all, time was running out and the consultations must not be too prolonged.

They had agreed then that when next they met, at Caleb's dinner at 8:30, they would undertake to have the final word.

During all of this, Caleb had felt like a man with the itch. He found that he was having trouble with his facial muscles. They seemed to have a will of their own, refusing to stay in a set pattern of worldly unconcern. With something like envy he observed that in this department of diplomacy, Stoneface excelled. His face had as much expression as that of a cigar-store Indian. Maybe, he thought grimly, they give a course in it in their foreign-service training. His own face was a soufflé that cooled and fell. He knew that he had been unable to keep out of it the repugnance he felt for what he was about to be forced to do.

As he walked into his outer office, Duke Ziegler came up with a telegram that had just come from the communications room. He glanced at it hastily. It said that the President would be prepared to talk at 12:45 Washington time, which would be 5:45 Geneva time. That would be in less than an hour. He stood for a moment, meditating.

"I think I'll take the call in the apartment." He was already preoccupied with what was to be said in a conversation on which so very much turned. The President always wanted an alternative, and he wanted the alternative phrased as precisely as a legal document. "I think the security is just as good over there, don't you, Duke?"

Duke nodded in assent.

"I want you and Miss Brownson there and Simms, Brace and Mansfield. Will you ask them, Miss Brownson, to be there in about fifteen minutes? I'd like to have a little time to myself."

The offices of the American delegation were in a wing of the Hôtel Ville de Calvin, and it was only a step to the elevator that went to the private apartments which were separate from the transient rooms. Yet this evening he felt that it was a long step. Miss Brownson had said that Clarabelle was in the apartment, and he was grateful, so very grateful.

"Hello there," he called out. She had left the door half ajar. "Anybody home here?" How many times he had called that out in how many different places.

She came quickly across the living room to kiss him gently on the cheek and to stand for a moment with her arms about him.

"Come over here and sit down. You must be dog tired."

"It was pretty bad," he said. "It *is* pretty bad."

"Can't I get you something? Some sherry or something?"

"No, not a thing just now. We're going to have a powwow over here pretty soon. Simms and the others are coming over. And then in"—he looked at his watch—"about forty-five minutes a call from the President is coming through, and I'm going to take it here."

"Would it be all right if I ——"

"Certainly, certainly, I want you to be here. That's one reason I want to take the call here."

"A lovely letter came from Arthur today." Arthur was their only son. "With a note in it from Lucy. I'll read it to you later when you're dressing."

"Everything all right with them?" he asked, almost as though he had forgotten who Arthur and Lucy, his wife, were.

"Caleb!" He looked up, sensing the sudden concern in her voice. "What's happened to you today?"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"What in the world is the matter! You look as though you had been run through a wringer."

"I had a little upset at lunch. I don't know what it was. Pretty—pretty uncomfortable."

"Oh, those Russians! That rich food, that terrible rich food. Was it worse than that time when you spoke at the Pilgrim society dinner in London?"

Hesitating, he reached up and took her hand as she stood beside him. "It was worse than I ever had before," he said slowly. "It gave me quite a scare. But I don't think I let on too much. At one point I thought I would have to leave the table."

"Oh, Caleb!" She knelt beside him and looked up into his face. "Nothing, nothing in the world, is worth anything happening to you."

They were silent for a bit. He held her hand hard in his.

"I felt as though I had walked into a trap. I can't say this to anybody else but you. And do you know what I thought when that thing hit me right in the middle of my interior? I said, 'Clarabelle would say that this is just psychosomatic.'"

"I'm going to get that nice young American doctor over here right away, that doctor who did so much for Merton when he had that awful headache."

"There isn't time." He shook his head. "And besides, he wouldn't find anything now. I'm all right now."

"Well, anyway I certainly am going to give you some of that medicine that Doctor Dorr prescribed when you had attacks like that."

Hearing her quick, impulsive steps as she crossed their bedroom and went into their bathroom, he understood that it helped her to take action. On the sofa near the windows he saw the petit point which she had hastily put aside upon his arrival. This familiar sight gave him a curious consolation, making him feel that they belonged here and, more than that, that the world would go on, and women would do the simple things that they had always done. Clarabelle's petit point was one of their private jokes. He called it Penelope's web. She had set out—exactly how long ago neither of them could remember—to do a set of twelve covers for their dining-room chairs. Since he had become Secretary of State she had completed two and part of a third. Whatever the disappointments and interruptions, the arrivals and departures, Penelope persisted.

Half laughing, she had said once, "Caleb, I'm going to finish these covers while you're Secretary of State, and they'll be historic, and we'll will the chairs to the Smithsonian Institution."

Nine more covers to go, and would there be time while he still held the office? Would there be time? His mind strayed to the irrelevance of Penelope's web, a design of flowers in a basket, its enormous irrelevance to the forces far to the south that moved toward a destiny so large, so dark, as to be quite outside the scope of man's credibility. That was the word—"credibility."

The doom was pronounced in all it lurid and terrible detail, but no one quite believed it. She had come back into the room with the medicine, two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of water, that Doctor Dorr had prescribed for his digestive upsets. He drank it obediently.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

60 YEARS OF GREAT POST SPORTS WRITING . . .

SPORT U.S.A.

$6.50 Pre-Publication Price

By the turn of the century, America was beginning to find time for relaxation—and the Great Age of Sports began.

Here, in one entertaining and readable book taken from the pages of the POST, is a collection of writings on the growth of our colorful and varied pastimes. You'll find articles and fiction on everything from baseball to bull fighting, from rowing to wrestling.

You'll enjoy the immortal Connie Mack, for instance, remembering "The Bad Old Days of Baseball" . . . and a surprise piece by U.S. President Grover Cleveland, debating the pros and cons of fly fishing and bait-casting. Another gem in the collection is the original fictional yarn by George Fitch, the first of a series that put the name of "Old Siwash" into our language.

"Golf and Government," another offering, reads as if it were written recently, but actually it dealt with another golfing President back in 1909. And "The Infernal Grind" will recall for you the mad era of the six-day bicycle races of the 1920's.

Getting into more modern times, you're sure to chuckle over James Thurber's delightful "You Could Look It Up," about a midget who was groomed as a pinchhitter in the majors. And there's an article that has been credited with making Little League baseball a nationwide reality—and a gripping article on the "Grand Prix" of auto racing at Sebring, Florida.

You don't need to be a sports expert to enjoy this handsome book, for it's filled with fine writing by a wide assortment of people . . . humorists Irvin S. Cobb, Damon Runyon, and Ring Lardner . . . novelists Jack London, Paul Gallico, and John P. Marquand . . . reporters Grantland Rice, John Lardner, Red Smith, and Bob Considine . . . sports figures Red Grange, Gene Tunney, and Gene Sarazen.

What's more, the book is illustrated with covers and paintings on sports subjects—all taken from 60 years of the POST.

For yourself—or for a gift—SPORT U.S.A. is a wonderful buy . . . especially at the pre-publication price of just $6.50. Use the handy coupon to place your order today and make sure you get the advantage of this special price. There's no need to pay now—we'll bill you later.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1432, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me_____copy (copies) of SPORT U.S.A. at the pre-publication price of only $6.50. (Regular price will be $7.50.)

☐ Payment enclosed (we'll take care of postage and handling costs). Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax.

☐ Please bill me for my order, plus postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with SPORT U.S.A., return it within 10 days and pay nothing—or receive a full refund if you have paid in advance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACEMAKERS "They'll be arriving in just a few minutes," he told her.

"Before they come, go and put some cold water on your face, Caleb. That will make you feel better."

Moments later, as they seated themselves about the room, and after the polite murmur of conversation had subsided, they looked expectantly toward him, and in a moment of deferential silence he cleared his throat, glancing round the circle. They were all well suited to their parts, correctly cast. Miss Brownson—what a treasure she was—was sitting ready with her pad, self-effacing as always. And Penelope had taken up her web, making great gestures, running the colored yarns back and forth. He began to speak. What had been put forward appeared to be the only way out of an extremely difficult and dangerous situation. Certainly it was not to his liking. It was, perhaps, not to the liking of anyone except the Soviet. The terrible risk was that the whole southern shore of the Mediterranean, which had been shaky enough before, would now go. The Communist force in Tunisia was a reality. There had seemed no way to prevent these "volunteers" from going there once the French had attacked across the border. Could they be compelled to withdraw? If the answer was no, then the Soviet pressure in both Tunisia and Libya would become irresistible, and it would soon be doubtful, as indeed it was at this moment, whether the Wheelus base could be maintained. They all knew that the President would ask for an alternative. That was why he had called them together: to canvass the possibilities before the call came through. He began with Bill Binkley, which was little use because Bill Binkley almost never said anything at all. Bill responded by saying that he was sorry but that he had nothing to add.

Next came Merton Simms, who obviously had carefully rehearsed in his mind the speech he made in his sharp, professorial voice. There was an alternative. It could be put quite simply: As a corollary of United Nations supervision of the French pull-back, we should demand the intervention of the United Nations to insure the withdrawal of the so-called volunteers. This was a perfectly valid demand. Something of the professorial caution went out of Merton Simms's voice. Was it not possible that the British were yielding to a bluff? They were always there, jogging your elbow and telling you that you must not do this or not do that. Could it be that Jerry Gahagan was right?

"I don't want to sound like our friend Shakespeare Sophocles Balzac," Merton concluded sourly, "but I was thinking at the session this afternoon of what Kipling said a long time ago about the muddied oafs at the goals and the flanneled fools at the wicket. A great deal has happened since Kipling wrote that, and it has not been good."

"Let's not be smug," Caleb put in characteristically. "We have our own flanneled fools at the net."

Now it was Tom Brace's turn. It was very well, he began, to have an alternative. What they had just heard from Merton Simms had a legitimate sound. But there should be no question about what the reaction of Stoneface would be. He would reject it out of hand. Unfortunately he had all the technicalities and the legalities on his side. Under the rules of the game, the so-called volunteers could not be held to be aggressors, for the very simple reason that they had been invited to help resist the aggression of the French by the sovereign head of an independent state whose name in this instance was Habib Bourguiba. The question to be asked then was what was the next move if the alternative put up to Stoneface was, as it almost certainly would be, rejected by him. Would we then simply retreat to the position that, tentatively at least, had been agreed to this afternoon?

"Not at all, not necessarily," Merton Simms broke in, a note of irritation that was close to anger in his voice. "We would have the choice of simply refusing to associate ourselves with a settlement which was so obviously disadvantageous; forced at the point of a gun, when you come right down to it."

"You're saying we should do what we did in 1954 in the Indochina settlement. Is that what you're saying?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes." On Merton's face, into which a heightened color had come, was a challenging, belligerent look. "Stand clear of the ruin, is what I say. We certainly did not invite this disaster. Let's keep our independence of action."

In the force of Merton's argument and in the almost fierce way in which he put it, there was an attraction. Caleb admitted this to himself, not without a small sense of guilt. If it was not a way out, a broad and honorable avenue of withdrawal, then at least it was a rough escape hatch. Logic and reason might be on Tom Brace's side. But there were times when logic and reason were luxuries that a Secretary of State could not afford. If you could not bring home a victory, then at the very least you could avoid the confession of defeat. There had been too many defeats. In this light, logic and reason seemed almost an affront.

"I should like to make two comments in response to that," Tom Brace said. "First, I think this will put an almost intolerable strain on the western alliance. I think we will seem to be evading our responsibility and letting the British carry the load, and to some degree the French, as we did once before in Indochina ——"

"Nonsense!" Merton brought this out with the violence of a long-pent-up explosion. "We will be taking on responsibilities just as we took them on in Vietnam, saving what can be saved. We will save what can be saved in Tunisia and Libya."

"Let's keep this, among ourselves at least, on an equable plane," Caleb interposed quickly, attempting to give it a humorous sound.

"And the second thing I was going to say," Tom Brace continued as though he had not been interrupted, "was that if we stay together we make this look less like a defeat. By standing together, taking a common position, united we stand, divided we fall."

"We've already fallen," Merton Simms put it sardonically.

There was a knock on the closed door of the living room.

"And there is one thing more I wanted very much to say," Tom Brace persisted. "We should not deceive ourselves into thinking that we were lured into this. While the initiative came from London, we welcomed it. I believe that that is true, is it not? My own belief, and I feel it very strongly, is that we *must* undertake explorations such as this one that's been going on here. It's impossible to go on living with the doors completely shut. For one thing, it's too dangerous. I don't think humanity can—well—tolerate it. There's a terrible sense of claustrophobia. And that is perhaps the most dangerous thing of all—because it is intolerable, the explosion will come, you see ——"

"You're talking simply balderdash." Merton's voice was cold and hard now, the anger deeply overlaid. "We're going to have to live that way for ten years or fifteen years or twenty years or however long. The only other choice is to be nibbled away. Nibbled away in exercises like this. How anyone can fail to see it is more than I can understand."

"Merton, I'm not going to have a row with you."

As Tom Brace paused, looking across at Merton, Caleb Fulton observed that on his face was the familiar expression, a friendly kind of half-mocking challenge, which he now found irritating in the extreme. Tom was carrying on a dialogue for the sake of the dialogue. Or was he? He restrained a petulant desire to break in and quash it.

They were both right. That was the awful truth.

And whichever side you came down on, as he was bound to come down, you were sure to be wrong.

"I haven't the slightest desire to engage in a row," Merton said. "I'm just trying to put a few facts of life as I see them."

"If you'll permit me," Tom glanced over at the Secretary, "I will say one thing more: I seem to be very long-winded. Exactly the same thing would have happened if we had not been in the middle of a conference with the Russians. The conference, the fact that we simply happened to be here together, has added nothing to the complication in North Africa. I think it can be said to be even a kind of a break, since we would have had to find some means for a confrontation when it happened. To talk with them, to try to keep talking about anything, that is what seems to me so terribly important."

In Tom Brace's voice there was a sudden, unmistakable fervor. In the quiet room it was a little startling.

Bill Binkley rose to admit Duke Ziegler. Through the open doors Caleb could see the marine guard on duty in the small foyer. He had never quite got used to this rigmarole. Duke reported that word had just come that the President would be on the wire in from five to ten minutes.

"Well, well," Caleb said as they all rose, "I'm grateful to you. I don't need to tell you that nothing of this must come out. Bill, you've got to hold off our friends of the press for a little while longer. . . . Miss Brownson, I wish you'd stay and then later you can do a memorandum that incorporates the purport of the talk I'm going to have with the President."

So they were gone, and he was left alone in the council tent to face the Great Manitou. Not the President. Oh, no, no Great Manitou he, Caleb thought with a realization that had in it something of defiance, as though he were defying his own fate, knowing how skillfully the President would pass the knife back to him. It was his conscience that he must confront. And did the voice of Tom Brace speak for that conscience? He did not want to think so. Clarabelle was furiously working at her petit point. Odysseus might wander forever, his bones lie rotting on some distant coral strand, and she would go on forever faithful.

"How about a little drink, Duke?" Duke had stayed on, as was always his privilege. "Just a little drink—we've just about got time before the call comes through."

Clarabelle gave him a warning loo' from the sofa.

"Oh, just a little one, dear. You'll have one, Miss Brownson and Duke."

Duke picked up the telephone when it rang. Then after a moment passed it to the Secretary, who sat at the small desk, a pad of scratch paper and his small drink beside him.

The voice came through unnaturally clear and loud. You would never call it an impressive voice. There was a muted note of careful understatement, a caution that damped down even the passages boldly meant and orotundly spoken. "Well, Caleb," the President began, "you certainly are having your troubles over there." This conveyed what to the Secretary was so infuriating. Now, my good man, this attitude seemed to say, will you please get yourself out of this mess?

"Yes, *we* certainly are in trouble." Caleb came down strong on the "we." "I hope you've seen that Teletype repor I sent over about an hour or an hour an a half ago."

"Yes, I've got it here on my desk. That's what I wanted to talk to you about." Abruptly his tone altered. "The boys from the Senate were down here this morning—Briggs, Cole and one or two others—and we talked this thing over. They don't like it at all, Caleb. And you know I'm afraid I don't like it either."

"That goes for me 100 per cent," Caleb said with feeling. "But, Mr. President, we're faced with hard facts. We can get into this deep, so deep that there is no way of getting out. And as you've said all along, Mr. President, this is not like Berlin, it's not an absolute do-or-die position. And I've had that in mind in everything that I've done and said over here in these last few difficult days."

In the pause that followed, it was as though Caleb Fulton could hear the ticking of the clock in the President' office in the distant White House, hear the rumination of the President's mind.

"What's the alternative?" It had come earlier than Caleb had expected. "That's what I want to know. We must have an alternative that we can put up to them. You know we criticized the previous Administration for reacting to what the Communists were doing."

So Caleb Fulton expounded the alternative. As he proceeded, he felt that perhaps he was giving it the force of too much logic, giving it a sound of inevitability. But it was what the President needed to hear at this particular moment.

"That's good, that sounds fine," the President said when he had finished. "I want to read you a sentence or two out of what I'm saying to the Rotary convention here today: 'We shall never lend ourselves to any bargain, or any deal, which seems to put in jeopardy the best interests of our friends and allies in the free world. At the same time we shall work unremittingly for peace through all the channels that we can explore, as w are doing now in Geneva.' That firs sentence fits in pretty well with what you've just outlined to me, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes." Caleb hesitated. "I feel I should tell you there's very little chance that the Russians will accept this. We had a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powwow just now, and Tom Brace is convinced that they will reject it out of hand. So then we're faced with another choice."

He paused. "We could, of course, disassociate ourselves from a compromise settlement, even though we could not prevent it. That may be in the end what we will have to do." He felt a stirring of guilt that he should be offering this as a respectable way out when it was only ratting out, really. "We may have no other choice than that when it comes right down to it."

"I'm inclined to think you're right. A memorandum came over from the Pentagon about half an hour ago. It sounded like Jerry Gahagan's work to me. The British want to cut and run. That's the tenor of it. Of course I must say"—the President's tone was on the judicial side—"they're always ready to jump at a compromise, to make an out. I've been thinking lately that we've saved a lot of this real estate at a tremendous cost to the taxpayer, only to see it lost again, given away without a struggle. I had the figures sent over today on what we've put into Tunisia and Libya. It adds up to a mighty tidy sum. Now, if we let that go ——"

"I know exactly what you mean, Mr. President," Caleb said solemnly. "We've seen this happen too often."

"Well, I've got to run now, Caleb. Fred is here tugging at my elbow. In any event, come back to me again this evening after you've had another go-round with them. Say around five-thirty or six. I'll plan to be free then. And, Caleb, keep your tail over the dashboard. We're lucky we've got you in there."

Caleb put down the telephone. They were waiting for him to speak, and there was so little to say. "We're just going to have to play it by ear," he said lamely.

Miss Brownson was standing, her notebook held in her hand with the air of one who will no longer be put off.

"There is a cable, Mr. Secretary," she said, "about confirmation of your speech on Founders' Day at the state university."

"Let's see, that's toward the end of September, isn't it? Well, all right, go ahead and confirm it. Now I'd like to get a little rest."

"Yes," Clarabelle spoke up in the voice of mock sternness that on occasion she used toward him, "I am going to see to it that you take a rest, or know the reason why."

Faithful Miss Brownson still stood poised with her notebook in her hand. "I hope the menu for tonight will be all right," she said. "I went over it so carefully with the maître d'hôtel."

"Yes, I'm sure it will be all right," Clarabelle interposed firmly. "I put in my two cents' worth when we talked it over, and you're having a mousse with those wonderful fresh raspberries."

"Come on, Harriet," Duke said then to Miss Brownson, "we've got to give these folks a little peace before it starts up all over again."

Caleb Fulton lay in the warm water of his bath, trying to make his mind a blank, trying to erase all the complex writing and overwriting deposited through the long hours of strain. But his mind was like a machine that could not be turned off. Caleb was looking for a niche, a toe hold, some small first step with which to begin to scramble out of the trap. It was what the President expected, and he had no choice, however awkward and absurd he might appear in the process. But the wall had a blank, smooth, altogether baffling look. Perhaps Merton was right. Standing clear of the ruin, you saved what could be saved. The earnestness, the ardor, of Tom Brace's voice came back to him. Was the risk so great after all? The risk of damaging the tie with England? Could not the Russians be counted on, as so often in the past, to insure against that danger? They would move as usual with heavy-footed disdain for those in the gray zone of doubt, insisting that black was black and anyone questioning it a prisoner of the past.

Seated on the bath stool, Clarabelle had begun to read the letter from Arthur and Lucy. His eyes closed, he listened with half an ear.

"'. . . Lucy went up to Exeter for the end of little Caleb's school. He isn't little Caleb any more, being nearly five-feet-eight. You will be pleased to know that he did very well in his school, in the top tenth of his class, much better than last year. Then they went down to New York for the kind of bat that Lucy has always promised him. They spent three days just sight-seeing, the boat tour around Manhattan, the U. N., even the Statue of Liberty. I am so glad they could do it. You know how Lucy believes that she can't leave us alone here, but we got along beautifully. Mrs. Watkins—you remember her from the days when the children were very young—came in to keep an eye on Ellen and Grace, and they both behaved liked angels and so did Charley. It was in a kind of funny way a vacation for us too. The big news for the summer is: no camps. Both Charley and Ellen were dead set against it, for this summer at any rate. So what we're planning to do is all of us pack into the big station wagon and do the West and some of the national parks. Mrs. Watkins may go along to baby-sit with Grace. We want to do Glacier, the redwoods and perhaps Yosemite. Lucy and Caleb and I will get in some fishing. This is a sort of once-in-a-lifetime shot, and we are all looking forward to it.'"

"Isn't that wonderful!" Clarabelle said.

Yes, he nodded his head in assent, his eyes closed, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. He saw them all in the big station wagon, those whom he loved, the flesh of his flesh and the bone of his bone, as on a high plateau, a plateau on which the sun always shone. And was it not his function and perhaps his sole function to defend this plateau which rose so high above

the swamp of the rest of the earth?

They were all happily touring in the big station wagon. The phrase "Fortress America" came into his mind.

"'Dad, I have had something I have wanted to tell you for a long time,'" Clarabelle went on reading. "'I knew that you could not be bothered with it but, now that the decision is taken, I hope you will approve. We have decided to close out the plant on Baker's Mill Road. Abe Davison finally convinced us that it was just too uneconomical to operate for a few months out of the year. I wish it did not have to be. There are some 250 men out there, and some of them have been with Fulton and Company from the time of grandfather. We have got to try to work out something for them. I do hope you will agree that we have taken the only decision that could be taken.'"

"He has such faith in your judgment," Clarabelle said.

"Oh, it had to be," he murmured, his voice sounding as remote as were his thoughts from the plant on Baker's Mill Road and the problem of the men who worked there.

"He encloses a note from Lucy. She says, 'Dear Family: Arthur has told you the news. We are all flourishing, especially the children. They send you their love. We have seen dad on television several times, and we felt that he looked tired. Arthur wants me to tell you that you must try to spare yourself a little bit. He says, "Tell Dad that he can't save the world all by himself." We are all very proud of you, and even Grace when she sees you on TV gets excited and calls "grandfather." With love from all of us, Lucy.'"

Folding the letter, she was silent. Stealing a glance at her through half-closed eyes, he saw that for a moment emotion of some sort had come over her. She was bent over almost as though in prayer. For Clarabelle this was rare.

"Oh, they're so dear," she said after a bit, and he detected in her voice a tremulous note oddly out of character.

Did she sense that the little party, Grace, Charley, Ellen and little Caleb and their parents and sweet Mrs. Watkins, touring in the big station wagon on the sunlit plateau, were somehow menaced? Did Clarabelle share his gnawing doubt not for the distant future, that unfathomable darkness that lay ahead a year or two years, but for tomorrow and day after tomorrow and what terrors they might bring? He felt strengthened, as though he had discovered that a long-existing bond was stronger and deeper than he had ever suspected. What was that French saying? *Sauve qui peut*. Could one save one's self and let the others go? This was a question which a Secretary of State must, no matter how great his devotion to the free world, to the allies, to the uncommitted people, to all the splendid ideals written so large, ask himself when confronted with choices that were so grim. The answer was "no," loudly and unmistakably "no." How many orators had uttered this resounding "no" since the war! Yet the temptation remained. It beckoned, a fata morgana across the long bleak wasteland. To Geoffrey Hawkes, too, this same temptation in a different form must surely have occurred. You could make a bargain, a compact, to stand free of the encumbrances of the alliance. There were voices raised in England urging just this. But again the "no" must be loud and resounding, for it would be a compact with the devil written in witches' blood and therefore carrying with it its own doom. Tom Brace presumed a little too much. And yet you had to see it from that other perspective. The doors could not all be kept forever closed.

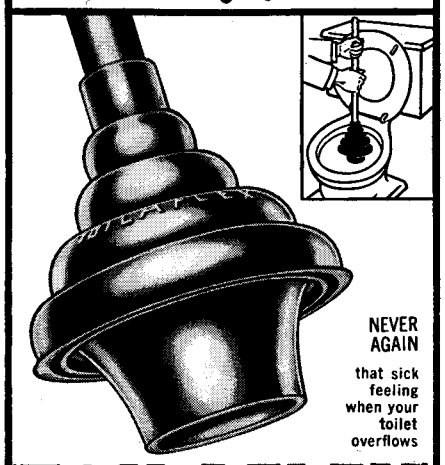
"What time is it?" he asked, rousing himself.

"You've got just under twenty minutes," Clarabelle said. "Now, if you get out of there, you can have about ten minutes to lie down and, while you're lying down, I'll massage your scalp."

She fixed the studs and cuff links in his evening shirt as he dried himself and put on his dressing gown. It was a comfortable feeling, having her fuss over him in this way, hearing the clucking-hen noises she made. The pain and panic fear of only a few hours before were banished under her ministration, the familiar assurances of this warm and familiar environment.

TO BE CONTINUED

POWERFUL NEW PLUNGER CLEARS
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



NEVER AGAIN
that sick feeling when your toilet overflows

TOILAFLEX®
Toilet ALL-ANGLE Plunger

Ordinary plungers just don't seat properly. They permit compressed air and water to splash back. Thus you not only have a mess, but you lose the very pressure you need to clear the obstruction.

With "Toilaflex", expressly designed for toilets, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

- DOUBLE-SIZE CUP, DOUBLE-PRESSURE
- DESIGNED TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
- CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKID AROUND
- TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR-TIGHT FIT

$2.65 fully guaranteed
AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery
STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

WHY NOT EARN MORE?
You can easily earn money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
437 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

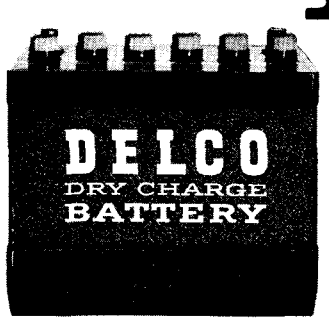
Fill Cracks And Holes Better
Handles like putty. Hardens like wood.
PLASTIC WOOD®
The *Genuine* – Accept No Substitute.

Odorless . . . Quick Dry
Clean brush with water
Kyanize
the good choice in PAINTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUST START?

simply say Delco

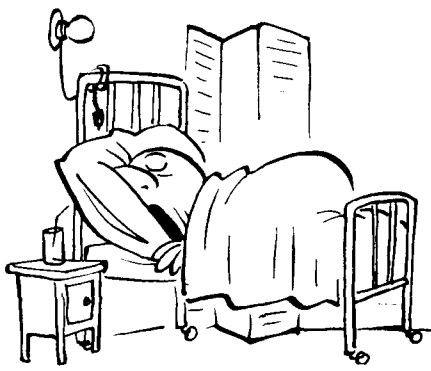


Whether you drive ambulances . . . sedans . . . or hard bargains for a living, you need 100% fresh starting power. That's why so many folks simply say Delco. You see, dependable Delco DC-12 Dry Charge Batteries have activator fluid added *after* you buy. Your Delco battery stays fresh on the dealer's shelf . . . so it's ready for work when *you* are! ■ So for sure-fire starts, all the power you pay for, and the *right* power for your car—simply say Delco. Play it safe, say it *soon* to the dealer who displays Delco! **Delco Batteries** are distributed nationally through **United Delco**.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE, Division of General Motors

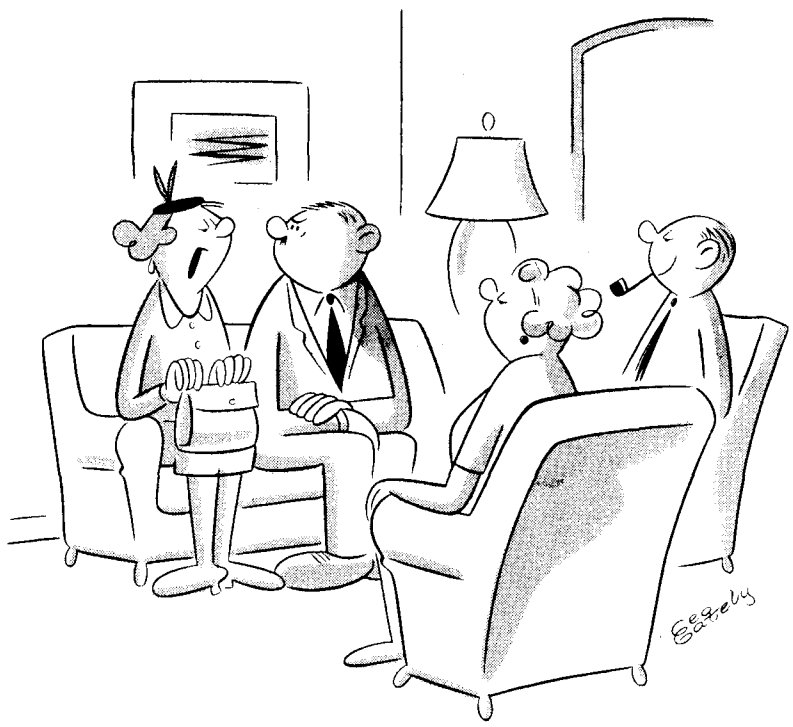
United Delco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



post cripts

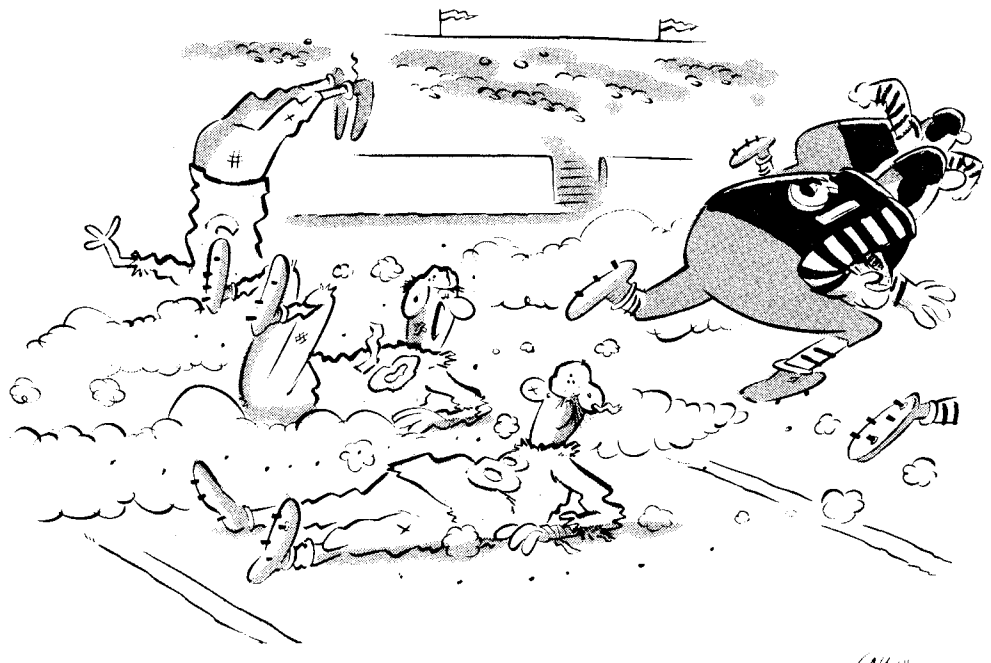
"I'll leave the phrasing to you. In a warmhearted, cheerful manner tell that dead beat we're going to lower the boom."



"We're living the same gay, mad whirl that any other couple does on seventy-five dollars a week."

"A fine guide you are, Pierre—two days in these woods and we still haven't seen a bear."

BILL SHELLY



"Their Humanities Department leaves a lot to be desired." GALLAGHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have an appointment."

"This time we're playing it smart—I've paid off the cavalry!"

SUBURBAN NOCTURNE

The Pruetts' Doberman
barks and barks,
A captain of canine grouches.
Its yapping maddens
the poor McFaddens,
Who rise
from their rumpled couches
And turn on their TV
good and loud.
This rouses the Browns'
small moppet,
Whose angry howls
awaken the Powells,
Who yell at the Browns
to stop it.

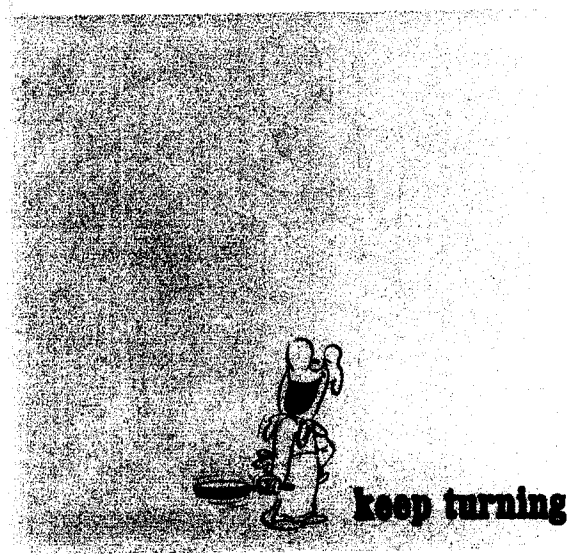
The Browns switch
all of their house lights on,
Including their
shadeless porch light,
Which shines in the eyes
of the neighboring Frys
With the glare
of a well-trained torch light.
The Frys try phoning
the Pruetts then
To offer some terse
instruction
On quieting dogs,
but the Pruetts are logs
Who sleep
through the whole production!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

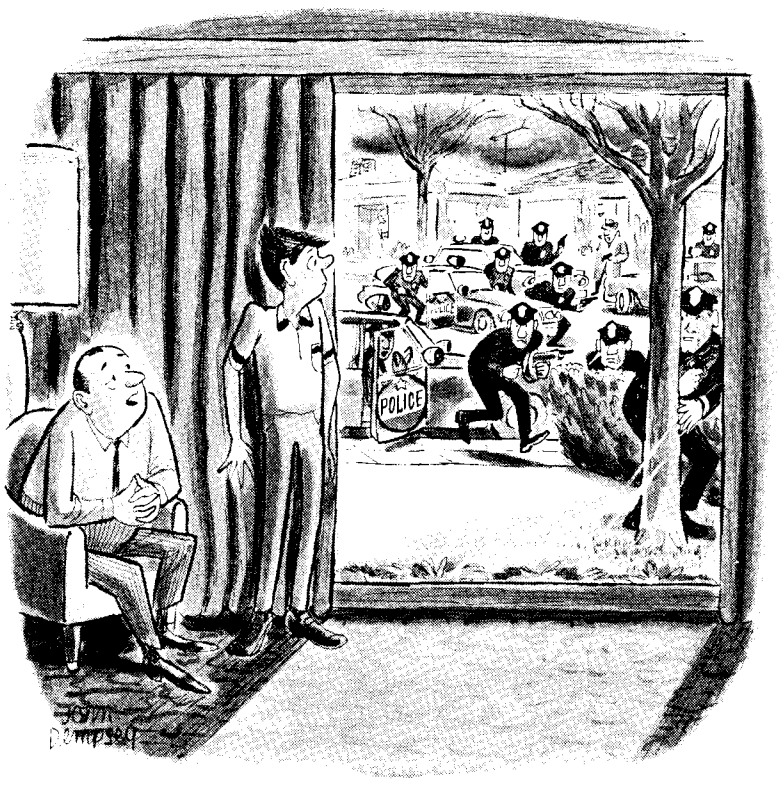
"Trick or treat?"

"How many snorts are there in this one?"

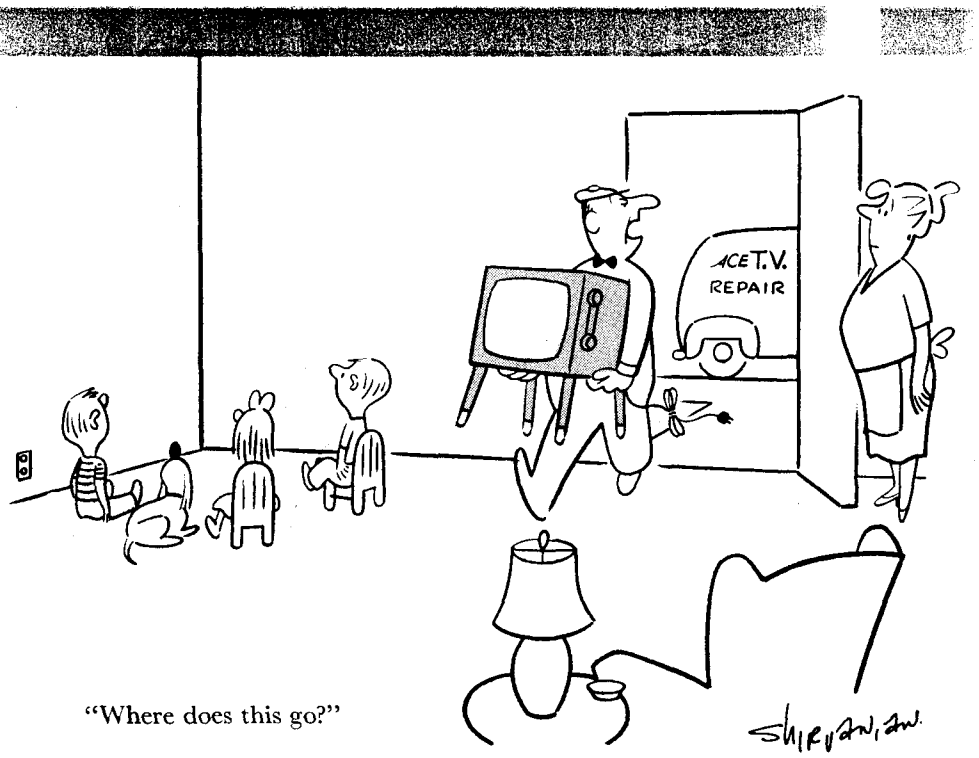


LICENSED TO LINX.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

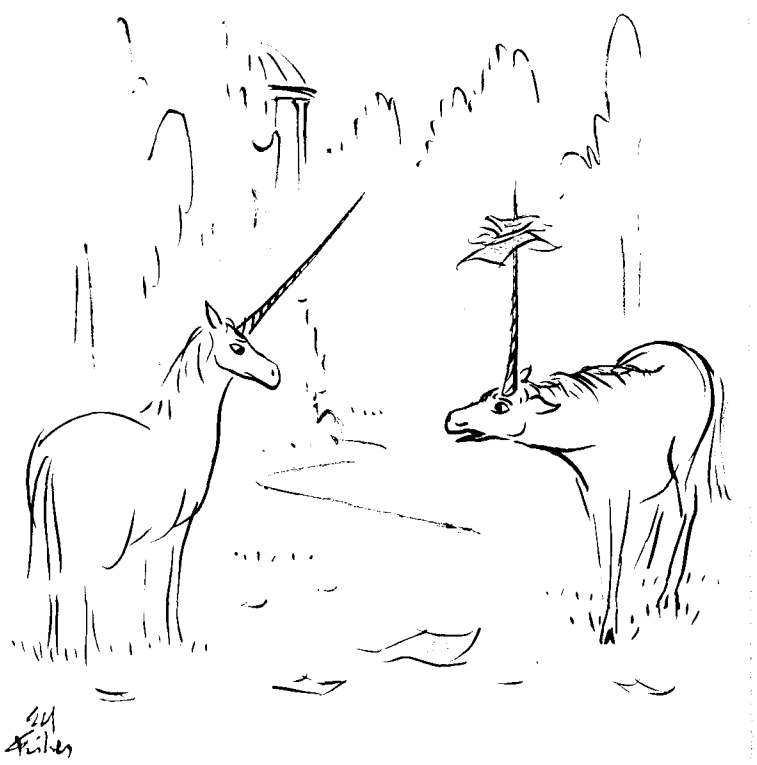
"He's at the climbing age."



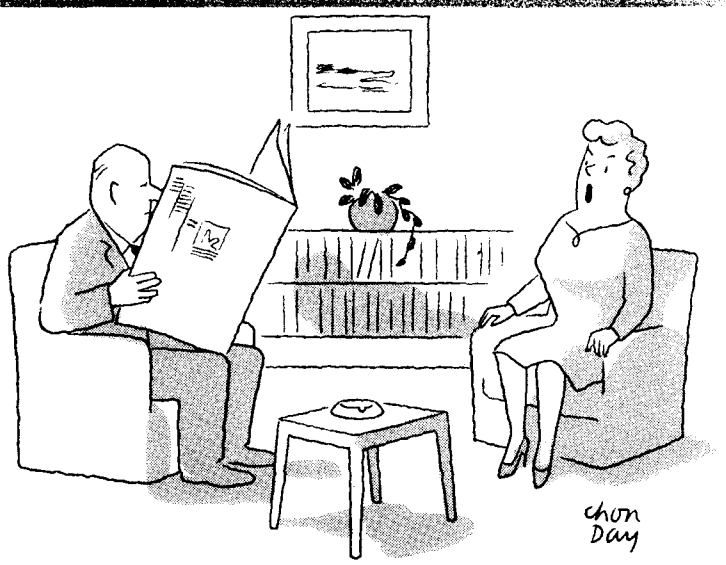
"Care to tell me about it, son?"



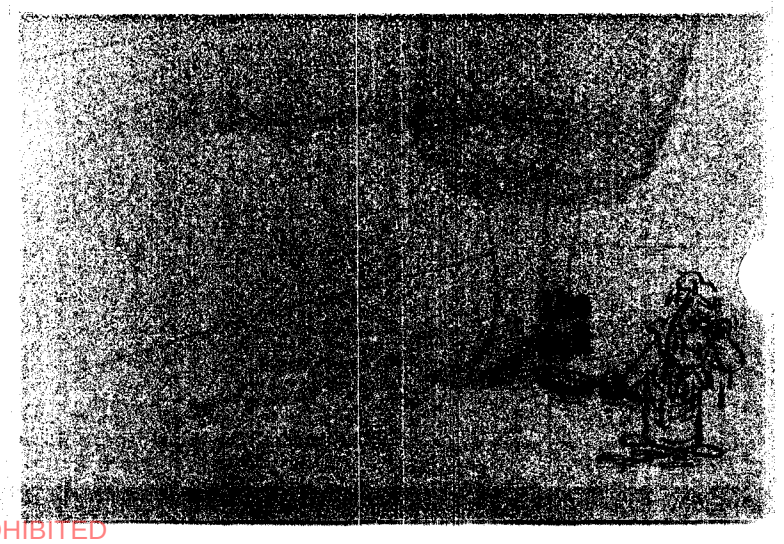
"Where does this go?"



"It's a living."

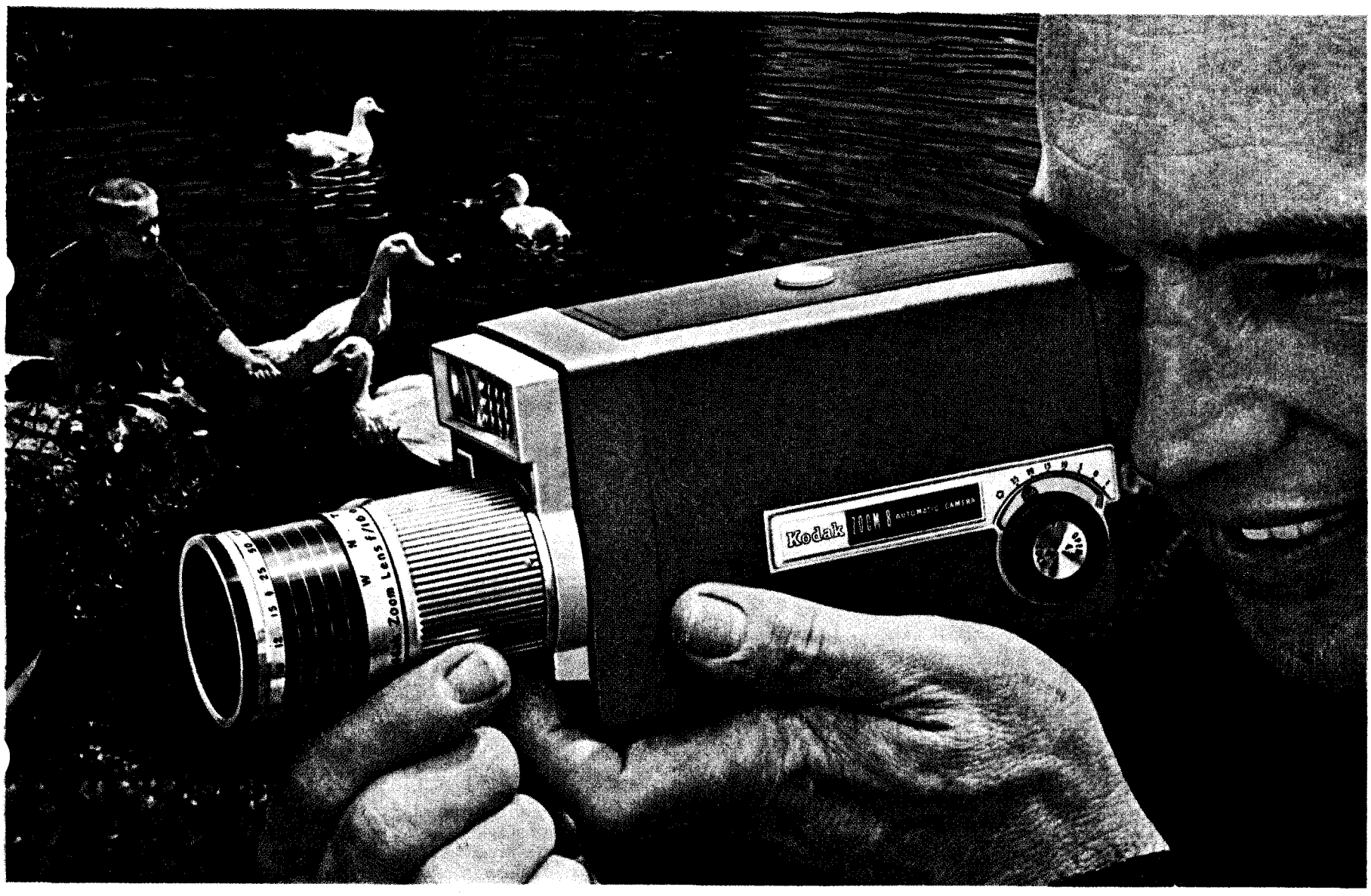


"Do we have to age *this* quietly?"



LICENSED TO MN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New! Kodak Zoom 8 Automatic Camera LESS THAN $110



Zoom lens! Electric eye! Dramatic new interest for your movies!

Imagine! You can zoom in for a screen-filling close-up—or zoom out for a breath-taking panoramic shot—simply by rotating the lens of the new ***Kodak Zoom 8 Automatic Camera.*** It's that easy! And because the brilliant optical viewfinder is coupled to the *f*/1.6 lens, you see the zooming action *as it happens!*

This fine Kodak 8mm movie camera has an electric eye that sets the exposure *for* you, instantly and automatically, indoors and out. A signal warns you when the light is too dim. For most scenes, you can leave the zoom lens set for fixed-focus operation. However, it can be set at any distance from 6 feet to infinity. A built-in "Type A" filter lets you shoot indoors or out with the same roll of color film.

Other Kodak quality features: Quick, fumble-free loading . . . footage meter resets automatically after loading . . . sturdy die-cast construction.

See for yourself what makes this movie camera such an extraordinarily fine value—less than $110, or as little as $11 down at most dealers'.

Without moving a single step, you can zoom in close by rotating the lens of the Kodak Zoom 8 Automatic Camera!

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S
"WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR"
SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

Price subject to change without notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT TO A MATCH
IT'S THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST LIGHTER
LETS YOU KNOW WHEN THE FUEL IS LOW
The luxurious little lighter that lets you always see the fuel. Features the Windguard hood, an extra stowaway flint, and permanent wick.
the new "Compact"
VU-lighter
by Scripto
"Compact" Vu-Lighter Deluxe (choice of colors) $4.50
Standard Size Vu-Lighter (choice of colors and inserts) $3.95
Prices incl. Fed. Tax. Available in Canada
IDEAL BUSINESS GIFT—Your firm name or trademark in the clear fuel reservoir. Write for prices.
P.O. Box 4996, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.
Made in U.S.A.

Let a little BEAR...get your package there!
SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE
BEAR
Carton Sealing Tape
Why not be sure with this impregnated-paper, pressure-sensitive tape, built to surpass rigid shipper's specifications. Get details about the fastest growing line of tapes, for packaging, masking and general purpose applications from Department SP-11, Behr-Manning Co., Troy, N. Y., a division of Norton Company.
BEAR tapes
ANOTHER NORTON PRODUCT

FEET HURT?
Foot and Leg Pains Are Often Symptoms of Weak, Fallen Arch
Neglect Means More Pain
Get Relief The Dr. Scholl Way!
Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise quickly relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains caused by arch weakness. Light, flexible, adjustable. Made of metal, leather, foam rubber, plastic. Worn in any shoe. For men, women, children. At Shoe, Department, Drug Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.
Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS
THUM TRADE MARK
Just Paint on Fingertips 70c at your drug store
Discourage THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING
You have a use for
KRYLON ®
SPRAY PAINT
In Ready-to-Use Aerosol
IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!
WOOD ROTTING?
fix it quick with
PLASTIC WOOD®
Handles like putty—hardens like wood!

HOW SMART ARE COMPUTERS?

continued from page 25

One might think that a computer would be limited because it deals only with numbers. The numbers, however, can stand for letters, words, mathematical signs, musical notes. Similarly, one might expect any particular computer to have procedural limitations in handling numbers, no matter what they represent. This is not the case. The late A. M. Turing, an English mathematical logician, has shown that a simple computer can match the performance of the most elaborate computer.

Turing made a mathematical study of the capabilities of a simple computer called a "Turing machine." This hypothetical computer employs an infinitely long tape which the machine can move back or forth one step at a time. At each step the machine can read the symbol written on that particular spot on the tape, erase the symbol and write a new one.

Turing proved that a machine of this type, which is called a "universal Turing machine," could "compute any computable number." (We have seen that a number can designate a letter, word or anything else.) "Computing any computable number" should be understood as "arriving at any answer if we can specify clearly and exactly a procedure, however complicated, for arriving at that answer." The result of Turing's theorizing is extremely important, for it shows that the operational limitations of present computers are not mechanical or electronic—though they can, of course, lack sufficient speed or memory. The principal limiting factor of the computer is human direction in the form of a program which will guide the machine in a given task.

Thus programing is the greatest intellectual challenge in the world of computers. Without a program, a computer is a senseless heap of complexity. With a program, a computer may be an accounting machine, a model of a battle or a checkers-playing machine. A computer can carry out only those operations specified by the programmer. If the programmer knows the sequence of steps which will lead to a desired result, he can direct the computer to reach that result. If he does not, the machine is useless. The "how" must come from the human mind.

Certain procedures can be stored in a computer. Also, by using programs called compilers, a computer can be directed to carry out some of the routine chores of programing. A computer can, for instance, translate one form of symbolism to another. The attached table gives an example of part of a program for adding the numbers in two columns, expressed first in a compiler language called FORTRAN (Formula Translation), then as translated by the computer into a language called FAP (FORTRAN Assembly Program), and finally as a translation made by the computer of the FAP commands into the binary machine language.

This is literally translating one language into another, but the languages are not natural languages; they are artificial languages devised to be completely unambiguous and logical. In the course of this translation the computer makes an orderly assignment of input data to locations in the memory and so relieves the programmer of this chore. But someone has to write the compiler program which directs the computer to do this; the computer does exactly what it is told to do. Because programs are complicated and because each step of a solution depends on the outcome of previous steps, a programmer may not be able to predict the outcome of a computation. But he knows that the rules used in the various operations will be carried out, for he specified them. A successful outcome depends on whether he specified correctly.

The advent of sophisticated computers has led speculative men to attempt the programing of particularly challenging and difficult tasks such as language translation, recognition of spoken words, proving theorems—with curious results.

While computers can translate one artificial, unambiguous, logical mathematical language into another with ease, efforts to make them translate, say, Russian into English have been disappointing. Dr. J. Francis Weiss of the Library of Congress found that with his knowledge of chemistry he could understand a machine translation of a Russian article on chemistry, but it took him about four times as long to read it as it would to read a conventional translation. Computers can be equipped with microphones to pick up sounds, or with photocells and other scanning devices that can "see" objects. By using such inputs, computers have been made to recognize a few words spoken by a few people, but not many words spoken by many people. The electronic voice-operated typewriter is still far from a reality. Computers have been made to recognize simple, uniform print, but they cannot read fanciful varieties of type face. Also, they cannot recognize a person in a photograph.

Computers can be programed to play simple games, such as tick tack toe, perfectly. A multimillion-dollar computer has been made to play checkers better than most people, but not as well as an expert. Computer-played chess is poor stuff. Some computer programs can prove some mathematical theorems, but rather slowly. One computer proves very simple theorems, such as those in *Principia Mathematica*, very rapidly. None can compete with a good mathematician.

Such experience has a profound effect on the attitude of men who work with computers and other complicated machines. They realize that just as men are not machines, machines are certainly not men; that as the capabilities of airplanes and automobiles differ from those of birds and horses, so do the capabilities of computers differ from those of intelligent beings. Though faster, computers are less versatile than human beings, because they are formed of fewer parts. Moreover, the brains of men and animals are organized in a very complicated way, which we scarcely understand. We can study many of the complicated phenomena of living organisms, but we do not know how they come into play.

If, for example, a computer is to translate faithfully, it must be able to parse a sentence. It must be able to indicate that some combinations of words form clauses, others phrases, and to associate modifiers with the words, phrases or clauses they modify. It must be able to identify the subject and the predicate of the sentence.

To do all this the computer requires explicit rules. Grammar books give rules, but these leave a good deal to human judgment. In a particular sentence, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance, are the letters l-e-a-d to be interpreted as a noun or a verb? This presents no difficulty to a reader, for he sees that the sentence is grammatical and meaningful with one interpretation and not the other. We find similar difficulties in all parsing. The rules remind us what to do, but they do not tell us in detail how to do it. In view of this handicap, it is remarkable that programmers have made substantial progress in making computers parse simple English text.

Attempts to make computers do various difficult tasks have shown us how many different abilities we ourselves must use, in complicated combinations, to accomplish such tasks. I have noted, for instance, that computers can identify a few words spoken by a few speakers, but that the identification becomes inaccurate when many words or many speakers are involved. We can understand the words of a speaker with a heavy accent. When we listen to speech in a noisy room we can make use of context and meaning in distinguishing a word, even though the noise obscures it. We cannot give explicit rules to make a computer do this. We can say in general concerning the human performance of complicated tasks that we understand neither the simple abilities involved nor how they are combined to aid and check one another.

In the past a rule was acceptable if it proved useful to men. A theory purporting to explain some human behavior or ability was judged sound if it satisfied our requirements. We now see that many rules and theories serve merely as guide lines for our thinking. Computers and other complicated machines have set a new and higher standard of validity; rules and theories are complete only if they enable us to write a program which will make a computer do the task. A grammar is satisfactory when it is complete and explicit for use in programing a computer to parse a sentence. A theory of human behavior—say, of learning—is valid only if it enables us to program a computer to learn.

It seems to me that this new realization of our lack of understanding and this new and stringent test of the validity of rules and theories are two of the most profound and valuable outcomes of work with computers. Machines can follow only explicit and complete rules and theories. Men should be satisfied only with complete and explicit rules and theories, whether fallible or infallible.

The question of fallibility is important, for there are two courses open in programing computers to do some very complicated tasks, such as proving mathematical theorems. One course is to seek a set of rules which guarantees success, if success is possible. Another is to use what computer experts call heuristic rules. By this they mean that during its work the computer should examine what it has already accomplished and on this basis try certain prescribed procedures that have in the past sometimes led to success, even though it cannot be shown logically that the procedures will lead to success on this occasion.

Proponents of the heuristic approach claim that it corresponds to human behavior, that it is necessary to solve complicated problems, and that its use will enable the machines to solve problems quickly. These assertions may or may not be true; certainly they have not yet been demonstrated. What further work will show is one of the most fascinating questions involving computers.

Among the challenging possibilities of the future is an increased linking of machines through electrical communication. From business offices they could be made to transmit information to large computers or headquarters. The problems involved resemble those of our automatic telephone exchanges, for in dialing a long-distance number we control "computers" in a central office, and these in turn control other "computers" far away. Someday large central computers may control small computers in automobiles to give better mobile telephone service.

Another challenge is to enable the expert programmer to use a computer more easily for various important nonnumerical tasks, such as the simplification of algebraic expressions and the preparation of indexes. It may even be possible one day to make certain specialized kinds of programing so easy that a novice can write programs after half an hour or so of instruction.

For some tasks there cannot be infallible rules guaranteeing success. Presumably, a person who writes or speaks intends to write or speak particular words, yet some poorly written or slovenly pronounced words are incomprehensible. Thus, we cannot hope to establish completely foolproof rules for the recognition of words or pictures or for the translation of one natural language into another. Even humans make mistakes in such tasks. Human mistakes in this particular area are, however, so few compared to those made by machines that the human performance constitutes an infinitely superior order of activity.

Will we someday make computers perform such tasks better by making them imitate human behavior in detail? At present we cannot answer that question, because we know so little about human beings. For instance, we know very little about what sort of information the sense organs transmit to the brain. We know the human eye cannot perceive an object unless the eye moves continually so as to shift the image on the retina. Complex layers of interconnected cells lie between the light-sensitive cells of the retina and the nerve fibers of the optic nerve, and a complicated processing of nerve signals occurs before information can travel to the brain. The brain itself contains all sorts of obscure nerve interconnections. In brief, we do not know accurately what reaches the brain from the eye, and we have only the vaguest notion of what happens to it when it gets there. That the visual field is situated on the surface of the brain is an interesting fact, but it is not profoundly helpful. It does nothing to explain, for instance, why our mental image of a room stands still while our eyes move from one direction to another.

The study of human anatomy, physiology and psychology is fascinating and rewarding, but I can scarcely believe it will tell us directly and in detail how to make computers perform complicated tasks any more than a study of horses would tell us how to make an automobile. Indeed, it may be more plausible to assume that we will learn about human beings by programing the computers to do more complicated tasks.

TABLE

Part of Program in FORTRAN	Corresponding Part of Program in FAP		
C (I) = A(I) + B(I)	037	17A	CLA A+1,1
	040		FAD B+1,1
	041		STØ C+1,1
SUM A = SUM A + A(I)	042		CLA SUM A
	043		FAD A+1,1
	044		STØ SUM A
SUM B = SUM B + B(I)	045		CLA SUM B
	046		FAD B+1,1
	047		STØ SUM B
SUM C = SUM C + C(I)	050		CLA SUM C
	051		FAD C+1,1
	052		STØ SUM C

Corresponding Part of Program in Machine Language

001001111	000101000000000000	001000000011001100
001100000	000011000000000000	001000000011000010
001100001	000110000001000000	001000000010111000
001100010	000101000000000000	000000000010101100
001100011	000011000000000000	001000000011001100
001100100	000110000001000000	000000000010101100
001100101	000101000000000000	000000000010101011
001100110	000011000000000000	001000000011000010
001100111	000110000001000000	000000000010101011
001101000	000101000000000000	000000000010101010
001101001	000011000000000000	001000000010111000
001101010	000110000000000000	000000000010101010

For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Pierce, John R.
Symbols, Signals and Noise
Harper and Brothers
$6.50

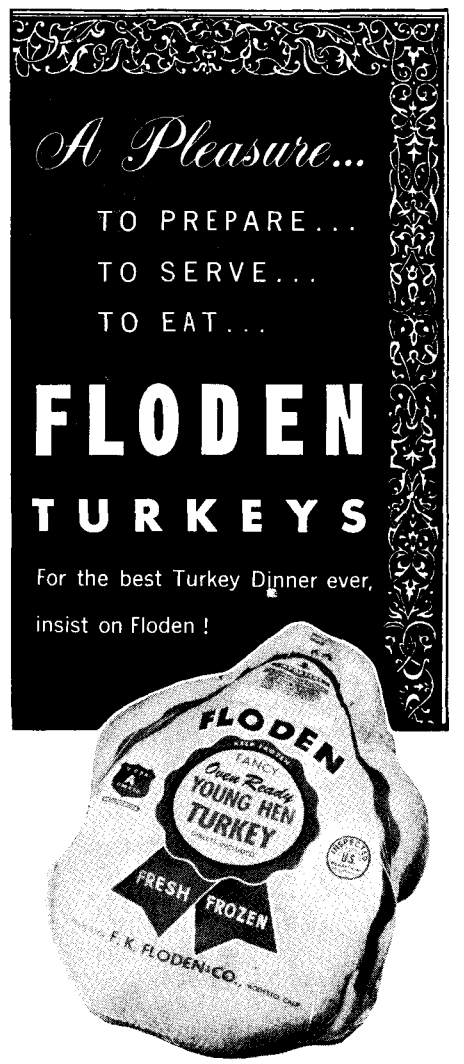
Crowder, Norman A.
Arithmetic of Computers
Doubleday
$3.95

Newman, James (ed.)
World of Mathematics
(Volume 4, Part 19)
Simon and Schuster
paperback, four volumes
$9.95

McCormick, E. M.
Digital Computer Primer
McGraw-Hill
$7.50

Stibitz, George R. and Larrivee, Jules A.
Mathematics and Computers
McGraw-Hill
$5.00

YELLO-BOLE
makes any tobacco smoke milder because it's caked with HONEY
Try your favorite tobacco in Yello-Bole. It starts honey mild—smokes honey mild—stays honey mild. Buy Yello-Bole—you'll like it.
Wide variety of shapes with Kleer-Stem
Yello-Bole Premier with Kleer-Stem $3.50
Other Yello-Bole pipes and sets $1.95 to $5.95
Write Dept. Y22 for free booklet on pipe smoking
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., New York 22, N. Y.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continued from Page 31

He nodded less positively.

"Wish I could help, but it's against the new rules. Well, I guess old Fong won't charge us for window-shopping."

The interior was dark and musty, with pleasantly disturbing smells. A fat Chinese in a kimono stepped forward, shook hands with himself and bowed. "How pleasant, Mr. Kemp," he said. "Something special I can show you?"

"Not me today, Fong. Perhaps the grandson might be interested in your wares." The Chinese gave Hollister a bow all to himself.

Putting his hand in his pocket for the reassuring feel of his allowance, the quarter and the dime, Hollister pointed to a stone crock and blurted, "What's that stuff, Mr. Fong?"

"Grapefruit rinds in soy sauce."

"And that?"

"Salted goose eggs."

"And this?"

"Pickled ginger."

He repeated the name to himself, feeling his mouth pucker yearningly.

Grandpa was watching him in amusement. "Ever have any of that, boy?"

He shook his head wistfully.

"Can't tell what you've been missing all these years."

Hollister turned to Mr. Fong, torn by indecision. "Does it taste *very* good?"

Then grandpa laughed, squeezing his shoulder. "Do what you want and take your chances."

He hesitated, balancing his father's silent disapproval against the lure of pickled ginger. "I guess I better not."

Mr. Fong walked them to the door. "I have some delicious snails, Mr. Kemp. Picked fresh this morning."

"Ah, Fong, the mere thought of your snails makes me salivate. But my daughter-in-law won't allow them houseroom."

Following them outside, Hollister was relieved that he had made the right decision. Tonight, when he showed father that he'd saved his whole allowance, and when father proudly matched it penny for penny as they put it in the bank, it would be worth it.

A few blocks more, and they dropped down into a pleasant little park. There were benches with people reading or just watching the sun on the grass. A Chinese boy a little older than himself was shining a sailor's shoes.

"This is Portsmouth Square," grandpa said in his proud, naming voice. "Robert Louis Stevenson used to come here for inspiration. A great author. See that galleon over there?" He pointed to a monument topped with a bronze ship. "That was put up in his memory."

"Robert Louis Stevenson," the boy repeated dutifully.

"Across the street's the Hall of Justice," grandpa continued, lowering himself onto a bench and taking a book from his coat pocket. "That's where they'll put you if you disturb me for the next half hour or so."

The boy looked over at the large square building, saw a policeman coming out and an ordinary man going in. Laughing, he said, "They won't either. What's your book called today, grandpa?"

"*The Pocket Treasury of Trunk Murders.* Now run along and fraternize with the squirrels."

Hollister edged away, keeping where grandpa could see him in case he got tired of reading. Then, spotting a pigeon strutting down the gravel path, he began stalking it. A peanut landed in front of it. Hollister looked up to see the sailor in his new-shined shoes.

"How you doing, mate? Want some peanuts?"

"No, thank you," Hollister lied, following strict orders.

"You here today with your big sister?"

Hollister shook his head.

"I was afraid you weren't."

He would have liked to ask the sailor if he lived in a battleship, but a rush of shyness made him turn away. He noticed a drinking fountain and hurried over to it, as if this were what he'd intended all along. When he finished drinking, a man was waiting his turn. He took a big, deliberately noisy drink, winking at Hollister, then wiped his mouth with a sigh. He'd forgotten to shave this morning.

"Old mother nature's champagne. Not much kick to it," he said, "but it takes up space." He glanced across the street at the Hall of Justice. "The Frisco slammer," he commented wearily. "A home away from home."

"San Francisco," Hollister said automatically.

COMING IN NEXT WEEK'S POST

How Wicked Is LAS VEGAS?

BY PETER WYDEN

The man gave a startled grin. "Excuse me; I forgot, I been out of town for a while." He had a large red face that looked as if it were outdoors a lot and, like grandpa, he seemed to dress in the nearest thing at hand. "What's your name, son?"

"Hollister Kemp the Second."

"Sounds like a fine old San Francisco name. I guess you kind of like this town, Hollister."

"Sure," he said. "Don't you?"

"Oh, I like it fine," the man said quickly. "The hospitality's great." He nodded wryly at the Hall of Justice. "They always keep a suite reserved for me."

Hollister searched for an observation of equal importance. "My grandpa was in the department," he offered.

The man seemed interested. "Is he here, by any chance?"

Hollister pointed vaguely behind him. "He's reading."

"Yeah, well, I just remembered an appointment. See you around."

Anxious to hold him, the boy called out the most important thing of all. "He was a tillerman!"

The man hesitated. "What's a tillerman?"

"He drives the fire engine *back*ward," Hollister said triumphantly.

"Well, now, imagine that!" the man laughed. He came on back.

Mastering his shyness, the boy asked, "What's your name?"

"Me? Oh, I'm Richard Roe."

Now that he'd regained Mr. Roe's attention, Hollister tried to think of some topic to sustain it. "I got twenty-three dollars and forty cents," he said, wondering if it was worth mentioning.

It seemed to be, from Mr. Roe's expression. "You got it on you?" he asked. Hollister didn't understand. "Where is it, Hollister?"

"It's in the bank," he answered. Then seeing Mr. Roe start to leave again, he said quickly, "And I'll have thirty-five cents more tonight and another thirty-five cents more from my father."

"Yeah? How come?"

"'Cause I saved my whole allowance this week," Hollister told him proudly, jingling the dime and quarter in his pocket.

Mr. Roe seemed to think that was pretty clever. "Nice going, Hollister. Tell me, what're you gonna do with it?"

"When I get twenty-five dollars, I'm going to buy a good growth stock."

Mr. Roe gave him a pitying smile. "That's no good."

"It isn't?" Hollister asked.

"Course not. Stocks are only paper, you know that."

"Yes, but ——"

"What can you do with paper if a crash comes? Build a fire and roast some spuds—if you got some spuds. Right?"

"I—I guess so."

"Now, you take a piece of solid land, like this little property I got here—that's something else." Mr. Roe glanced complacently around the square, stooped to pluck a clump of grassy earth. "Feel this here soil, Hollister. You could grow strawberries on it, raise turkeys—anything you like."

Hollister blinked up at him. "You mean, you own all this?"

"That's right."

The boy stared at him in new respect. "Did you know Mr. Stevenson?"

"Who?"

He pointed to the bronze galleon. "Robert Louis Stevenson."

"Oh, that Mr. Stevenson. Why, sure, Hollister. He's the man that sold me Portsmouth Square here." Mr. Roe grinned engagingly. "And I'll bet you'd never guess how much it cost."

"Ten hundred dollars?"

Chuckling, Mr. Roe said. "That's probably what it would bring, all right. But it only cost me just a single dollar. You know why? Because it was a nominal payment. You follow me, Hollister?"

The boy thought about it, then remembered that his father had worked for the government once, and they paid him with a dollar check, and he framed it, and the government told him to cash it so they could balance their books.

"I can see you're familiar with the term," Mr. Roe said. "In other words, Mr. Stevenson didn't want to make a profit on me. And that's the way I'll feel when I sell out. I just want to locate someone that'll give it decent care."

"You mean you're only going to sell it for a dollar?"

"Providing I can find the right kind of party," Mr. Roe reminded him.

"But why do you want to go and sell it, Mr. Roe?"

"Got to, Hollister. Can't stand all this fog." He coughed painfully. "Rough on the old respiratory system."

The boy was shocked. "Don't you like the fog?"

"Oh, sure, Hollister, I love the fog. But if a man's got to protect his health what're you gonna do?" He gave a brief skeptical glance at the people sitting or strolling. "Now, the only question is who can I sell it to?"

Hollister waited in an agony of hope, knowing it was useless. How could he even dream of owning Portsmouth Square? Then, while he held his breath, Mr. Roe's eyes slowly settled on him, Hollister. He gave a couple of firm nods, as if he'd resolved to take a chance.

"Tell you what I'm gonna do, Hollister. I'm a good snap judge of character. That's how I got where I am today. You look like you could handle the responsibility. You got a dollar?"

The boy's pulse leaped at the impossibility come true. "No, but I can borrow it from grandpa on my allowance!" He started to race off, but Mr. Roe called him back.

"No, wait. He'd only want it for himself."

Hollister stared at him, on the edge of tears. "He wouldn't either!"

"I didn't mean it that way," Mr. Roe said hastily. "The point is, this is just between you and me, Right?"

Hollister nodded dubiously.

"How much could you raise in ready cash, Hollister?"

"Only thirty-five cents," he said.

And then he heard Mr. Roe sigh patiently and say, "Well, then, I guess thirty-five cents'll have to do."

The boy's head shot up. "Do you *mean* it?"

Smiling, Mr. Roe nodded and held his hand out. Hollister jerked the coins from his pocket before Mr. Roe could change his mind. Just then a couple wandered up the path and took the bench beside them. Pocketing the money with a quick, careless gesture, Mr. Roe said, "O.K., Hollister, it's all yours. Now you'll excuse me 'cause I got to catch my train to Arizona any minute." He started to walk off.

"Is that all there is to it?" Things had happened too fast for comprehension.

"Oh, well, of course there's the formal ceremony. Glad you reminded me," Mr. Roe said impatiently. "Let's just step over here a little ways."

Jubilantly Hollister followed him some distance down the slope. And now Mr. Roe produced the largest key ring Hollister had ever seen. Carefully sorting through it, he selected a small rusty key.

"Hold this over your heart while I pronounce the following words," he said, glancing around cautiously. "I, Richard Roe, being the natural heir of Robert Louis Stevenson, do bequeath to Hollister Kemp the Second this key to Portsmouth Square, together with its ownership in full fief and perpetuity; ashes to ashes, dust to dust; let us now bow our heads in prayer before we partake of the soup." Hollister bowed his head and waited till it got uncomfortable. When he timidly raised it, Mr. Roe was gone.

The boy could have believed it was all a daydream. But the solid evidence of the key, gripped tightly in his palm, was complete, luxurious belief. He looked around, one eye in wonder and the other on reform. The first thing to catch his gaze was a patch of yellow flowers. One of them looked stepped on. While he was debating what to do about it, a more urgent problem demanded his attention. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best Gift of all for family fun

Push a button—play a beautiful chord. Play the melody on the regular keyboard. It's so easy...colored buttons pushed by your left hand produce the bass notes and chords. Numbers show which keys to play with the right hand to produce the melody. You don't have to know a single note. Just follow the easy-to-read numbers in the special song book and you'll be playing your favorite melody in minutes. Never has a piano been so exciting—so easy to learn—so much fun.

The ElectraChord Piano can also be played in the regular way. To transform it to the ElectraChord easy-to-play piano—just turn a switch. Either way, you will delight in its rich tone and quality.

Stop in at your piano dealer, sit down at this marvelous instrument. He'll explain it to you simply and quickly. While you are there, you'll learn to play one of your favorite songs. It's as easy as that.

The ElectraChord has been developed and is manufactured by the Wood and Brooks Company, internationally famous for piano keys and actions used in the world's finest pianos.

ELECTRAChord®
PATENTS PENDING

The Piano
you can play in minutes

These leading piano manufacturers are now supplying ElectraChord Pianos to their dealers throughout the United States:

Everett Piano Company
South Haven, Michigan

The Wurlitzer Company
DeKalb, Illinois

P. A. Starck Piano Company
2160 North Ashland Avenue
Chicago 14. Illinois

Story & Clark Piano Company
28 East Jackson Boulevard
Chicago 4, Illinois

Kohler & Campbell, Inc.
Granite Falls, North Carolina

W. W. Kimball Company
P.O. Box 431
Evansville, Indiana

Gulbransen Company
2050 North Ruby Street
Melrose Park, Illinois

Grinnell Brothers
Detroit, Michigan

SEND NOW for your free LP recording and hear for yourself how the amazing new ElectraChord Piano will make this your finest family Christmas. (Enclose 25c to cover postage and mailing.) Write: Wood and Brooks Company, P.O. Box 1115, Buffalo 11, N.Y.

A development of ©**WOOD AND BROOKS COMPANY** 1961
A Division of Aurora Corporation of Illinois
Ontario Street & West Kenmore Avenue, Buffalo 7, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFT couple on the bench nearby seemed to be in trouble.

"What's all the rush?" the man was saying. "How many kids do you intend for us to have, anyway?"

"At least one to begin with," the lady told him.

"Ah, now look," the man said in a gentler tone. "We'll have one. I want a kid as much as you. But what'll we use for money?"

"We could go on a budget."

"I'm not a bookkeeper. I like a little fun now and then."

"Good-time Charley!"

They lapsed into silence. There were a couple of points Hollister wasn't completely clear on, but there wasn't time to puzzle them out. He cleared his throat, and they spun around.

"Kids don't cost very much money," he told the man named Charles, the same as his father. "I only get thirty-five cents a week."

The man started to look angry, but then they both began laughing. "There, you see?" the lady told him. She turned to Hollister. "And I'll bet you were even less expensive last year, weren't you?"

As a matter of fact, it seemed to him he was.

"How many pairs of shoes do you go through in a year?" the man asked solemnly.

Hollister hung his head. It was a factor he hadn't considered. The ones he was wearing were brand-new.

"And wait till he gets to the tree-climbing stage," the man went on. "All those doctor's calls for setting broken arms ——"

"And laid up in bed all day, he'll want a dog for company, and the dog'll bite the mailman ——"

"And the government'll sue us!"

They were laughing again, and since it was all fixed, Hollister decided he could leave. "But seriously, honey," he heard the man say. "Oh, well, I suppose we could try going on a budget."

He patrolled the benches on the other side of the path. Everything seemed to be in order, except for one old lady. She wasn't doing anything, just sitting. He watched her in concern for a while, then went on over.

"Aren't you having a good time?" he asked her.

She raised her head and smiled in surprise. "Why, hello, little boy. Yes, I'm having a splendid time. Are you having a nice time?"

Impatiently he said, "Haven't you got any book to read?" He could lend her grandpa's when he was finished.

"Why, no, dear, I didn't think to bring one. Don't tell me you can read already? Who's your favorite author?" She seemed pleased at having company.

"Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson," he answered.

"Yes, he's very exciting, isn't he?"

"He's dead," Hollister said in disgust. Then because that had been impolite, he decided to let her into his confidence. "I'm his natural heir."

She looked much happier now, but she needed someone around to talk to regularly. "Why don't you have a baby?" he urged.

He could see that laughter was good for her. It smoothed the lines in her face and gave her a pink, younger look. "Well, dear," she said in a half-stifled voice, "at my age, I rather doubt if I could afford one."

"You could go on a budget," he said firmly.

"Really, you're the most remarkable child!"

"I like you too," Hollister told her. "You can come here anytime, even if I'm not around." He hurried back to his rounds.

There was a whole flock of pigeons now, milling in a circle. He remembered the birdhouse that grandpa'd helped him build. Since no birds were using it now, he could hang it on Mr. Stevenson's monument. But hardly more than one pigeon at a time would fit in it. What could he use for the others? Taking time out to think it over, he watched a policeman cross the street and come heavily up the slope. Just then a commotion broke out farther up.

"No, I don't want a shine! Beat it!"

Hollister turned to see a wiry little man shove the Chinese shoeshine boy.

The boy drew himself taller. "I only asked you, mister."

The policeman lumbered over to them. "What's going on?" He frowned down at the shoeshine boy. "What're you doing, pestering these people?"

"Look, officer. Some people want a shine, some don't. The only way to tell is ask," the boy said in embarrassment. "I don't shine shoes for laughs. That's the way I get money."

"Yeah? Well, get it somewheres else." The policeman moved forward, making shooing motions with his broad hands. The Chinese boy started toward the street dejectedly.

Hollister was up and running. He caught the policeman's arm and pulled him to a surprised halt. "You can't do that!" he said indignantly.

"I can't, eh? Who says I can't, sonny?"

"I do. He belongs here!"

"Just like the pigeons, I suppose."

"Yes!" Hollister said.

The policeman laughed and scratched his head. "Local color—just what the tourists poke for. Maybe you're right. Ah, why argue?" He flung his arm up in good-natured disgust and moved off.

The Chinese boy was watching Hollister with an odd expression. "Why did you stick up for me, kid? You didn't have to."

"Sure, I did," Hollister said in surprise.

The other boy sighed. "Sit down," he said. "You got something coming to you on the house."

When the boy finished, Hollister thanked him and walked on back, trying to glimpse his reflection in his shoetops. Grandpa had fallen into a light doze over his book. He gave a little start when Hollister nudged him.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"You might be heating the car!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Guess I must have dropped off." He yawned, then leaned forward quickly. "You certainly look dapper in that shoeshine, sport."

"Nice, isn't it?"

"Dazzling. I don't mean to criticize your private vices, boy. But considering that those are new shoes, don't you think it was carrying coals to Newcastle? Your father's bound to think that at least one of us is a darned fool. How much did this irresistible indulgence cost you?"

Hollister laughed, knowing what he really meant. "It was free!"

"I see. Someone merely decided to treat you to a shoeshine."

"Because the policeman wanted him to go away and I said he could stay here all he wanted," Hollister explained.

Grandpa shook his head. "Well, this is getting a little too involved for me. But at least it's nice to know that you're in charge of Portsmouth Square these days."

"How did you know, grandpa?" Hollister asked eagerly.

"Wait a minute, let's back up a little," grandpa said.

"I bought it; it's all mine now!"

Grandpa's face was suddenly cautious and unsmiling. "You mean someone sold you Portsmouth Square?"

"Sure!"

"May I inquire with whom this negotiation was transacted?"

"Mr. Roe sold it to me," Hollister said.

"Mr. Roe," grandpa repeated grimly. "Not a Mr. Richard Roe, by any chance?"

"Yes! Do you know him?"

"I've heard of him. Is he still around?"

"No, he had to take the train to Arizona."

"Yes, no doubt he had urgent occupations there—such as matching pennies with blind men." Grandpa had been looking almost angry, but now he only smiled wearily. "May I ask how much you had to pay for the property that surrounds us?"

"Well, all I had was my allowance, but Mr. Roe said it was all right because it was like when the government only paid father a dollar." Now Hollister began to realize that grandpa wasn't sharing his excitement. Apprehensively he reached in his pocket and produced the key. "See, grandpa, here's the key. Isn't it—" He wasn't sure at all any more. "Isn't it the right one?" he said weakly.

For an instant he hovered on the brink of some vast, dimly sensed disaster. Then grandpa took the key from him and turned it over in his hands.

"The genuine and only key to Portsmouth Square," he said softly. "You're a pretty lucky lad to own it." He looked around the green slopes, smiling. "Must be quite a feeling to see it through the proprietor's eyes."

Inhaling in relief, Hollister said, "I'll give you half, grandpa!"

The old man shook his head. "Can't be done, boy. There's no way of having just a measly half interest in an institution like this. It's either yours or someone else's." He rubbed his chin in curiosity. "Well, now that you're the landlord, what are your plans?"

Again he didn't understand.

"What improvements are you going to make on Portsmouth Square?"

"Gee, grandpa, can't I leave it just the way it is?"

Grandpa cleared his throat. "That's a fine sentiment, boy. I hope you never lose it. However, I want to caution you. There's a possibility your father might not appreciate the soundness of your purchase."

"You mean you think he'll mind?"

"Well, his imagination has grown a little rusty. You see, he's used to dealing in figures rather than in real estate."

"What are we going to tell him?" Hollister said anxiously.

Grandpa looked surprised. "Why, the truth, boy. What else can we tell him? If he gets a little red in the face, leave him to me." The old man began smiling to himself. "Naturally, you'll want him to look your property over, to make sure you weren't stung. I expect he'd better do that the first thing tomorrow. He can play hooky from his office for one morning. Probably hasn't seen this place in years. It's about time he got reacquainted with it—and with you," he added gently. He put his book back in his pocket, stood up and stretched. "Guess we better be heading back; it's getting late."

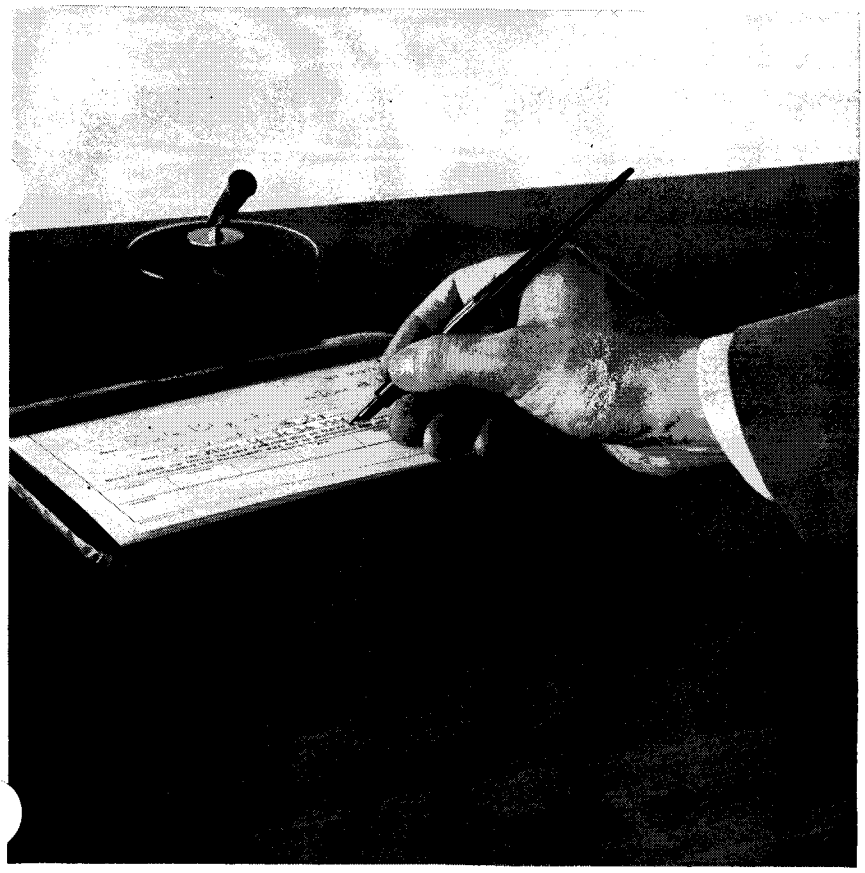
"What time is it now, grandpa?"

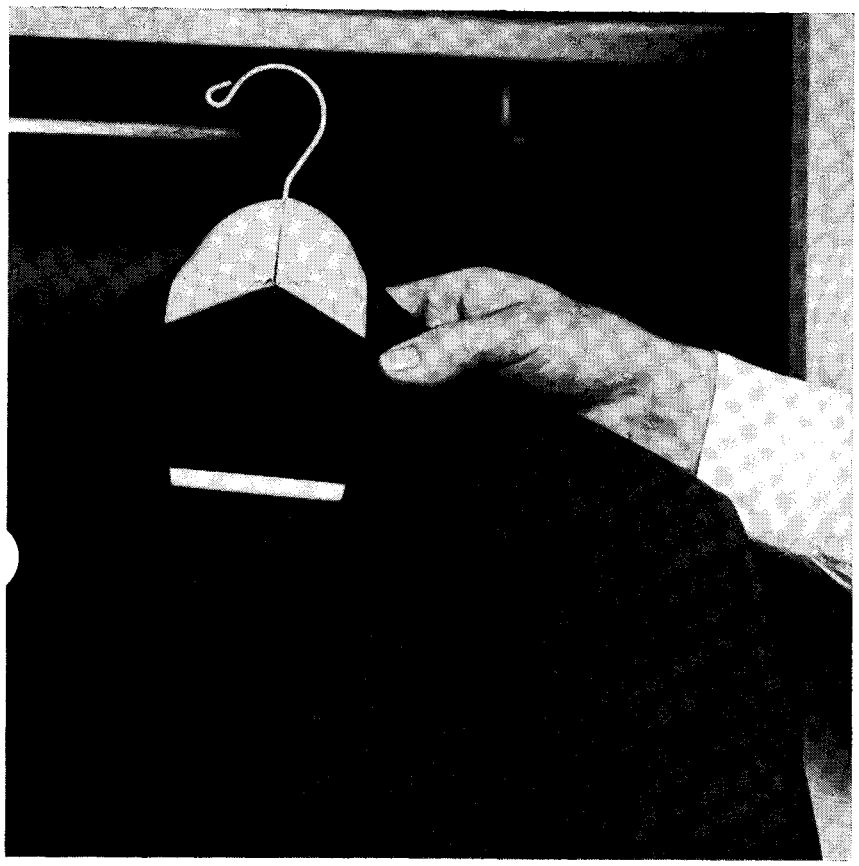
The old man peered up at the sky, examining the first hints of sunset. "The very best time of day," he said. "It's the Hour of the Dragon."

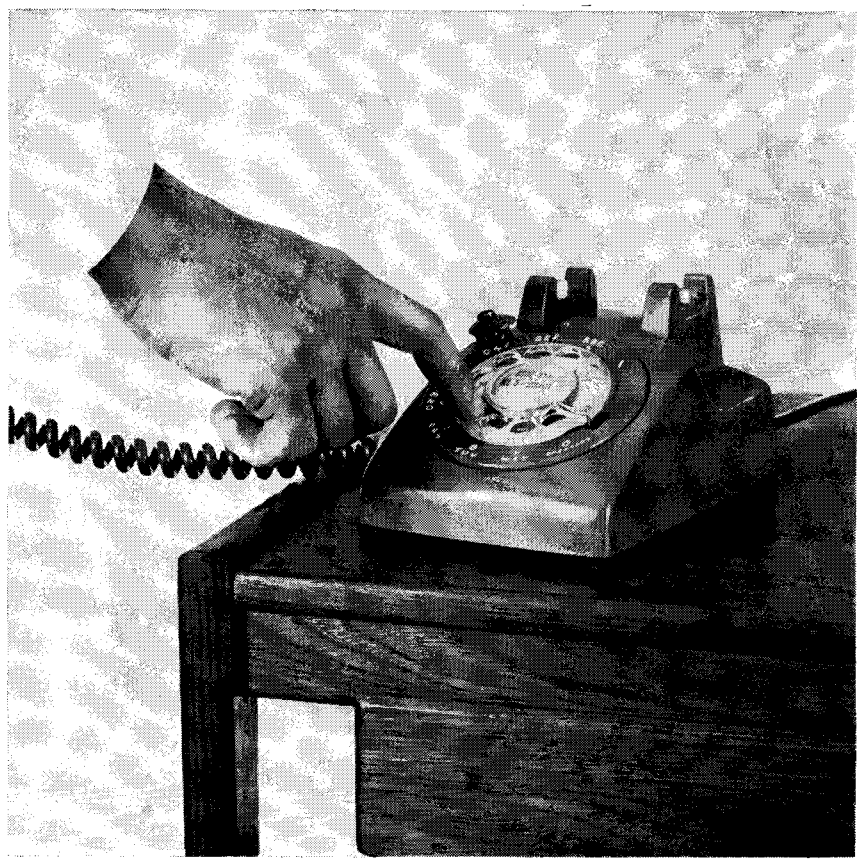
And following his grandfather down the sweetly rolling slope as the Hour of the Dragon came to Portsmouth Square, the boy tightened his hands on the key, and he resolved he'd never sell it, not even for all that it would bring in money.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







...then, check in at home by Long Distance!

It's the *personal* way to find out your wife and children are well ...to tell them about your trip.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

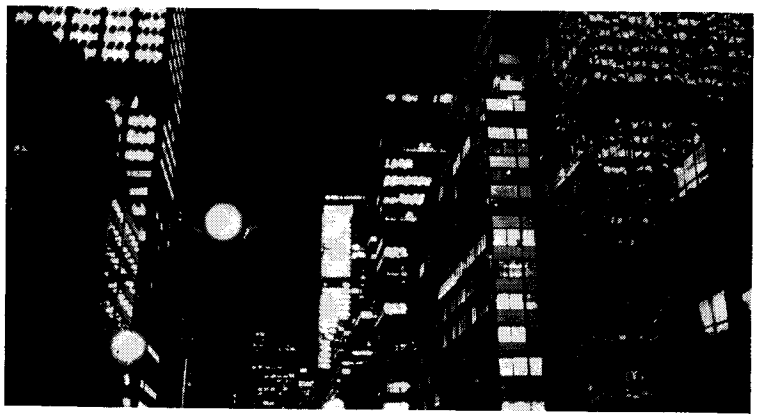
New York to New Haven	40¢
Chicago to Louisville	70¢
Norfolk, Va. to Boston	90¢
Denver to San Francisco	$1.20
Dallas to Philadelphia	$1.30

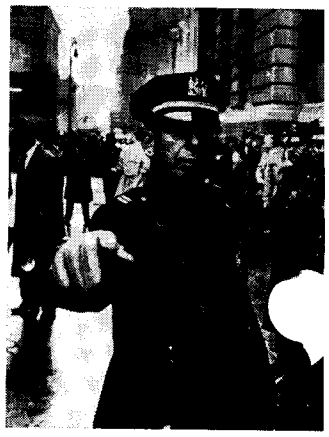
These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Keep in touch by Long Distance... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

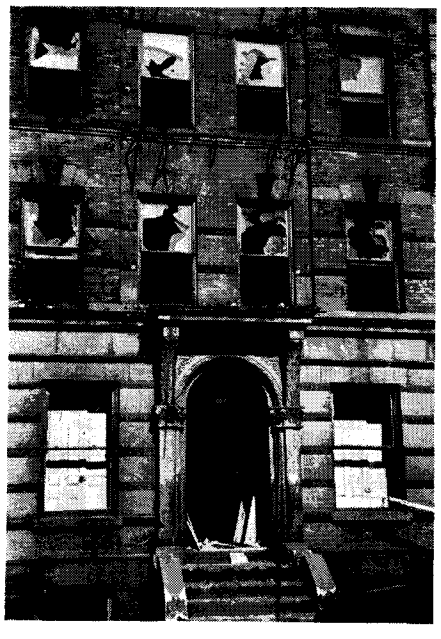
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

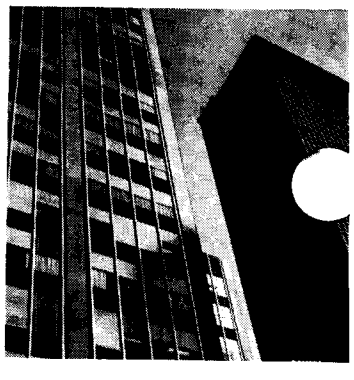
BATTLE FOR NEW





NEW YORK: TOWERING BEAUTY, SORDID UGLINESS, ELEGANCE FOR THE RICH, SQUALOR FOR THE POOR, CROWDS, LONELINESS, LAUGHTER AND DESPAIR.



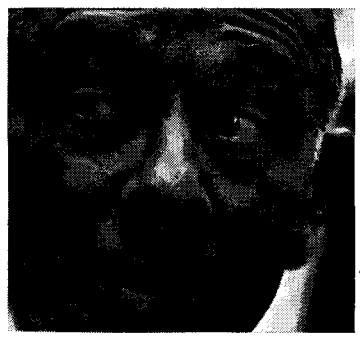


Photographs by Ken Heyman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YORK

Candidate Wagner, Democrat


Candidate Lefkowitz, Republican

Candidate Gerosa, Independent

BY HAL BURTON

Next week one of these men will win the mayoralty of New York City—and a voice in the destiny of our nation.

Not since the late escape artist Harry Houdini permitted himself to be handcuffed, nailed in a crate and immersed in a rushing river has the art of self-rescue been demonstrated more spectacularly than by Robert F. Wagner, the fifty-one-year-old mayor of the City of New York.

Houdini, greatest magician in history, jeopardized merely his life. But Wagner offered up something more precious to a politician, his future in public affairs. Enmeshed in a dreary succession of scandals, he seemed doomed to sink without a trace. Instead, through skill, aplomb and sheer brass nobody knew he possessed, last September seventh he became the Democratic nominee for mayor for the third straight time. Unless the public recovers from its bemusement, his reelection next Tuesday seems assured.

The victory of Wagner in the city primary election suggests that the age of miracles is not yet over. He ran as an independent, opposed to the bosses who twice put him in office, inferentially blaming them for his own shortcomings. This amounted to convincing the voters that the mayor who made the mess was the mayor to get them out of it. Logic, never very significant in New York City politics, took its worst licking. The bosses were beaten. The saturnine Carmine G. De Sapio, leader of Tammany Hall, is looking for another job. The Republican candidate, Louis J. Lefkowitz, fifty-seven, finds himself hard-put to outreform the suddenly reformed Mayor Wagner.

Were this the whole story, it would qualify merely as another hilarious incident in the dizzy political history of the largest city in the United States. But in the wings behind Wagner and Lefkowitz there are other actors warming up, men far more important than Wagner or Lefkowitz. Their objectives are more ambitious, their stakes much bigger. Their names are John F. Kennedy and Nelson A. Rockefeller. Next week's election in New York City is not merely a local fight; it is an important preliminary to the election of a President in 1964.

For the political control of New York City is vital to the Democrats. However comic or crass the campaign for mayor, there are more than 3,000,000 voters in New York City—enough, when the Democrats are popular, to overcome the Republican majority upstate and to carry New York State for Kennedy, as happened in 1960; enough, if Rockefeller wins the Republican nomination for President and holds on to the city voters, to insure him a block of forty-two electoral votes. A good showing next week by the Republicans would give Nelson Rockefeller added prestige within the party. If this doesn't come about, then he must sweep the city when up for reelection in 1962 to the office of governor.

There are, inside these finely balanced wheels, still further wheels. The mayor wants to be the second Robert F. Wagner to sit in the United States Senate. His eminent father, Robert Sr., distinguished himself there. The senior Wagner was a close associate of Franklin Roosevelt, a shrewd leader of New York Democrats and the author of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. Wagner Jr., if still feeling bold, could run for governor against Rockefeller next year. But Wagner would rather be a senator, and in any case Rockefeller would be a dangerous opponent. Wagner is more likely to wait until 1964 and to run against Sen. Kenneth B. Keating, an upstate Republican little known to city voters. By licking Keating, Wagner would achieve his ambition. He also would provide powerful support to Kennedy in 1964.

For this reason the White House experienced some quiet agony and engaged in some very quiet diplomacy when Wagner risked his neck and broke with the bosses. In Albany, however, there was rejoicing in Rockefeller's offices. It seemed the city Democrats would rend themselves asunder, that the bosses would win, as usual, and that Rockefeller could again, as he did so neatly in 1958, assume the armor of St. George and ride out to dispatch the Tammany dragon. It did not turn out that way. Wagner's victory deprived Rockefeller of a dragon to slay. The rift in the party closed shortly after the election when the regular Democratic organization glumly pledged Wagner its support. But Rockefeller is certain to revive this year's scandals in his next campaign for governor.

By its sheer complexity New York City is always ripe for scandal. Its 7,800,000 people are conditioned to governmental misbehavior. They are cynical for good reason. Excluding the twelve years of furious rectitude when Fiorello H. LaGuardia was mayor, a period that ended in 1945, the town has run through an almost unbroken succession of mayors who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Grand Marshal's grin greeted crowds as Wagner presided over a recent parade.

Political partners Lefkowitz (left) and Rockefeller h

NEW YORK encouraged corruption, winked at it, or did not watch closely enough to forestall it. It takes a heap of corruption to get a New Yorker worked up about reform.

The principal candidates for mayor this year are not of a type likely to rally the citizens to the barricades. Wagner, with his heavy-lidded eyes, resembles an amiable dormouse. Those who know him best are astounded at the shrewdness and drive he displayed during the present campaign. Lefkowitz is a kindly man, a born handshaker who served his political apprenticeship on the lower East Side of New York. The only known time he ever was stirred to fury was during the 1958 campaign. Averell Harriman, running for re-election as governor on the Democratic ticket, referred to him as "the mosquito." Mosquito or not, Lefkowitz was elected attorney general of New York State and has since been buzzing busily around the state winning friends and influencing people.

Since minority candidates have a way of influencing New York City elections, it is well not to forget independent candidate Lawrence E. Gerosa, whose aim is to ruin Mayor Wagner but whose presence on the scene is likely to draw votes away from Lefkowitz.

It is pat and popular, but not quite fair, to scoff at Wagner as a buffoon and at Lefkowitz as a nonentity. Wagner's chief difficulty is an indifference to the job, which is agonizingly complex. He has sought to choose able men as his deputies and sometimes has succeeded. But the problem of rewarding the politically faithful and at the same time insuring sound administration has proved too much for him. Lefkowitz, as attorney general, is saddled with a dreary lot. It consists mostly of passing on the constitutionality of proposed laws and of defending the state against suits. This does not make for drama.

Only rarely, in fact, does New York elect a mayor calculated to quicken the civic pulse. Since Thomas Willett became the first mayor in 1665, the quality has dwindled from eminent to dreary, with a flare-up of wickedness when William Marcy "Boss" Tweed dominated Tammany in the 1870's and a resurgence of civic virtue under LaGuardia. The others fall in the general categories of elephant or butterfly. The most notable butterfly was the dapper James J. Walker, a hit as a playboy during the booming '20's and a bitter anachronism during the Great Depression. The most memorable elephant was the late John P. O'Brien, a heavy-jawed Irishman. He succeeded to office after Walker resigned under fire. Then he was laughed out of office within a year.

O'Brien put to shame both Dogberry and Mrs. Malaprop. After describing Horace as a Greek poet, he introduced Albert Einstein to a public meeting as "that scientist of scientists, Albert Weinstein." He once told a meeting of Negroes in Harlem, "My face may be white, but my heart is as black as yours." When 30,000 obedient Tammany delegates chose him for mayor he commented, "It was like a New England town meeting—marvelous to see the unanimity of those 30,000 people."

Under LaGuardia, New York, which prefers to be a wide-open town, found itself suddenly moral. LaGuardia substantially fulfilled his pledge to drive out "the tinhorns and gamblers." The grosser forms of thievery, described by politicians as "honest graft," vanished. He closely supervised the spending of more than a billion dollars in Federal grants for parks, parkways, public buildings and other civic improvements. The rapid decline of Tammany as a political influence dates from this time.

What hobbles New York is a run-down municipal plant and a staggering debt. The city owes approximately $4,200,000,000 and, to retire this, pays out in principal and interest about $430,000,000 a year. To operate the city costs a staggering $2,500,000,000, about equal to the annual budget of the State of New York and far greater than the budgets of most other states of the Union. A distinguished administrator, at one time in charge of the mayor's planning, said to me, "What you have here is an obsolescent plant—subways, streets, water-supply system and all the other things on which a big city depends. We have simply been doing a patching job. It might cost us $10,000,000,000 to do a modernizing job. We are paying out most of our money for improvements that have long since worn themselves out."

There are other troubles—irresponsible municipal employees, an apathetic citizenry, an appalling crime rate and a continuing hemorrhage of white-collar families to the suburbs—1,293,000 between 1950–1960. Despite a billion dollars committed to slum clearance, the residential city is sliding downhill. The slums have spread, like a widening stain, down the west side of the city, with Puerto Ricans jamming into them, exploited by the slumlords against whom there seems to be no effective legal remedy.

Superficially much of New York appears to be booming. In Midtown the filthy old buildings are coming down and new skyscrapers are going up, chief among them a massive office building above Grand Central Terminal that will house 40,000 workers. The upper East Side, below 96th Street, is a galaxy of new apartment houses. On the West Side, off Columbus Circle, the new Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts is letting light into a dingy neighborhood. As a daytime city, as a city for the well to do, New York has never been handsomer, a fact explained by $7,000,000,000 of new construction under way. The analogy that comes to mind is of a stale cake, on display in a confectioner's window, that has been decorated with new icing.

With all its grave shortcomings, the tarnished city is still a prize for the politically ambitious. The mayoralty has been described as the second-most-important public office in the United States. In terms of potential most people would assign this position to the governorship of New York State, which so often leads to the Presidency. But being mayor of New York is still no mean position. Both Wagner and Lefkowitz have good reasons to want to be elected. For the mayor a third term in office may merely be a way station en route to headier glories. For Lefkowitz it would be the apotheosis of the East Side Story.

How Wagner became the nominee of the Democrats and Lefkowitz the nominee of the Republicans is a story that starts simply but ends in complexities. The man who kicked it all off was Nelson Rockefeller. Last spring, with Wagner embroiled in scandal and sunk in apathy, it struck Rockefeller that the Republicans had a chance to carry the city. Private polls showed the favorite Republican candidate to be United States Sen. Jacob K. Javits, a native New Yorker. Javits, however, had trouble making up his mind. The second runner in the polls was Lefkowitz. The governor switched to him.

Lefkowitz had been elected attorney general of New York State in 1958. He received 972,023 votes in the city alone. Since in normal years not more than 2,000,000 people turn out to elect the mayor, the figure looked good. What it overlooked was that the city all too often votes Republican in statewide elections but Democratic when the issue is local.

There was, additionally, the impalpable "Jewish vote," which if cast solidly would account for nearly one third of the total city vote. This vote more often than not is a fiction. In times of scandal New Yorkers of Jewish faith are inclined to vote for the reform candidate. It was felt that Lefkowitz, as a reformer and a Jew, would be almost irresistible, a line of reasoning that underestimates Wagner's native shrewdness. Finally aroused, the mayor moved rapidly to purge himself of criticism.

He had a lot to account for. His colleague Hulan E. Jack, the first Negro to become borough president of Manhattan, had been convicted of accepting expensive repairs to his home in return for political sponsorship of a $25,000,000 housing project. The State Investigation Commission, a bipartisan agency, had turned up evidence of fraud on a vast scale in the awarding of more than $400,000,000 worth of contracts for the construction of new schools, in some which the plaster peeled from the w almost as soon as it was dry. The mayo., inspecting a school in Harlem as evidence of his deep concern with the education of the young, was confronted by a rat promenading across the floor. A deputy in the school system could not account for $43,000 in a "tin box." Finally it was revealed that the superintendent of schools had arranged to have a boat built for him by the students in a vocational school, under the name of his brother-in-law. Though the superintendent paid for the boat the political inferences were unpleasant.

The mayor had only one recourse, and that was to be bold. He broke with De Sapio on February 3, 1961, though De Sapio more than any other man had brought about his election to a first term in 1953. This was not wholly cold-blooded. The two men had been at odds since 1958 when De Sapio forced the nomination of New York County D trict Attorney Frank Hogan for Uni States senator, instead of Wagner s choice. The election of Nelson Rockefeller in November rang a persistent bell in the mayor's mind. Rockefeller's campaign was less against Averell Harriman, the incumbent, than against "Boss De Sapio," and it worked.

Other influences were pushing Wagner away from party regularity and toward a seemingly reckless course. Democratic "reformers" had become increasingly strong in Manhattan under the leadership of Herbert H. Lehman, former United States senator, and Eleanor Roosevelt. The Liberal Party hinted its willingness to go along with Wagner if he would choose more effective men than the incumbents to run for comptroller and for president of the City Council. The mayor shrewdly, or timidly, according to how you look at it, still tried to keep the support of the two most powerful bosses, Charles A. Buckley, in the Bronx, and Joseph Sharkey, in Brooklyn. He spent two days attempting work out a ticket that would satisfy b men and keep the liberal-reform eleme on his side. The liberals in a banner year often account for over 250,000 votes. Wagner's caution got him nowhere. The bosses balked. He broke with them—or, as they put it, they broke with him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pocket New York. Minority-candidate Gerosa, here opening a pet show, is the outsider in this election.

The divorce was a reluctant one. Wagner announced himself as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, and ran unopposed on the liberal ticket. His campaign, marvel of marvels, was based upon the evils of bossism. De Sapio, whom he had volubly admired in public, became a fiend incarnate. Buckley, once eulogized as "enlightened," and Sharkey, once to his ·nd "a great leader," were dismissed as ıbols of a regime that New York ..ıould abolish. The bosses in turn reached out for a candidate of their own. They chose the impeccable, scholarly, competent but colorless Arthur Levitt, the controller of the State of New York.

The ensuing preprimary campaign was, to put it mildly, a lollapalooza. Wagner and Levitt lambasted each other in tones of fury that should have rocked the city but instead left it deafened. The recriminations grew so violent that political advisers of the President, who from the beginning had tried to forestall a fight, became concerned about the effect upon the Democratic party both in the city and state. Lefkowitz, running unopposed, cheerfully egged on his opponents.

Just when the campaign was at its peak, Governor Rockefeller dropped a bombshell. His commissioner of education had already warned the mayor to clean up the administration of the schools. The gover- · followed this by summoning a special ısion of the legislature. This convened for one day in late August and fired the nine-man board. But even here Wagner's miraculous luck continued to hold. The governor had first proposed to have the new board chosen by the State Board of Regents. Then he was warned this might get him in trouble with touchy New Yorkers, who favor "home rule" for their schools. He toned down the legislation so Wagner could choose the new board. The result, amid all the hullabaloo, was that Wagner came out the winner. In the eyes of the voters, if he was a good enough mayor to be able to pick the new board, he could scarcely be blamed for the deficiencies of the old one. He selected nine eminent citizens to run the new board.

But what really carried the day was boldness on Wagner's part and incompetence on the part of the bosses. Levitt, a distinguished and retiring man, went through some fiery speeches with a stony face and an air of wishing frantically to be somewhere else. He could not inspire ·en the district leaders and their workers ı whom the regular Democratic ganization depended. The liberals, the reform Democrats, the labor unions and perhaps a few people who did take bossism seriously assured Wagner the Democratic nomination and undisputed control of his party in New York State. De Sapio lost his own district in Greenwich Village to a reformer, which meant losing the leadership of Tammany. The rout of the organization was complete.

Until two weeks before the election, even Wagner did not consider he had a chance to win the Democratic nomination. He had premised his campaign on the idea that he would lose; that he would run on the liberal ticket; and that his triumph would come in the general election. He therefore found himself in the peculiar position of winning prematurely. Since the primary he has been walking on eggs, attempting to preserve some liaison with the organization while at the same time demonstrating his aloofness from the organization. It is a neat trick, but he seems to be carrying it off.

If Robert F. Wagner wins a third term, it will be his toughest. He has given the 25,000 police a forty-hour week and promised pay raises to 235,000 city employees. He has plumped for a vast program of slum clearance and general municipal cleanup, the cost of which is unestimated but certain to be high. The fury of the primary campaign brought to light a lot of insufficiencies that might otherwise have remained decently buried. About a quarter of the 837 public-school buildings are obsolete, built before 1910. These will have to be replaced. In the next six years the city is expected to spend about $1,000,000,000 on new-school construction. This, if the Democrats are in power, and if the heat is still on, will be a painful experience. School construction was always a place where favored contractors were allowed to make a bundle if they in turn helped foot the campaign expenses. Without this money the party will be in trouble, for the cost of running for mayor is not trivial. This year both parties will have a combined bill over $1,500,000.

It is always possible, though highly improbable this time, that the underdog might win. Nelson Rockefeller has campaigned for Lefkowitz with fire and spirit, feeling the Republicans must "sell" the big cities to recapture the Presidency. However, debating with Wagner on TV, Lefkowitz came out second best. He sounded like a road-show version of the late Al Smith. A husky voice and an East Side accent no longer appeal to the voters. A last-minute scandal—but it would have to be a blockbuster—could damage Wagner seriously. Without such a scandal, voters, faced with a choice between a known mayor of amiability but no particular brilliance and a less-known opponent of amiability but no particular brilliance, are likely to go along with the man whose face is familiar but whose campaign approach is, this time, entirely new. For Wagner is fighting to win.

There are more explanations for his sudden access of vigor than simply the consuming wish to progress eventually to higher office. Wagner enjoys being mayor. New York, in the mass, with all its shoddiness and all its glitter, is still a remarkable and in many ways an imposing city. One day last summer, just at dusk, I joined the mayor in a helicopter tour of his metropolis. In the waning light we flew past the gray spires of downtown Manhattan, over the toy-size buildings of the Army post on Governors Island. We floated past the construction workers building the towers for the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, to be completed in 1965 as the longest suspension bridge in the world (4260 feet between towers); then along the broad beach at Coney Island, with bathers waving, past the sand dunes of the Rockaways, and out to the utmost verges of the city.

That is New York as few get to see it. It is a vigorous, working New York—piers and puffing tugs and freighters from Ghana and Angola being warped to a mooring; apartment buildings and factories and people, millions of them, who so rarely have really good government that they cannot be blamed for choosing the old, familiar ways and men. This complicated, sullen, confused city is not as great as it used to be, but neither is it an abandoned hulk. New York is still part of America, a strange and defiant part. It is still the most populous single city in the United States, still vitally important to the man who is President and to the men who want to succeed him as President.

For this reason the election means more to the nation than it realizes. John F. Kennedy, Nelson A. Rockefeller and perhaps all other Americans have a stake in what happens. THE END

The mayor's chair in New York's City Hall. Who will sit in it next?

Can't breathe? Sinus-Colds Congestion?

—and still have to "keep on the go"?

New VICKS SINEX 2-Stage Nasal Spray helps

RESTORE FREE BREATHING INSTANTLY

All the way up, all the way back

Contains 4 type ingredients prescribed by nose and throat specialists:

Decongestant shrinks swollen membranes so you breathe freer instantly.
Anti-histamine helps dry up runny nose.
Anti-bacterial. Kills germs on contact.
Antibiotic helps protect against infection.

Sinex is easy to carry with you in pocket or handbag. Get long-lasting relief. Just squeeze Sinex Spray anytime, anywhere—and you'll breathe again!

WORKS WITH 2-STAGE RELIEF

Ordinary one-stage sprays work inside your head as droplets only. But Sinex Spray has a second stage...soothing medicated vapors that *double* the spreading power—give relief all the way up—all the way back—where ordinary droplets don't reach!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

ARE WE MUZZLING THOSE WHO KNOW RED TACTICS BEST?

It would appear that a covey of unemployed schoolma'ams have been turned loose on the prepared addresses of our military leaders. At any rate, Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who has been trying to get to the bottom of the Defense Department's policy governing censorship of speeches on the cold war by military men, dug up these gems:

In a speech on technical matters an officer described the X-15 as "the Man o' War of research aircraft today." The censor wrote, "Let's use another steed—Zev, Gallant Fox, etc., but not this one."

Another officer in a speech attempted to quote Khrushchev's promise that "We will bury you." The censor wrote in the margin, "He (Khrushchev) has denied that he meant this literally." Senator Thurmond found one speech from which a reference to Khrushchev's shoe-pounding at the U.N. had been deleted.

This kind of Nice Nellyism is the bureaucratic projection of the now famous Fulbright memorandum, which blossomed into a Defense Department policy under which this censorship is carried on. The ostensible purpose of this policy is to prevent blood-and-guts Colonel Blimps from popping off and increasing tensions—and to protect the essential tradition which keeps men in the armed services from intervening in politics. Actually, however, the censorship has gone much further.

A case in point involves the Foreign Policy Research Institute of which Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé of the University of Pennsylvania is director. This organization has sponsored consultations with military leaders whose cooperation was made possible by a directive of the National Security Council in 1959. This directive declared it to be the policy of the Government to "make use of military personnel and facilities to arouse the public to the menace of the cold war." Under this directive, this and other groups have conducted seminars all over the country, with promising results. The "defense-strategy seminars," conducted by the commandant of the National War College under the direction of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, came under leftist fire this year. Participants in these seminars include about 200 reservists of all the services, selected on the basis of their standing in their own communities. Attending an intensive two-week course at the War College in Washington, D.C., they discuss with high-level Government officials, writers and industrial executives all phases of the cold war and of American and Soviet military and economic capabilities. They go home to inform their fellow Americans about the Communist threat and how to meet it. Some have got up local seminars with the co-operation of business firms, labor unions, chambers of commerce and universities.

Senator Fulbright's memorandum recommended that the policy of permitting military officers to consult with groups like the Institute should be "re-examined." According to this document, the public needs no instruction on the menace of the cold war. Quite the contrary, says the memorandum, it is "quite possible that the principal problem of leadership will be, if it is not already, to restrain the desire of the people to hit the Communists with everything we've got, particularly if there are mo Cubas and Laoses."

Of course, once the word comes down from on high that "right-wing radicals" are to be drummed out of the services, all the liberals get into the act. The documentary film *Operation Abolition* is officially frowned upon, as if it were a bad idea for people to see close-up how the Communists managed to stampede California students to mob action against a committee of Congress. Then the magazine *Science* published an editorial declaring that the "forward-strategy" program of the Foreign Policy Research Institute takes on "coherent meaning only in a context of preparing for a surprise attack on Russia sometime within the current decade"! Actually the study stated the obvious disadvantage to the West in having conceded the first blow to the enemy, but no recommendation of a surprise attack on Russ. can be found. Indeed, elsewhere in the book it is stated that in an open society like ours, preparation for such an attack would be impossible.

Instead of merely restraining crackpots, we appear to be scaring officers away from useful participation in civilian programs. As the article in *Science* boasts, "Officers who were always glad to accept invitations to speak at cold-war seminars now are, quite suddenly, too busy. The long-standing policy requiring clearance for public statements on nonmilitary matters is being enforced." And for Man o' War in their speeches they'd better substitute Full Flight!

YOU HELP MORE WHEN YOU GIVE THE "UNITED WAY"

When you give money to your local United Community Fund, you are taking part in the biggest, most inclusive voluntary fund-raising effort in the world. Now in progress in 2200 local communities in the United States and Canada, this gigantic campaign is carried on by almost 18,000,000 unpaid men and women. They will raise about $500,000,000—last year's total was $477,979,689.

This money will make possible the charitable work of 28,500 local, state and national health and welfare agencies which exist to help people who are in desperate need of help—orphans, families in distress, the sick, the permanently handicapped, and forlorn and friendless old men and women. The funds raised in a community are distributed largely in that same area and are allotted only to those agencies which local civic leaders have screened and selected as genuinely worth while. These public-spirited citizens, in addition to supervising the raising of the funds, also see to it that the administrative expense is held to the lowe possible minimum.

Combining many drives in one, the annual United Fund has become a thoroughly laudable feature of American life. A nationwide voluntary movement to relieve suffering and save lives, it is a striking demonstration of the brotherhood of man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD GRAND-DAD

Honored leader in a great tradition

Kentucky bourbon is America's drink—and the excellence of 100 proof, bonded Old Grand-Dad places it head and shoulders above all others. When you serve it, you serve the unquestioned finest of all Kentucky bourbons.

Bottled in Bond
100 Proof

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Expect more, get more, from L&M

more body in the blend

more flavor in the smoke

more taste through the filter

The filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke... L&M in the "red-headed" pack or box.

It's the rich-flavor leaf the longer-aged, extra-cured leaf among L&M's choice tobaccos... that now lets you expect more, and get more, from filter smoking. There's actually more rich-flavor leaf in L&M than even in unfiltered cigarettes. You get more body in the blend, more flavor in the smoke, more taste through the filter. So expect more... and get more ...from filter smoking. Have an L&M... the cigarette that smokes heartier as it draws freely through the clean, pure-white Miracle Tip.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED